THE WORKS OF ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;

VOLUME the FOURTH.

CONTAINING

All his MISCELLANIES in PROSE, and Part of his LETTERS.

EDINBURGH:
Printed by James Donaldson.

M,DCC,LXXXIX.

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MEMOIRS

OF THE EXTRAORDINARY

LIFE, WORKS, AND DISCOVERIES,

OF

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

MEMOIRS

OF THE EXTRAORDINARY

LIFE, WORKS, AND DISCOVERIES,

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MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

INTRODUCTION TO THE READER.

IN the reign of Queen Anne, (which, notwithſtanding thoſe happy times which ſucceeded, every Engliſhman may remember), thou mayſt poſſibly, gentle reader, have ſeen a certain venerable perſon who frequented the outſide of the Palace of St. James's, and who, by the gravity of his deportment and habit, was generally taken for a decayed gentleman of Spain. His ſtature was tall, his viſage long, his complexion olive, his brows were black and even, his eyes hollow, yet piercing, his noſe inclining to aquiline, his beard neglected, and mixed with grey. All this contributed to ſpread a ſolemn melancholy over his countenance. Pythagoras was not more ſilent, Pyrrho more motionleſs, nor Zeno more auſtere. His wig was as black and ſmooth as the plumes of a raven, and hung as ſtraight as the hair of a river-god riſing from the water. His cloak ſo completely covered his whole perſon, that whether or no he had any other clothes (much leſs any linen) under it, I ſhall not ſay: but his ſword appeared a full yard behind him, and his manner of wearing it was ſo ſtiff, that it ſeemed grown to his thigh. His whole figure was ſo utterly unlike any thing of this world, that it was not natural for any

man to aſk him a queſtion without bleſſing himſelf firſt. Thoſe who never ſaw a Jeſuit, took him for one, and others believed him ſome high-prieſt of the Jews.

But under this macerated form was concealed a mind replete with ſcience, burning with a zeal of benefiting his fellow-creatures, and filled with an honeſt conſcious pride, mixed with a ſcorn of doing, or ſuffering the leaſt thing beneath the dignity of a philoſopher. Accordingly he had a ſoul that would not let him accept of any offers of charity, at the ſame time that his body ſeemed but too much to require it. His lodging was in a ſmall chamber up four pair of ſtairs, where he regularly paid for what he had when he ate or drank; and he was often obſerved wholly to abſtain from both. He declined ſpeaking to any one, except the Queen, or her firſt miniſter, to whom he attempted to make ſome applications; but his real buſineſs or intentions were utterly unknown to all men. Thus much is certain, that he was obnoxious to the Queen's miniſtry; who, either out of jealouſy or envy, had him ſpirited away, and carried abroad as a dangerous perſon, without any regard to the known laws of the kingdom.

One day, as this gentleman was walking, about dinner-time, alone in the Mall, it happened that a manuſcript dropt from under his cloak, which my ſervant picked up and brought to me. It was written in the Latin tongue, and contained many moſt profound ſecrets, in an unuſual turn of reaſoning and ſtyle. The firſt leaf was inſcribed with theſe words, *Codicillus, ſeu liber memorialis, Martini Scribleri.* The book was of ſo wonderful a nature, that it is incredible what a deſire I conceived that moment to be acquainted with the author, who I clearly perceived was ſome great philoſopher in diſguiſe. I ſeveral times endeavoured to ſpeak to him, which he as often induſtriouſly avoided. At length I found an opportunity (as he ſtood under the piazza by the dancing-room in St. James's) to acquaint him, in the Latin tongue, that his manuſcript was fallen into my hands; and ſaying this, I preſented it to him, with great encomiums on the learned author.

author. Hereupon he took me aſide, ſurveyed me over with a fixed attention, and, opening the claſps of the parchment cover, ſpoke (to my great ſurpriſe) in Engliſh, as follows:

" Courteous ſtranger, whoever thou art, I embrace " thee as my beſt friend; for either the ſtars and my " art are deceitful, or the deſtined time is come which " is to manifeſt Martinus Scriblerus to the world, and " thou the perſon choſen by fate for this taſk. What " thou ſeeſt in me is a body exhauſted by the labours " of the mind. I have found in Dame Nature not " indeed an unkind, but a very coy miſtreſs. Watch- " ful nights, anxious days, ſlender meals, and endleſs " labours, muſt be the lot of all who purſue her " through her labyrinths and meanders. My firſt " vital air I drew in this iſland, (a ſoil fruitful of phi- " loſophers), but my complexion is become aduſt, and " my body arid, by viſiting lands (as the poet has it) " *alio ſub ſole calentes*. I have, through my whole " life, paſſed under ſeveral diſguiſes, and unknown " names, to ſcreen myſelf from the envy and malice " which mankind expreſs againſt thoſe who are poſſeſ- " ed of the *arcanum magnum*. But at preſent I am " forced to take ſanctuary in the Britiſh court, to avoid " the revenge of a cruel Spaniard, who has purſued " me almoſt through the whole terraqueous globe. " Being about four years ago in the city of Madrid, " in queſt of natural knowledge, I was informed of a " lady who was marked with a pomegranate upon the " inſide of her right thigh, which bloſſomed, and, as " it were, ſeemed to ripen in the due ſeaſon. Forthwith " was I poſſeſſed with an inſatiable curioſity to view " this wonderful phænomenon. I felt the ardour of " my paſſion increaſe as the ſeaſon advanced, till, in " the month of July, I could no longer contain. I " bribed her duenna, was admitted to the bath, ſaw " her undreſſed, and the wonder diſplayed. This was " ſoon after diſcovered by the huſband, who finding " ſome letters I had writ to the duenna, containing " expreſſions of a doubtful meaning, ſuſpected me of " a crime moſt alien from the purity of my thoughts.

" Incontinently I left Madrid by the advice of friends; " have been purſued, dogged, and way-laid through " ſeveral nations, and even now ſcarce think my- " ſelf ſecure within the ſacred walls of this palace. It " has been my good fortune to have ſeen all the grand " phænomena of nature, excepting an earthquake, " which I waited for in Naples three years in vain; " and now, by means of ſome Britiſh ſhip, (whoſe co- " lours no Spaniard dare approach *), I impatiently " expect a ſafe paſſage to Jamaica for that benefit. " To thee, my friend, whom fate has marked for my " hiſtoriographer, I leave theſe my commentaries, and " others of my works. No more—be faithful and " impartial."

He ſoon after performed his promiſe, and left me the commentaries, giving me alſo further lights by many conferences; when he was unfortunately ſnatched away (as I before related) by the jealouſy of the Queen's miniſtry.

Though I was thus, to my eternal grief, deprived of his converſation, he for ſome years continued his correſpondence, and communicated to me many of his projects for the benefit of mankind. He ſent me ſome of his writings, and recommended to my care the recovery of others, ſtraggling about the world, and aſſumed by other men. The laſt time I heard from him was on occaſion of his ſtrictures on the Dunciad: ſince when, ſeveral years being elapſed, I have reaſon to believe this excellent perſon is either dead, or carried by his vehement thirſt of knowledge into ſome remote, or perhaps undiſcovered region of the world. In either caſe I think it a debt no longer to be delayed, to reveal what I know of this prodigy of ſcience, and to give the hiſtory of his life, and of his extenſive merits, to mankind; in which I dare promiſe the reader, that, whenever he begins to think any one chapter dull, the ſtyle will be immediately changed in the next.

* This marks the time when the introduction was written.

ME-

MEMOIRS

OF

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS*.

BOOK I. CHAP. I.

Of the parentage and family of Scriblerus, how he was begot, what care was taken of him before he was born, and what prodigies attended his birth.

IN the city of Munſter in Germany, lived a grave and learned gentleman, by profeſſion an antiquary; who, among all his invaluable curioſities, eſteemed

* Mr. Pope, Dr. Arbuthnot, and Dr. Swift, projected to write a ſatire, in conjunction, *on the abuſes of human learning;* and to make it the better received, they propoſed to do it in the manner of Cervantes, (the original author of this ſpecies of ſatire), under the hiſtory of ſome feigned adventures. They had obſerved thoſe abuſes ſtill kept their ground againſt all that the ableſt and graveſt authors could ſay to diſcredit them; they concluded therefore, the force of ridicule was wanting to quicken their diſgrace; which was here in its place, when the abuſes had been already detected by ſober reaſoning; and truth in no danger to ſuffer by the premature uſe of ſo powerful an inſtrument. But the ſeparation of Mr. Pope's friends, which ſoon after happened, with the death of one, and the infirmities of the other, put a final ſtop to their project, when they had only drawn out an imperfect eſſay towards it, under the title of *The firſt book of the Memoirs of Scriblerus.*

Polite letters never loſt more than in the defeat of this ſcheme, in which, each of this illuſtrious triumvirate would have found exerciſe for his own peculiar talent; beſides conſtant employment for that they all had in common. Dr. Arbuthnot was ſkilled in every thing which related to *ſcience;* Mr. Pope was a maſter in the *fine arts;* and Dr. Swift excelled in the *knowledge of the world.* WIT they had all in equal meaſure, and this ſo large, as no age perhaps ever produced three men, to whom Nature had more bountifully beſtowed it, or Art brought it to higher perfection.

none more highly than a ſkin of the true Pergamenian parchment, which hung at the upper end of his hall. On this was curiouſly traced the ancient pedigree of the *Scribleri*, with all their alliances and collateral relations, (among which were reckoned Albertus Magnus, Paracelſus Bombaſtus, and the famous Scaligers in old time princes of Verona), and deduced even from the times of the Elder Pliny to Cornelius Scriblerus; for ſuch was the name of this venerable perſonage, whoſe glory it was, that, by the ſingular virtue of the women, not one had a head of a different caſt from his family.

His wife was a lady of ſingular beauty, whom not for that reaſon only he eſpouſed, but becauſe ſhe was undoubted daughter either of the great Scriverius, or of Gaſpar Barthius. It happened on a time, the ſaid Gaſpar made a viſit to Scriverius at Harlem, taking with him a comely lady of his acquaintance, who was ſkilful in the Greek tongue, of whom the learned Scriverius became ſo enamoured, as to inebriate his friend, and be familiar with his miſtreſs. I am not ignorant of what Columeſius * affirms, that the learned Barthius was not ſo overtaken, but he perceived it; and in revenge ſuffered this unfortunate gentlewoman to be drowned in the Rhine at her return. But Mrs. Scriblerus (the iſſue of that amour) was a living proof of the falſehood of this report. Dr. Cornelius was farther induced to his marriage, from the certain information that the aforeſaid lady, the mother of his wife, was related to Cardan on the father's ſide, and to Aldrovandus on the mother's: beſides which, her anceſtors had been profeſſors of phyſic, aſtrology, or chymiſtry, in German univerſities, from generation to generation.

With this fair gentlewoman had our Doctor lived in a comfortable union for about ten years: but this our ſober and orderly pair, without any natural infirmity,

* Columeſius relates this from Iſaac Voſſius, in his *Opuſcul. p.* 102.

and

and with a conſtant and frequent compliance to the chief duty of conjugal life, were yet unhappy, in that Heaven had not bleſſed them with any iſſue. This was the utmoſt grief to the good man; eſpecially, conſidering what exact precautions and methods he had uſed to procure that bleſſing: for he never had cohabitation with his ſpouſe, but he pondered on the rules of the ancients, for the generation of children of wit. He ordered his diet according to the preſcription of Galen, confining himſelf and his wife for almoſt the whole firſt year to goat's milk and honey *. It unfortunately befel her, when ſhe was about four months gone with child, to long for ſomewhat, which that author inveighs againſt as prejudicial to the underſtanding of the infant. This her huſband thought fit to deny her, affirming, it was better to be childleſs, than to become the parent of a fool. His wife miſcarried; but as the abortion proved only a female fœtus, he comforted himſelf, that, had it arrived to perfection, it would not have anſwered his account; his heart being wholly fixed upon the learned ſex. However, he diſdained not to treaſure up the embryo in a vial, among the curioſities of his family.

Having diſcovered that Galen's preſcription could not determine the ſex, he forthwith betook himſelf to Ariſtotle. Accordingly he withheld the nuptial embrace when the wind was in any point of the ſouth; this author † aſſerting, that the groſſneſs and moiſture of the ſoutherly winds occaſion the procreation of females, and not of males. But he redoubled his diligence when the wind was at weſt; a wind on which that great philoſopher beſtowed the encomiums of fattener of the earth, breath of the Elyſian fields, and other glorious elogies. For our learned man was clearly of opinion, that the ſemina out of which animals are produced,

* Galen, lib. de cibis boni et mali ſucci, cap. 3.

† Ariſtotle, ſect. 14. prob. 5.

are

are animalcula ready formed, and received in with the air *.

Under theſe regulations, his wife, to his inexpreſſible joy, grew pregnant a ſecond time; and (what was no ſmall addition to his happineſs) he juſt then came to the poſſeſſion of a conſiderable eſtate by the death of her uncle, a wealthy Jew, who reſided at London. This made it neceſſary for him to take a journey to England; nor would the care of his poſterity let him ſuffer his wife to remain behind him. During the voyage he was perpetually taken up, on the one hand, how to employ his great riches; and, on the other, how to educate his child. He had already determined to ſet apart ſeveral annual ſums for the recovery of *manuſcripts*, the effoſſion of *coins*, the procuring of *mummies*, and for all thoſe curious diſcoveries, by which he hoped to become (as himſelf was wont to ſay) a ſecond Peireſkius †. He had already chalked out all poſſible ſchemes for the improvement of a male child, yet was ſo far prepared for the worſt that could happen, that, before the nine months were expired, he had compoſed two treatiſes of education; the one he called, *A daughter's mirror*, and the other, *A ſon's monitor*.

This is all we can find relating to Martinus, while he was in his mother's womb, excepting that he was entertained there with a concert of muſic once in twenty-four hours, according to the cuſtom of the Magi: and that, on a particular day ‡ he was obſerved to leap and kick exceedingly, which was on the

* Religion of nature, ſect. 5. parag. 15. The ſerioufneſs with which this ſtrange opinion, on ſo myſterious a point, is advanced, very well deſerved this ſtroke of ridicule.

† There was a great deal of trifling pedantry and curioſity in that great man's character.

‡ Ramſay's Cyrus. It was with judgment, that the authors choſe rather to ridicule the modern relator of this ridiculous practice, than the ancients from whence he took it; as it is a ſure inſtance of folly, when, amongſt the many excellent things which may be learned from antiquity, we find a modern writer only picking out their abſurdities.

firſt

firſt of April, the birth-day of the great Baſilius Valentinus.

The truth of this, and every preceding fact, may be depended upon, being taken literally from the Memoirs. But I muſt be ſo ingenuous as to own, that the accounts are not ſo certain of the exact time and place of his birth. As to the firſt, he had the common frailty of old men, to conceal his age: as to the ſecond, I only remember to have heard him ſay, that he firſt ſaw the light in St. Giles's pariſh. But in the inveſtigation of this point Fortune hath favoured our diligence. For one day as I was paſſing by the Seven Dials, I overheard a diſpute concerning the place of nativity of a great aſtrologer, which each man alledged to have been in his own ſtreet. The circumſtances of the time, and the deſcription of the perſon, made me imagine it might be that univerſal genius whoſe life I am writing. I returned home, and having maturely conſidered their ſeveral arguments, which I found to be of equal weight, I quieted my curioſity with this natural concluſion, that he was born in ſome point common to all the ſeven ſtreets; which muſt be that on which the column is now erected. And it is with infinite pleaſure that I ſince find my conjecture confirmed, by the following paſſage in the codicil to Mr. Neale's will.

I appoint my executors to engrave the following inſcription on the column in the centre of the ſeven ſtreets which I erected

LOC. NAT. INCLVT. PHILOS. MAR. SCR.

But Mr. Neale's order was never performed, becauſe the executors durſt not adminiſter.

Nor was the birth of this great man unattended with prodigies: he himſelf has often told me, that, on the night before he was born, Mrs. Scriblerus dreamed ſhe was brought to bed of a huge *inkhorn*, out of which iſſued ſeveral large ſtreams of ink, as it had been a fountain. This dream was by her huſband thought

thought to ſignify, that the child ſhould prove a very voluminous writer. Likewiſe a *crab-tree* * that had been hitherto barren, appeared on a ſudden laden with a vaſt quantity of crabs. This ſign alſo the old gentleman imagined to be a prognoſtic of the acuteneſs of his wit. A great ſwarm of *waſps* † played round his cradle without hurting him, but were very troubleſome to all in the room beſides. This ſeemed a certain preſage of the effects of his ſatire. A dunghill was ſeen within the ſpace of one night to be covered all over with *muſhrooms*. This ſome interpreted to promiſe the infant great fertility of fancy, but no long duration to his works; but the father was of another opinion.

But what was of all moſt wonderful, was a thing that ſeemed a monſtrous *fowl*, which juſt then dropped through the ſky-light, near his wife's apartment. It had a large body, two little diſproportioned wings, a prodigious tail, but no head. As its colour was white, he took it at firſt ſight for a ſwan, and was concluding his ſon would be a poet; but, on a nearer view, he perceived it to be ſpeckled with black, in the form of letters, and that it was indeed a paper-kite which had broke its leaſh by the impetuoſity of the wind. His back was armed with the art military, his belly was filled with phyſic, his wings were the wings of Quarles and Withers, the ſeveral nodes of his voluminous tail were diverſified with ſeveral branches of ſcience; where the Doctor beheld with great joy a knot of logic, a knot of metaphyſic, a knot of caſuiſtry, a knot of polemical divinity, and a knot of common law, with a lantern of Jacob Behmen.

There went a report in the family, that, as ſoon as he was born, he uttered the voice of nine ſeveral animals: he cried like a calf, bleated like a ſheep, chattered like a magpie, grunted like a hog, neighed like a foal, croaked like a raven, mewed like a cat, gabbled

* Virgil's laurel. Donat. † Plato, Lucan, &c.

like

like a gooſe, and brayed like an aſs. And the next morning he was found playing in his bed with two owls which came down the chimney. His father greatly rejoiced at all theſe ſigns, which betokened the variety of his eloquence, and the extent of his learning; but he was more particularly pleaſed with the laſt, as it nearly reſembled what happened at the birth of Homer *.

CHAP. II.

The ſpeech of Cornelius over his ſon, at the hour of his birth.

NO ſooner was the cry of the infant heard, but the old gentleman ruſhed into the room, and ſnatching it into his arms, examined every limb with attention. He was infinitely pleaſed to find, that the child had the wart of Cicero, the wry neck of Alexander, knots upon his legs like Marius, and one of them ſhorter than the other like Ageſilaus. The good Cornelius alſo hoped he would come to ſtammer like Demoſthenes, in order to be as eloquent; and in time arrive at many other defects of famous men. He held the child ſo long, that the midwife, grown out of all patience, ſnatched it from his arms, in order to ſwaddle it. "Swaddle him!" quoth he, "far be it from me to "ſubmit to ſuch a pernicious cuſtom! Is not my ſon "a man? and is not man the lord of the univerſe? Is "it thus you uſe this monarch at his firſt arrival in "his dominions, to manacle and ſhackle him hand and "foot? Is this what you call to be free-born? If you "have no regard to his natural liberty, at leaſt have "ſome to his natural faculties. Behold with what "agility he ſpreadeth his toes, and moveth them with

* Vide Euſtath. in Odyſſ. l. 12. ex Alex. Paphio, et Leo. Allat. de patr. Hom. p. 45.

"as

" as great variety as his fingers! a power, which, in " the ſmall circle of a year, may be totally aboliſhed " by the enormous confinement of ſhoes and ſtockings. " His ears (which other animals turn with great ad- " vantage towards the ſonorous object) may, by the " miniſtry of ſome accurſed nurſe, for ever lie flat and " immoveable. Not ſo the ancients; they could move " them at pleaſure, and accordingly are often deſcrib- " ed *arrectis auribus*." " What a devil," quoth the midwife, " would you have your ſon move his ears " like a drill?" " Yes, fool," (ſaid he), " why ſhould " he not have the perfection of a drill, or of any other " animal?" Mrs. Scriblerus, who lay all this while fretting at her huſband's diſcourſe, at laſt broke out to this purpoſe: " My dear, I have had many diſputes " with you upon this ſubject, before I was a month " gone: we have but one child, and cannot afford to " throw him away upon experiments. I will have my " boy bred up like other gentlemen, at home, and al- " ways under my own eye." All the goſſips, with one voice, cried, Ay, ay; but Cornelius broke out in this manner. " What! bred at home! Have I taken all " this pains for a creature that is to live the inglori- " ous life of a cabbage, to ſuck the nutricious juices " from the ſpot where he was firſt planted? No, to " perambulate this terraqueous globe is too ſmall a " range; were it permitted, he ſhould at leaſt make " the tour of the whole ſyſtem of the ſun. Let " other mortals pore upon maps, and ſwallow the le- " gends of lying travellers, the ſon of Cornelius ſhall " make his own legs his compaſſes; with thoſe he " ſhall meaſure continents, iſlands, capes, bays, ſtraits, " and iſthmuſes: he ſhall himſelf take the altitude " of the higheſt mountains, from the peak of Derby " to the peak of Teneriff: when he has viſited the " top of Taurus, Imaus, Caucaſus, and the famous " Ararat, where Noah's ark firſt moored, he may take " a ſlight view of the ſnowy Riphæans; nor would I " have him neglect Athos and Olympus, renowned " for poetical fictions. Thoſe that vomit fire will

" deſerve

" deſerve a more particular attention: I will there-
" fore have him obſerve with great care Veſuvius, Et-
" na, the burning mountain of Java, but chiefly Hecla,
" the greateſt rarity in the northern regions. Then
" he may likewiſe contemplate the wonders of the
" Mephitic cave. When he has dived into the bowels
" of the earth, and ſurveyed the works of nature un-
" der ground, and inſtructed himſelf fully in the na-
" ture of volcanoes, earthquakes, thunders, tempeſts,
" and hurricanes, I hope he will bleſs the world with
" a more exact ſurvey of the deſerts of Arabia and
" Tartary, than as yet we are able to obtain. Then
" will I have him croſs the ſeven gulfs, meaſure the
" currents in the fifteen famous ſtraits, and ſearch for
" thoſe fountains of freſh water that are at the bottom
" of the ocean."——At theſe laſt words Mrs. Scri-
blerus fell into a trembling: the deſcription of this terrible ſcene made too violent an impreſſion upon a woman in her condition, and threw her into a ſtrong hyſteric fit; which might have proved dangerous, if Cornelius had not been puſhed out of the room by the united force of the women.

CHAP III.

Shewing what befel the Doctor's ſon and his ſhield, on the day of the chriſtening.

THE day of the chriſtening being come, and the houſe filled with goſſips, the levity of whoſe converſation ſuited but ill with the gravity of Dr. Cornelius, he caſt about how to paſs this day more agreeably to his character; that is to ſay, not without ſome *profitable conference*, nor wholly without obſervance of ſome *ancient cuſtom*.

He remembered to have read in Theocritus, that the cradle of Hercules was a ſhield; and being poſſeſſed of an antique *buckler*, which he held as a moſt ineſtimable relic, he determined to have the infant laid therein,

therein, and in that manner brought into the ſtudy, to be ſhown to certain learned men of his acquaintance.

The regard he had for this ſhield, had cauſed him formerly to compile a diſſertation concerning it *, proving, from the ſeveral properties, and particularly the colour of the ruſt, the exact chronology thereof.

With this treatiſe, and a moderate ſupper, he propoſed to entertain his gueſts; though he had alſo another deſign, to have their aſſiſtance in the calculation of his ſon's nativity.

He therefore took the buckler out of a caſe, (in which he always kept it, leſt it might contract any modern ruſt), and intruſted it to his houſe-maid, with orders, that when the company was come, ſhe ſhould lay the child carefully in it, covered with a mantle of blue ſatin.

The gueſts were no ſooner ſeated, but they entered into a warm debate about the *triclinium*, and the manner of *decubitus* of the ancients, which Cornelius broke off in this manner:

"This day, my friends, I purpoſe to exhibit my "ſon before you; a child not wholly unworthy of in- "ſpection, as he is deſcended from a race of virtuoſi. "Let the phyſiognomiſts examine his features; let "the chirographiſts behold his palm; but, above all, "let us conſult for the calculation of his nativity. To "this end, as the child is not vulgar, I will not pre- "ſent him unto you in a vulgar manner. He ſhall "be cradled in my ancient ſhield, ſo famous through "the univerſities of Europe. You all know how I "purchaſed that invaluable piece of antiquity at the "great (though indeed inadequate) expence of all the "plate of our family, how happily I carried it off, "and how triumphantly I tranſported it hither, to the "inexpreſſible grief of all Germany. Happy in every "circumſtance, but that it broke the heart of the "great Melchior Inſipidus!"

* See the diſſertation on Dr. Woodward's ſhield.

Here

Here he ſtopped his ſpeech, upon ſight of the maid, who entered the room with the child. He took it in his arms, and proceeded:

"Behold then my child, but firſt behold the ſhield: "behold this ruſt—or rather let me call it this preci- "ous ærugo—behold this beautiful varniſh of time— "this venerable verdure of ſo many ages."—

In ſpeaking theſe words, he ſlowly lifted up the mantle which covered it, inch by inch; but at every inch he uncovered, his cheeks grew paler, his hand trembled, his nerves failed, till, on ſight of the whole, the tremor became univerſal: the ſhield and the infant both dropt to the ground; and he had only ſtrength enough to cry out, "O God! my ſhield! my "ſhield!"

The truth was, the maid (extremely concerned for the reputation of her own cleanlineſs, and her young maſter's honour) had ſcoured it as clean as her andirons *.

Cornelius ſunk back on a chair, the gueſts ſtood aſtoniſhed, the infant ſqualled, the maid ran in, fnatched it up again in her arms, flew into her miſtreſs's room, and told what had happened. Down ſtairs in an inſtant hurried all the goſſips, where they found the Doctor in a trance. Hungary-water, hartſhorn, and the confuſed noiſe of ſhrill voices, at length awakened him: when opening his eyes, he ſaw the ſhield in the hands of the houſe-maid. "O woman! woman!" he cried, (and fnatched it violently from her), "was it "to thy ignorance that this relic owes its ruin? Where, "where is the beautiful cruſt that covered thee ſo "long? where thoſe traces of time, and *fingers* as it "were of antiquity? where all thoſe beautiful obſcu- "rities, the cauſe of much delightful diſputation, "where doubt and curioſity went hand in hand, and "eternally exerciſed the ſpeculations of the learned? All

* *Poor Vadius, long with learned ſpleen devour'd,*
Can taſte no pleaſure ſince his ſhield was ſcour'd.

" this the rude touch of an ignorant woman hath done " away! The *curious prominence* at the belly of that " figure, which ſome taking for the *cuſpis* of a ſword, " denominated a Roman ſoldier; others accounting " the *inſignia virilia*, pronounced to be one of the *dii* " *termini*; behold ſhe hath cleaned it in like ſhameful " ſort, and ſhewn to be the head of a nail. O my " ſhield! my ſhield! well may I ſay with Horace, *non* " *bene relicta parmula.*"

The goſſips, not at all inquiring into the cauſe of his ſorrow, only aſked if the child had no hurt? and cried, " Come, come, all is well; what has the wo- " man done but her duty? a tight cleanly wench I " warrant her; what a ſtir a man makes about a *baſon*, " that an hour ago, before this labour was beſtowed " upon it, a country barber would not have hung at " his ſhop-door." " A *baſon!*" (cried another), " no " ſuch matter; 'tis nothing but a paltry old *ſconce*, " with the nozle broke off." The learned gentlemen, who till now had ſtood ſpeechleſs, hereupon looking narrowly on the ſhield, declared their aſſent to this latter opinion; and deſired Cornelius to be comforted, aſſuring him it was a *ſconce*, and no other. But this, inſtead of comforting, threw the Doctor into ſuch a violent fit of paſſion, that he was carried off groaning and ſpeechleſs to bed; where, being quite ſpent, he fell into a kind of ſlumber.

CHAP. IV.

Of the ſuction and nutrition of the great Scriblerus in his infancy, and of the firſt rudiments of his learning.

AS ſoon as Cornelius awaked, he raiſed himſelf on his elbow, and caſting his eye on Mrs. Scri- blerus, ſpoke as follows: " Wiſely was it ſaid by Ho- " mer, that in the cellar of Jupiter are two barrels, " the one of good, the other of evil, which he never " beſtows on mortals ſeparately, but conſtantly min-

" gles

" gles them together. Thus at the ſame time hath " Heaven bleſſed me with the birth of a ſon, and af- " flicted me with the ſcouring of my ſhield. Yet let " us not repine at his diſpenſations, who gives, and " who takes away; but rather join in prayer, that the " ruſt of antiquity which he hath been pleaſed to take " from my ſhield, may be added to my ſon; and that " ſo much of it as it is my purpoſe he ſhall contract in " his education, may never be deſtroyed by any mo- " dern poliſhing."

He could no longer bear the ſight of the ſhield, but ordered it ſhould be removed for ever from his eyes. It was not long after purchaſed by Dr. Woodward, who, by the aſſiſtance of Mr. Kemp, incruſted it with a new ruſt, and is the ſame whereof a cut hath been engraved, and exhibited, to the great contentation of the learned.

Cornelius now began to regulate the ſuction of his child. Seldom did there paſs a day without diſputes between him and the mother, or the nurſe, concerning the nature of aliment. The poor woman never dined but he denied her ſome diſh or other, which he judged prejudicial to her milk. One day ſhe had a longing deſire to a piece of beef, and, as ſhe ſtretched her hand towards it, the old gentleman drew it away, and ſpoke to this effect: " Hadſt thou read the ancients, " O nurſe, thou wouldſt prefer the welfare of the in- " fant which thou nouriſheſt, to the indulging of an " irregular and voracious appetite. Beef, it is true, " may confer a robuſtneſs on the limbs of my ſon, but " will hebetate and clog his intellectuals." While he ſpoke this, the nurſe looked upon him with much anger, and now and then caſt a wiſhful eye upon the beef.——" Paſſion" (continued the Doctor, ſtill holding the diſh) " throws the mind into too violent a fer- " mentation; it is a kind of fever of the ſoul; or, as " Horace expreſſes it, *a ſhort madneſs*. Conſider, " woman, that this day's ſuction of my ſon may cauſe " him to imbibe many ungovernable paſſions, and, " in a manner, ſpoil him for the temper of a philo-

" ſopher. Romulus, by ſucking a wolf, became of a " fierce and ſavage diſpoſition; and were I to breed " ſome Ottoman emperor, or founder of a military " commonwealth, perhaps I might indulge thee in " this carnivorous appetite."——What! interrupted the nurſe, beef ſpoil the underſtanding? that's fine indeed—how then could our parſon preach as he does upon beef, and pudding too, if you go to that? Don't tell me of your ancients; had not you almoſt killed the poor babe with a diſh of dæmonial black broth?——" Lacedæmonian black broth, thou wouldſt ſay," (replied Cornelius); " but I cannot allow the ſurfeit " to have been occaſioned by that diet, ſince it was " recommended by the divine Lycurgus. No, nurſe, " thou muſt certainly have eaten ſome meats of ill di- " geſtion the day before, and that was the real cauſe " of his diſorder. Conſider, woman, the different " temperaments of different nations. What makes " the Engliſh phlegmatic and melancholy, but beef? " what renders the Welſh ſo hot and choleric, but " cheeſe and leeks? the French derive their levity " from their ſoups, frogs, and muſhrooms: I would " not let my ſon dine like an Italian, leſt, like an Ita- " lian, he ſhould be jealous and revengeful: the " warm and ſolid diet of Spain may be more benefi- " cial, as it might endow him with a profound gra- " vity, but, at the ſame time, he might ſuck in with " their food their intolerable vice of pride. There- " fore, nurſe, in ſhort, I hold it requiſite to deny " you at preſent, not only beef, but likewiſe whatſo- " ever any of thoſe nations eat."——During this ſpeech, the nurſe remained pouting and marking her plate with the knife, nor would ſhe touch a bit during the whole dinner. This the old gentleman obſerving, ordered that the child, to avoid the riſk of imbibing ill humours, ſhould be kept from her breaſt all that day, and be fed with butter mixed with honey, according to a preſcription he had met with ſomewhere in Euſtathius upon Homer. This indeed gave the child a great looſeneſs; but he was not concerned

at

at it, in the opinion, that whatever harm it might do his body, would be amply recompenced by the improvements of his underſtanding. But from thenceforth he inſiſted every day upon a particular diet to be obſerved by the nurſe; under which having been long uneaſy, ſhe at laſt parted from the family, on his ordering her for dinner the paps of a ſow with pigs; taking it as the higheſt indignity, and a direct inſult upon her ſex and calling.

Four years of young Martin's life paſſed away in ſquabbles of this nature. Mrs. Scriblerus conſidered it was now time to inſtruct him in the fundamentals of religion, and to that end took no ſmall pains in teaching him his *catechiſm*. But Cornelius looked upon this as a tedious way of inſtruction, and therefore employed his head to find out more pleaſing methods, the better to induce him to be fond of learning. He would frequently carry him to the *puppet-ſhow* of the creation of the world, where the child, with exceeding delight, gained a notion of the hiſtory of the Bible. His firſt rudiments in profane hiſtory were acquired by ſeeing of *raree-ſhows*, where he was brought acquainted with all the princes of Europe. In ſhort, the old gentleman ſo contrived it, to make every thing contribute to the improvement of his knowledge, even to his very dreſs. He invented for him a geographical ſuit of clothes, which might give him ſome hints of that ſcience, and likewiſe ſome knowledge of the commerce of different nations. He had a French hat with an African feather, Holland ſhirts and Flanders lace, Engliſh cloth lined with Indian ſilk; his gloves were Italian, and his ſhoes were Spaniſh. He was made to obſerve this, and daily catechiſed thereupon, which his father was wont to call *travelling at home*. He never gave him a fig or an orange, but he obliged him to give an account from what country it came. In natural hiſtory he was much aſſiſted by his curioſity in *ſign-poſts*, inſomuch that he hath often confeſſed he owed to them the knowledge of many creatures which he

he never found ſince in any author, ſuch as white lions, golden dragons, *&c.* He once thought the ſame of green men, but had ſince found them mentioned by Kercherus, and verified in the hiſtory of William of Newbury *.

His diſpoſition to the mathematics was diſcovered very early, by his drawing parallel lines † on his bread and butter, and interſecting them at equal angles, ſo as to form the whole ſuperficies into ſquares. But, in the midſt of theſe improvements, a ſtop was put to his learning the *alphabet*; nor would he let him proceed to letter D, till he could truly and diſtinctly pronounce C in the ancient manner, at which the child unhappily boggled for near three months. He was alſo obliged to delay his learning to *write*, having turned away the writing maſter, becauſe he knew nothing of Fabius's waxen tables.

Cornelius having read, and ſeriouſly weighed the methods by which the famous Montaigne was educated ‡, and reſolving in ſome degree to exceed them, reſolved he ſhould ſpeak and learn nothing but the learned languages, and eſpecially the Greek; in which he conſtantly ate and drank, according to Homer. But what moſt conduced to his eaſy attainment of this language, was his love of gingerbread; which his father obſerving, cauſed it to be ſtamped with the letters of the Greek alphabet; and the child the very firſt day ate as far as Iota. By his particular application to this language above the reſt, he attained ſo great a proficiency therein, that Grenovius ingenuouſly confeſſes he

* Gul. Neubrig, book i. chap. 27.

† Paſcal's life—Locke of educat. *&c.*—There are ſome extravagant lies told of the excellent Paſcal's amazing genius for mathematics in his early youth; and ſome trifling directions given for the introduction to the elements of ſcience, in Mr. Locke's book of education.

‡ Who was taught Latin in his nurſe's arms, and not ſuffered to hear a word of his mother tongue, till he could ſpeak the other perfectly.

durſt

durſt not confer with this child in Greek at eight years old *; and at fourteen he compoſed a tragedy in the ſame language, as the younger Pliny † had done before him.

He learned the Oriental languages of Erpenius, who reſided ſome time with his father for that purpoſe. He had ſo early a reliſh for the Eaſtern way of writing, that even at this time he compoſed (in imitation of it) the *thouſand and one Arabian tales*, and alſo the *Perſian tales*, which have been ſince tranſlated into ſeveral languages, and lately into our own with particular elegance, by Mr. Ambroſe Philips. In this work of his childhood, he was not a little aſſiſted by the hiſtorical traditions of his *nurſe*.

CHAP. V.

A diſſertation upon playthings.

HERE follow the inſtructions of Cornelius Scriblerus concerning the plays and playthings to be uſed by his ſon Martin.

"*Play* was invented by the *Lydians* as a remedy "againſt *hunger*. Sophocles ſays of Palamedes, that "he invented *dice* to ſerve ſometimes inſtead of a din- "ner. It is therefore wiſely contrived by nature, that "children, as they have the keeneſt *appetites*, are moſt "addicted to *plays*. From the ſame cauſe, and from "the unprejudiced and incorrupt ſimplicity of their "minds it proceeds, that the plays of the ancient chil- "dren are preſerved more entire than any other of

* So Montaigne ſays of his Latin—*George Bucanan et Murk Antoine Muret, mes precepteurs domeſtiques, m'ont dit ſouvent que j'avois ce language en mon enfance ſi preſt et ſi a main qu'ils craignoient à m'accoſter.—Somme, nous nous latinizames tant, qu'il en regorgea juſque a nos villages tout autour, ou il y a encores, et ont pris pied par l'uſage, pluſieurs appellations Latines d'artiſans et d'outils.*

† Plin. Epiſt. lib. 7.

"their

" their cuſtoms ‡. In this matter I would recom-
" mend to all who have any concern in my ſon's edu-
" cation, that they deviate not in the leaſt from the
" primitive and ſimple antiquity.

" To ſpeak firſt of the *whiſtle*, as it is the firſt of
" all playthings: I will have it exactly to correſpond
" with the ancient *fiſtula*, and accordingly to be com-
" poſed *ſeptem paribus diſjuncta cicutis*.

" I heartily wiſh a diligent ſearch may be made af-
" ter the true *crepitaculum* or *rattle* of the ancients, for
" that (as Archytas Tarentinus was of opinion) kept
" the children from breaking earthen ware. The *Chi-
" na* cups in theſe days are not at all the ſafer for the
" modern *rattles*; which is an evident proof how far
" their *crepitacula* exceeded ours.

" I would not have Martin as yet to ſcourge a *top*,
" till I am better informed whether the *trochus*, which
" was recommended by Cato, be really our preſent *top*,
" or rather the *hoop* which the boys drive with a ſtick.
" Neither *croſs* and *pile*, nor *ducks* and *drakes* are quite
" ſo ancient as *handy-dandy*, though Macrobius and
" St. Auguſtine take notice of the firſt, and Minu-
" tius Felix deſcribes the latter; but *handy-dandy* is
" mentioned by Ariſtotle, Plato, and Ariſtophanes.

" The play which the Italians call *cinque*, and the
" French *mourre*, is extremely ancient; it was played
" at by Hymen and Cupid at the marriage of Pſyche,
" and termed by the Latins *digitis micare*.

" Julius Pollux deſcribes the *omilla* or *chuck-far-
" thing*; though ſome will have our modern *chuck-far-
" thing* to be nearer the *aphetinda* of the ancients. He
" alſo mentions the *baſilinda*, or *king I am*; and *myinda*,
" or *hoopers-hide*.

" But the *chytrindra* deſcribed by the ſame author is
" certainly not our *hot-cockle*; for that was by pinch-
" ing, and not by ſtriking; though there are good

‡ Dr. Arbuthnot uſed to ſay, that notwithſtanding all the boaſts of the ſafe conveyance of *tradition*, it was no where preſerved pure and uncorrupt but amongſt children; whoſe games and plays are delivered down invariably from one generation to another.

" authors

" authors who affirm the *rathapygiſmus* to be yet near-
" er the modern *hot-cockles*. My ſon Martin may uſe
" either of them indifferently, they being equally an-
" tique.

" *Building of houſes*, and *riding upon ſticks*, have
" been uſed by children of all ages, *ædificare caſas*,
" *equitare in arundine longa*. Yet I much doubt whe-
" ther the riding upon ſticks did not come into uſe af-
" ter the age of the Centaurs.

" There is one play which ſhews the gravity of an-
" cient education, called the *acinetinda*, in which chil-
" dren contended who could longeſt *ſtand ſtill*. This
" we have ſuffered to periſh entirely; and, if I might
" be allowed to gueſs, it was certainly firſt loſt among
" the French.

" I will permit my ſon to play at *apodidaſcinda*,
" which can be no other than our *puſs in a corner*.

" Julius Pollux, in his ninth book, ſpeaks of the *me-*
" *lolonthe*, or the *kite*; but I queſtion whether the kite
" of antiquity was the ſame with ours: and though
" the ορτυγοκοπια, or *quail fighting*, is what is moſt ta-
" ken notice of, they had doubtleſs *cock-matches* alſo, as
" is evident from certain ancient gems and relievos.

" In a word, let my ſon Martin diſport himſelf at
" any game truly antique, except one, which was in-
" vented by a people among the Thracians, who hung
" up one of their companions in a rope, and gave him
" a knife to cut himſelf down; which if he failed in,
" he was ſuffered to hang till he was dead; and this
" was only reckoned a ſort of joke. I am utterly a-
" gainſt this, as barbarous and cruel.

" I cannot conclude, without taking notice of the
" beauty of the Greek names, whoſe etymologies ac-
" quaint us with the nature of the ſports; and how
" infinitely, both in ſenſe and ſound, they excel our
" barbarous names of plays."

Notwithſtanding the foregoing injunctions of Dr. Cornelius, he yet condeſcended to allow the child the uſe of ſome few modern playthings; ſuch as

might

might prove of any benefit to his mind, by inſtilling an early notion of the ſciences. For example, he found that *marbles* taught him *percuſſion*, and the *laws of motion*: *nut crackers*, the uſe of the *leaver*; *ſwinging* on the ends of a board, the *balance*; *bottle ſcrews*, the *vice*; *whirligigs*, the *axis* and *peritrochia*: *bird-cages*, the *pully*; and *tops*, the *centrifugal motion*.

Others of his ſports were farther carried to improve his tender ſoul even in virtue and morality. We ſhall only inſtance one of the moſt uſeful and inſtructive, *bob-cherry*, which teaches at once two noble virtues, patience and conſtancy; the firſt in adhering to the purſuit of one end, the latter in bearing a diſappointment.

Beſides all theſe, he taught him a diverſion, an odd and ſecret manner of *ſtealing*, according to the cuſtom of the Lacedæmonians; wherein he ſucceeded ſo well, that he practiſed it to the day of his death.

CHAP. VI.

Of the gymnaſtics, in what exerciſes Martinus was educated; ſomething concerning muſic, and what ſort of a man his uncle was.

NOR was Cornelius leſs careful in adhering to the rules of the pureſt antiquity, in relation to the *exerciſes* of his ſon. He was ſtript, powdered, and anointed, but not conſtantly bathed, which occaſioned many heavy complaints of the laundreſs about dirtying his linen. When he played at quoits, he was allowed his breeches and ſtockings; becauſe the *diſcoboli* (as Cornelius well knew) were naked to the middle only. The mother often contended for modern ſports, and common cuſtoms; but this was his conſtant reply, "Let a daughter be the care of her mother, but the "education of a ſon ſhould be the delight of his fa-"ther."

It was about this time, he heard, to his exceeding content, that the *harpaſtus* of the ancients was yet in uſe

uſe in Cornwall, and known there by the name of *hurling*. He was ſenſible the common *foot-ball* was a very imperfect imitation of that exerciſe; and thought it neceſſary to ſend Martin into the weſt, to be initiated in that truly ancient and manly part of the *gymnaſtics*. The poor boy was ſo unfortunate as to return with a broken leg. This Cornelius looked upon but as a ſlight ailment, and promiſed his mother he would inſtantly cure it. He ſlit a green reed, and caſt the knife upward, then tying the two parts of the reed to the disjoined place, pronounced theſe words, *Daries, daries, aſtataries, diſſunapiter, huat, hanat, huat, iſta, piſta, fiſta, domi abo, damnauſtra* *. But finding, to his no ſmall aſtoniſhment, that this had no effect, in five days he condeſcended to have it ſet by a modern ſurgeon.

Mrs. Scriblerus, to prevent him from expoſing her ſon to the like dangerous exerciſes for the future, propoſed to ſend for a dancing-maſter, and to have him taught the minuet and rigadoon. "Dancing" (quoth Cornelius) "I much approve, for Socrates ſaid, the "beſt dancers were the beſt warriors; but not thoſe "ſpecies of dancing which you mention: they are "certainly corruptions of the comic and ſatiric dance, "which were utterly diſliked by the founder ancients. "Martin ſhall learn the tragic dance only; and I will "ſend all over Europe, till I find an antiquary able "to inſtruct him in the *ſaltatio Pyrrhica*. Scaliger †, "from whom my ſon is lineally deſcended, boaſts to "have performed this warlike dance in the preſence "of the Emperor, to the great admiration of all Ger-"many. What would he ſay, could he look down

* Plin. hiſt. nat. lib. xvii. in fine. *Carmen contra luxata membra, cujus verba inſerere non equidem ſerio auſim, quanquam a Catone prodita.* Vid. Caton. de re ruſt. c. 160.

† Scalig. poetic. lib. x. c. 9. *Hanc ſaltationem Pyrrhicam, non ſæpe et diu, juſſu Bonifacii patrui, coram Divo Maximiliano, non ſine ſtupore totius Germaniæ, repræſentavimus. Quo tempore vox illa Imperatoris, Hic puer aut thoracem pro pelle aut pro cunis habuit.*

" and ſee one of his poſterity ſo ignorant, as not to " know the leaſt ſtep of that noble kind of *ſalta-* " *tion?*"

The poor lady was at laſt inured to bear all theſe things with a laudable patience, till one day her huſband was ſeized with a new thought. He had met with a ſaying, that " *ſpleen*, *garter*, and *girdle*, are the " three impediments to the *curſus*." Therefore Pliny (*lib.* xi. *cap.* 37.) ſays, that ſuch as excel in that exerciſe have their *ſpleen* cauterized. " My ſon" (quoth Cornelius) " runs but heavily; therefore I will have " this operation performed upon him immediately. " Moreover it will cure that immoderate laughter to " which I perceive he is addicted: for laughter (as " the ſame author hath it, *ibid.*) is cauſed by the big- " neſs of the ſpleen." This deſign was no ſooner hinted to Mrs. Scriblerus, but ſhe burſt into tears, wrung her hands, and inſtantly ſent to his brother Albertus, begging him, for the love of God, to make haſte to her huſband.

Albertus was a diſcreet man, ſober in his opinions, clear of pedantry, and knowing enough both in books and in the world, to preſerve a due regard for whatever was uſeful or excellent, whether ancient or modern: if he had not always the authority, he had at leaſt the art to divert Cornelius from many extravagancies. It was well he came ſpeedily, or Martin could not have boaſted the entire quota of his *viſcera*. " What does it ſignify" (quoth Albertus) " whether " my nephew excels in the *curſus* or not? Speed is of- " ten a ſymptom of cowardice, witneſs hares and " deer."—" Do not forget Achilles," (quoth Cornelius), " I know that running has been condemned by " the proud Spartans as uſeleſs in war; and yet De- " moſthenes could ſay, Ἀνὴρ ὁ φύγων καὶ πάλιν μαχήσεται; " a thought which the Engliſh Hudibras has well " rendered,

For he that runs may fight again,
Which he can never do that's ſlain."

" That's

" That's true," (quoth Albertus); " but pray consi-
" der on the other ſide, that animals ſpleened grow
" extremely ſalacious, an experiment well known in
" dogs *." Cornelius was ſtruck with this, and re-
plied gravely, " If it be ſo, I will defer the operation;
" for I will not increaſe the powers of my ſon's body
" at the expence of thoſe of his mind. I am indeed
" diſappointed in moſt of my projects, and fear I muſt
" ſit down at laſt contented with ſuch methods of edu-
" cation as modern barbarity affords. Happy had it
" been for us all, had we lived in the age of Auguſ-
" tus! Then my ſon might have heard the philoſo-
" phers diſpute in the porticos of the Palæſtra, and at
" the ſame time formed his body and his underſtand-
" ing." " It is true," (replied Albertus), " we have
" no *exedra* for the philoſophers, adjoining to our ten-
" nis courts, but there are ale-houſes, where he will
" hear very notable argumentations. Though we
" come not up to the ancients in the *tragic-dance*, we
" excel them in the κυβιστικὴ, or the art of *tumbling*.
" The ancients would have beat us at *quoits*, but not
" ſo much at the *jaculum*, or *pitching the bar*. The
" *pugilatus* † is in as great perfection in England as in
" old Rome, and the *Corniſh-hug* in the *luctus* ‡ is
" equal to the *volutatoria* of the ancients." " You
" could not" (anſwered Cornelius) " have produced a
" more unlucky inſtance of modern folly and barba-
" rity than what you ſay of the *jaculum*. The Cre-
" tans wiſely forbid their ſervants gymnaſtics, as well
" as arms ‖; and yet your modern footmen exerciſe
" themſelves daily in the *jaculum*, at the corner of
" *Hyde-park*, whilſt their enervated lords are lolling in
" their chariots, (a ſpecies of vectitation ſeldom uſed
" amongſt the ancients, except by old men)." " You
" ſay well," (quoth Albertus), " and we have ſeveral
" other kinds of vectitation unknown to the ancients;
" particularly flying chariots, where the people may

* Blackmore's eſſay on ſpleen. † Fiſty-cuffs. ‡ Wreſtling.
‖ Ariſtot. politic. lib. ii. cap. 3.

" have the benefit of this exercise at the small expence " of a farthing. But suppose (which I readily grant) " that the ancients excelled us almost in every thing, " yet why this singularity? your son must take up " with such masters as the present age affords; we " have dancing-masters, writing-masters, and music-" masters."

The bare mention of *music* threw Cornelius into a passion. " How can you dignify" (quoth he) " this " modern fiddling with the name of *music*? Will any " of your best hautboys encounter a wolf now-a-days " with no other arms but their instruments, as did that " ancient piper Pythocharis? Have ever wild boars, " elephants, deer, dolphins, whales, or turbots, shew-" ed the least emotion at the most elaborate strains of " your modern scrapers, all which have been, as it " were, tamed and humanized by ancient musicians? " Does not Ælian* tell us how the Libyan mares " were excited to horsing by music? (which ought in " truth to be a caution to modest women against fre-" quenting operas: and consider, brother, you are " brought to this dilemma, either to give up the vir-" tue of the ladies, or the power of your music). " Whence proceeds the degeneracy of our morals? Is " it not from the loss of ancient music, by which " (says Aristotle) they taught all the virtues? Else " might we turn Newgate into a college of Dorian " musicians, who should teach moral virtues to those " people. Whence comes it that our present diseases " are so stubborn? whence is it that I daily deplore " my sciatical pains? Alas! because we have lost their " true cure, by the melody of the pipe. All this was " well known to the ancients, as Theophrastus† as-" sures us, (whence Cælius‡ calls it *loca dolentia de-" cantare*); only indeed some small remains of this " skill are preserved in the cure of the tarantula.

* Ælian. hist. animal. lib. xi. cap. 18. and lib. xii. cap. 44.

† Athenæus, lib. xiv.

‡ Lib. de sanitate tuenda, cap. 2.

" Did

" Did not Pythagoras ſtop a company of drunken " bullies from ſtorming a civil houſe, by changing the " ſtrain of the pipe to the ſober ſpondæus* ? and yet " your modern muſicians want art to defend their " windows from common nickers. It is well known, " that when the Lacedæmonian mob were up, they " commonly ſent for a Leſbian muſician to appeaſe " them, and they immediately grew calm as ſoon as " they heard Terpander ſing†: yet I don't believe " that the Pope's whole band of muſic, though the " beſt of this age, could keep his Holineſs's image " from being burnt on a fifth of November." " Nor " would Terpander himſelf," (replied Albertus) " at " Billingſgate, nor Timotheus at Hockley in the Hole, " have any manner of effect, nor both of them toge- " ther bring Horneck‡ to common civility."—— " That's a groſs miſtake," (ſaid Cornelius very warmly); " and to prove it ſo, I have here a ſmall lyra of " my own, framed, ſtrung, and tuned after the ancient " manner. I can play ſome fragments of Leſbian " tunes, and I wiſh I were to try them upon the moſt " paſſionate creatures alive."—— " You never had a " better opportunity," (ſays Albertus), " for yonder " are two apple-women ſcolding, and juſt ready to un- " coif one another." With that Cornelius, undreſſed as he was, jumps out into his balcony, his lyra in his hand, in his ſlippers, with his breeches hanging down to his ancles, a ſtocking upon his head, and waiſtcoat of murrey-coloured ſatin upon his body: he touched his lyra with a very unuſual ſort of an *harpegiatura*; nor were his hopes fruſtrated. The odd equipage, the uncouth inſtrument, the ſtrangeneſs of the man, and of the muſic, drew the ears and eyes of the whole mob that were got about the two female champions, and at laſt the combatants themſelves. They all approached the balcony, in as cloſe attention as Orpheus's firſt au-

* Quintilian, lib. i. cap. 10. † Suidas in Timotheo.

‡ Horneck, a ſcurrilous ſcribbler, who wrote a weekly paper, called, *The High German Doctor.*

dience of cattle, or that of an Italian opera, when ſome favourite air is juſt awakened. This ſudden effect of his muſic encouraged him mightily, and it was obſerved he never touched his lyre in ſuch a truly chromatic and enharmonic manner, as upon that occaſion. The mob laughed, ſung, jumped, danced, and uſed many odd geſtures, all which he judged to be cauſed by the various ſtrains and modulations. "Mark," (quoth he) "in this, the power of the Ionian; in that, "you ſee the effect of the Æolian." But in a little time they began to grow riotous, and threw ſtones. Cornelius then withdrew, but with the greateſt air of triumph in the world. "Brother," (ſaid he) "do you "obſerve I have mixed unawares too much of the "Phrygian; I might change it to the Lydian, and "ſoften their riotous tempers. But it is enough: learn "from this ſample to ſpeak with veneration of ancient "muſic. If this lyre, in my unſkilful hands, can per-"form ſuch wonders, what muſt it not have done in "thoſe of a Timotheus or a Terpander?" Having ſaid this, he retired with the utmoſt exultation in himſelf, and contempt of his brother; and, it is ſaid, behaved that night with ſuch unuſual haughtineſs to his family, that they all had reaſon to wiſh for ſome ancient Tibicen to calm his temper.

CHAP. VII.

Rhetoric, Logic, and Metaphyſics.

CORNELIUS having (as hath been ſaid) many ways been diſappointed in his attempts of improving the bodily forces of his ſon, thought it now high time to apply to the culture of his internal faculties. He judged it proper, in the firſt place, to inſtruct him in *rhetoric*. But herein we ſhall not need to give the reader any account of his wonderful progreſs, ſince it is already known to the learned world by his treatiſe on this ſubject; I mean the admirable diſcourſe, Περὶ Βάθους, which

which he wrote at this time, but concealed from his father, knowing his extreme partiality for the ancients. It lay by him concealed, and perhaps forgot among the great multiplicity of other writings, till, about the year 1727, he ſent it us to be printed, with many additional examples drawn from the excellent live poets of this preſent age. We proceed therefore to *logic* and *metaphyſics*.

The wiſe Cornelius was convinced, that theſe being *polemical* arts, could no more be learned alone, than fencing or cudgel-playing. He thought it therefore neceſſary to look out for ſome youth of pregnant parts, to be a ſort of humble companion to his ſon in thoſe ſtudies. His good fortune directed him to one of the moſt ſingular endowments, whoſe name was Conradus Crambe, who, by the father's ſide, was related to the Crouches of Cambridge, and his mother was couſin to Mr. Swan, gameſter and puniſter of the city of London. So that, from both parents, he drew a natural diſpoſition to ſport himſelf with *words*, which, as they are ſaid to be the counters of wiſe men, and ready-money of fools, Crambe had great ſtore of caſh of the latter ſort. Happy Martin in ſuch a parent, and ſuch a companion! What might he not atchieve in arts and ſciences?

Here I muſt premiſe a general obſervation, of great benefit to mankind; That there are many people who have the uſe only of one operation of the intellect, though, like ſhort-ſighted men, they can hardly diſcover it themſelves: they can form *ſingle apprehenſions* *, but have neither of the other two faculties, the *judicium* or *diſcurſus*. Now, as it is wiſely ordered, that people deprived of one ſenſe have the other in more perfection, ſuch people will form ſingle ideas with a great deal of vivacity; and happy were it indeed, if

* When a learned friend once urged to our author the authority of a famous dictionary-maker againſt the Latinity of the expreſſion, *amor publicus*, which he had uſed in an inſcription, he replied, that he would allow a dictionary-maker to underſtand a ſingle word, but not two words put together.

they

they would confine themſelves to ſuch, without forming *judicia*, much leſs *argumentations*.

Cornelius quickly diſcovered, that theſe two laſt operations of the intellect were very weak in Martin, and almoſt totally extinguiſhed in Crambe; however, he uſed to ſay, that rules of logic are ſpectacles to a purblind underſtanding, and therefore he reſolved to proceed with his two pupils.

Martin's underſtanding was ſo totally immerſed in *ſenſible objects*, that he demanded examples from material things of the abſtracted ideas of logic. As for Crambe, he contented himſelf with the words, and when he could but form ſome conceit upon them, was fully ſatisfied. Thus Crambe would tell his inſtructor, that all men were not *ſingular*; that individuality could hardly be predicated of any man, for it was commonly ſaid, that a man *is* not the ſame he *was*; that madmen are *beſide themſelves*, and drunken men *come to themſelves*; which ſhows, that few men have that moſt valuable logical endowment, individuality *. Cornelius told Martin, that a ſhoulder of mutton was an individual; which Crambe denied, for he had ſeen it cut into commons. That's true, (quoth the tutor), but you never ſaw it cut into ſhoulders of mutton. If it could, (quoth Crambe), it would be the moſt lovely individual of the univerſity. When he was told, a *ſubſtance* was that which was *ſubject to accidents*; then ſoldiers, (quoth Crambe), are the moſt ſubſtantial people in the world. Neither would he allow it to be a good definition of *accident*, that it could be *preſent* or *abſent without the deſtruction of the ſubject*; ſince there

* "But if it be poſſible for the ſame man to have diſtinct incommunicable conſciouſneſs at different times, it is without doubt the ſame man would, at different times, make different perſons. Which we ſee is the ſenſe of mankind in not puniſhing the madman for the ſober man's actions, nor the ſober man for what the madman did, thereby making them two perſons; which is ſomewhat explained by our way of ſpeaking in Engliſh, when they ſay ſuch an one *is not himſelf*, or *is beſide himſelf*." *Locke's Eſſay on Hum. Underſt. book* ii. *ch.* 27.

are

are a great many accidents that deſtroy the ſubject, as burning does a houſe, and death a man. But, as to that, Cornelius informed him, that there was a *natural death*, and a *logical death*; that though a man after his natural death was not capable of the leaſt pariſh office, yet he might ſtill keep his ſtall amongſt the logical predicaments.

Cornelius was forced to give Martin ſenſible images. Thus calling up the coachman, he aſked him what he had ſeen in the bear-garden? The man anſwered, he ſaw two men fight a prize; one was a fair man, a ſerjeant in the guards; the other black, a butcher; the ſerjeant had red breeches; the butcher blue; they fought upon a ſtage about four o'clock, and the ſerjeant wounded the butcher in the leg. "Mark" (quoth Cornelius) "how the fellow runs through the "predicaments. Men, *ſubſtantia*; two, *quantitas*; fair "and black, *qualitas*; ſerjeant and butcher, *relatio*; "wounded the other, *actio & paſſio*; fighting, *ſitus*; "ſtage, *ubi*; two o'clock, *quando*; blue and red breech-"es, *habitus*." At the ſame time he warned Martin, that what he now *learned* as a logician, he muſt *forget* as a natural philoſopher; that though he now taught them that accidents inhered in the ſubject, they would find in time there was no ſuch thing; and that colour, taſte, ſmell, heat, and cold, were not in the things, but only phantaſms of our brains. He was forced to let them into this ſecret, for Martin could not conceive how a habit of dancing inhered in a dancing-maſter, when he did not dance; nay, he would demand the characteriſtics of relations. Crambe uſed to help him out by telling him, a cuckold, a loſing gameſter, a man that had not dined, a young heir that was kept ſhort by his father, might be all known by their countenance; that, in this laſt caſe, the paternity and filiation leave very ſenſible impreſſions in the *relatum* and *correlatum*. The greateſt difficulty was when they came to the tenth predicament. Crambe affirmed, that his *habitus* was more a ſubſtance than he was; for his clothes

clothes could better ſubſiſt without him, than he without his clothes.

Martin ſuppoſed an *univerſal man* to be like a knight of a ſhire, or a burgeſs of a corporation, that repreſented a great many individuals. His father aſked him, if he could not frame the idea of an univerſal Lord Mayor? Martin told him, that, never having ſeen but one lord mayor, the idea of that lord mayor always returned to his mind; that he had great difficulty to abſtract a lord mayor from his fur-gown, and gold chain; nay, that the horſe that he ſaw the lord mayor ride upon not a little diſturbed his imagination. On the other hand, Crambe, to ſhow himſelf of a more penetrating genius, ſwore that he could frame a conception of a lord mayor not only without his horſe, gown, and gold chain, but even without ſtature, feature, colour, hands, head, feet, or any body; which he ſuppoſed was the abſtract of a lord mayor*. Cornelius told him that he was a lying raſcal; that an *univerſale* was not the object of imagination, and that there was no ſuch thing in reality, or *a parte rei*. But I can prove (quoth Crambe) that there are *clyſters a parte rei*; but *clyſters* are *univerſales; ergo*. Thus I prove my minor. *Quod aptum eſt ineſſe multis*, is an *univerſale* by definition: but every clyſter before it is adminiſtered has that quality; therefore every clyſter is an *univerſale*.

He alſo found fault with the advertiſements, that they were not ſtrict logical *definitions*. In an advertiſement of a dog ſtolen or ſtrayed, he ſaid it ought to begin thus, *An irrational animal* of the *genus caninum*, &c. Cornelius told them, that though thoſe advertiſements were not framed according to the exact rules of logical definitions, being only *deſcriptions* of things *numero differentibus*, yet they contained a faint image of the *prædicabilia*, and were highly ſubſervient to the common purpoſes of life; often diſcovering things that were loſt, both animate and inanimate. *An Italian*

* This is not a fair repreſentation of what is ſaid on the *Eſſay on Hum. Underſt.* concerning *general* and *abſtract ideas*: but ſerious writers have done the philoſopher the ſame injuſtice.

grey-

greyhound, of a mouſe colour, a white ſpeck in the neck, lame of one leg, belongs to ſuch a lady. Greyhound, *genus;* mouſe-coloured, *&c. differentia;* lame of one leg, *accidens;* belongs to ſuch a lady, *proprium.*

Though I am afraid I have tranſgreſſed upon my reader's patience already, I cannot help taking notice of one thing more extraordinary than any yet mentioned, which was Crambe's *treatiſe of ſyllogiſms.* He ſuppoſed that a philoſopher's brain was like a great foreſt, where ideas ranged like animals of ſeveral kinds: that thoſe ideas copulated and engendered concluſions; that when thoſe of different ſpecies copulate, they bring forth monſters or abſurdities; that the *major* is the male, the *minor* the female, which copulate by the middle term, and engender the concluſion. Hence they are called the *præmiſſa*, or predeceſſors of the concluſion: and it is properly ſaid by the logicians, *quod pariant ſcientiam, opinionem;* they *beget* ſcience, opinion, *&c.* Univerſal propoſitions are perſons of quality; and therefore in logic they are ſaid to be of the firſt *figure.* Singular propoſitions are private perſons, and therefore placed in the third or laſt figure, or rank. From thoſe principles all the rules of ſyllogiſms naturally follow.

I. That there are only three terms, neither more nor leſs; for to a child there can be only one father and one mother.

II. From univerſal premiſſes there follows an univerſal concluſion; as if one ſhould ſay, that perſons of quality always beget perſons of quality.

III. From the ſingular premiſſes follows only a ſingular concluſion; that is, if the parents be only private people, the iſſue muſt be ſo likewiſe.

IV. From particular propoſitions nothing can be concluded; becauſe the *individua vaga* are (like whoremaſters and common ſtrumpets) barren.

V. There cannot be more in the concluſion than was in the premiſſes; that is, children can only inherit from their parents.

VI. The

VI. The concluſion follows the weaker part; that is, children inherit the diſeaſes of their parents.

VII. From two negatives nothing can be concluded, for from divorce or ſeparation there can come no iſſue.

VIII. The medium cannot enter the concluſion, that being logical inceſt.

IX. An hypothetical propoſition is only a contract, or a promiſe of marriage; from ſuch therefore there can ſpring no real iſſue.

X. When the premiſſes or parents are neceſſarily joined, (or in lawful wedlock), they beget lawful iſſue; but contingently joined, they beget baſtards.

So much for the affirmative propoſitions; the negative muſt be deferred to another occaſion.

Crambe uſed to value himſelf upon this ſyſtem, from whence he ſaid one might ſee the propriety of the expreſſion, *ſuch a one has a barren imagination*; and how common is it for ſuch people to *adopt* concluſions that are not the iſſue of their premiſſes? therefore as an abſurdity is a *monſter*, a falſity is a *baſtard*; and a true concluſion that followeth not from the premiſſes, may properly be ſaid to be *adopted*. But then, what is an enthymeme? (quoth Cornelius). Why, an enthymeme (replied Crambe) is when the major is indeed married to the minor, but the marriage *kept ſecret*.

Metaphysics were a large field in which to exerciſe the weapons *logic* had put into their hands. Here Martin and Crambe uſed to engage like any prize-fighters, before their father, and his other learned companions of the ſympoſiacs. And as prize-fighters will agree to lay aſide a buckler, or ſome ſuch defenſive weapon, ſo would Crambe promiſe not to uſe *ſimpliciter et ſecundum quid*, provided Martin would part with *materialiter et formaliter*: but it was found, that without the help of the defenſive armour of thoſe diſtinctions, the arguments cut ſo deep, that

that they fetched blood at every ſtroke. Their *theſes* were picked out of Suarez, Thomas Aquinas, and other learned writers on thoſe ſubjects. I ſhall give the reader a taſte of ſome of them.

I. If the innate deſire of the knowledge of metaphyſics was the cauſe of the fall of Adam; and the *arbor Porphyriana*, the tree of knowledge of good and evil? *Affirmed.*

II. If tranſcendental goodneſs could be truly predicated of the devil? *Affirmed.*

III. Whether one, or many be firſt? or, if one doth not ſuppoſe the notion of many? *Suarez.*

IV. If the deſire of news in mankind be *appetitus innatus*, not *elicitus*? *Affirmed.*

V. Whether there is in human underſtandings potential falſities? *Affirmed.*

VI. Whether God loves a *poſſible angel* better than an *actually-exiſtent fly*? *Denied.*

VII. If angels paſs from one extreme to another, without going through the middle? *Aquinas.*

VIII. If angels know things more clearly in a morning? *Aquinas.*

IX. Whether every angel hears what one angel ſays to another? *Denied. Aquinas.*

X. If temptation be *proprium quarto modo* of the devil? *Denied. Aquinas.*

XI. Whether one devil can illuminate another? *Aquinas.*

XII. If there would have been any females born in the ſtate of innocence? *Aquinas.*

XIII. If the creation was finiſhed in ſix days, becauſe ſix is the moſt perfect number? or, if ſix be the moſt perfect number, becauſe the creation was finiſhed in ſix days? *Aquinas.*

There were ſeveral others, of which in the courſe of the life of this learned perſon we may have occaſion to treat; and one particularly that remains undecided to this day; it was taken from the learned Suarez.

XIV. *An præter* eſſe reale *actualis eſſentiæ ſit aliud* eſſe neceſſarium *quo res actualiter exiſtat?* In Engliſh thus, Whether beſides the real being of actual being, there be any other being neceſſary to cauſe a thing to be?

This brings into my mind a project to baniſh metaphyſics out of Spain, which it was ſuppoſed might be effectuated by this method; that nobody ſhould uſe any compound or decompound of the ſubſtantial verbs, but as they are read in the common conjugations; for every body will allow, that if you debar a metaphyſician from *ens*, *eſſentia*, *entitas*, *ſubſiſtentia*, &c. there is an end of him.

Crambe regretted extremely, that *ſubſtantial forms*, a race of harmleſs beings which had laſted for many years, and afforded a comfortable ſubſiſtence to many poor philoſophers, ſhould be now hunted down like ſo many wolves, without the poſſibility of a retreat. He conſidered, that it had gone much harder with them than with *eſſences*, which had retired from the *ſchools* into the *apothecaries ſhops*, where ſome of them had been advanced into the degree of *quinteſſences*. He thought there ſhould be a retreat for poor *ſubſtantial forms*, among the gentlemen-uſhers at court; and that there were indeed *ſubſtantial forms*, ſuch as *forms of prayer*, and *forms of government*, without which the things themſelves could never long ſubſiſt. He alſo uſed to wonder that there was not a reward for ſuch as could find out a *fourth figure* in *logic*, as well as for thoſe who ſhould diſcover the *longitude*.

CHAP. VIII.

ANATOMY.

CORNELIUS, it is certain, had a moſt ſuperſtitious veneration for the ancients; and if they contradicted each other, his reaſon was ſo pliant and ductile,

tile, that he was always of the opinion of the laſt he read. But he reckoned it a point of honour never to be vanquiſhed in a diſpute; from which quality he acquired the title of the *invincible doctor*. While the profeſſor of anatomy was demonſtrating to his ſon the ſeveral kinds of *inteſtines*, Cornelius affirmed, that there were only two, the *colon* and the *aichos*, according to Hippocrates, who it was impoſſible could ever be miſtaken. It was in vain to aſſure him this error proceeded from want of accuracy in dividing the whole canal of the guts: Say what you pleaſe, (he replied), this is both mine and Hippocrates's opinion. You may with equal reaſon (anſwered the profeſſor) affirm, that a man's liver hath five lobes, and deny the circulation of the blood. Ocular demonſtration (ſaid Cornelius) ſeems to be on your ſide, yet I ſhall not give it up: ſhow me any viſcus of a human body, and I will bring you a monſter that differs from the common rule, in the ſtructure of it. If nature ſhews ſuch variety in the ſame age, why may ſhe not have extended it further in ſeveral ages? Produce me a man now of the age of an antediluvian, of the ſtrength of Samſon, or the ſize of the giants. If in the whole, why not in parts of the body, may it not be poſſible the preſent generation of men may differ from the ancients? The moderns have perhaps lengthened the channel of the guts by gluttony, and diminiſhed the liver by hard drinking. Though it ſhall be demonſtrated that modern blood circulates, yet I will believe with Hippocrates, that the blood of the ancients had a flux and reflux from the heart, like a tide. Conſider how luxury hath introduced new diſeaſes, and with them, not improbably, altered the whole courſe of the fluids. Conſider how the current of mighty rivers, nay, the very channels of the ocean are changed from what they were in ancient days; and can we be ſo vain to imagine, that the microcoſm of the human body alone is exempted from the fate of all things? I queſtion not but plauſible conjectures may be made even as to the

time when the blood firſt began to circulate.——Such diſputes as theſe frequently perplexed the profeſſor to that degree, that he would now and then in a paſſion leave him in the middle of a lecture, as he did at this time.

There unfortunately happened, ſoon after, an unuſual accident, which retarded the proſecution of the ſtudies of Martin. Having purchaſed the body of a malefactor, he hired a room for its diſſection near the Peſtfields in St. Giles's, at a little diſtance from Tyburn-road. Crambe (to whoſe care this body was committed) carried it thither about twelve o'clock at night in a hackney-coach, few houſekeepers being very willing to let their lodgings to ſuch kind of operators. As he was ſoftly ſtalking up ſtairs, in the dark, with the dead man in his arms, his burden had like to have ſlipped from him, which he (to ſave from falling) graſped ſo hard about the belly, that it forced the wind through the *anus*, with a noiſe exactly like the *crepitus* of a living man. Crambe (who did not comprehend how this part of the animal economy could remain in a dead man) was ſo terrified, that he threw down the body, ran up to his maſter, and had ſcarce breath to tell him what had happened. Martin, with all his philoſophy, could not prevail upon him to return to his poſt.—You may ſay what you pleaſe, (quoth Crambe), no man alive ever broke wind more naturally; nay, he ſeemed to be mightily relieved by it.—The rolling of the corpſe down ſtairs made ſuch a noiſe that it awaked the whole houſe. The maid ſhrieked; the landlady cried out, Thieves! but the landlord, in his ſhirt as he was, taking a candle in one hand, and a drawn ſword in the other, ventured out of the room. The maid, with only a ſingle petticoat, ran up ſtairs, but ſpurning at the dead body, fell upon it in a ſwoon. Now the landlord ſtood ſtill and liſtened, then he looked behind him, and ventured down in this manner, one ſtair after another, till he came where lay his maid, as dead, upon another corpſe unknown. The wife ran into the ſtreet, and cried

cried out, Murder! the watch ran in, while Martin and Crambe, hearing all this uproar, were coming down ſtairs. The watch imagined they were making their eſcape, ſeized them immediately, and carried them to a neighbouring juſtice; where, upon ſearching them, ſeveral kind of knives and dreadful weapons were found upon them. The juſtice firſt examined Crambe.—— What is your name? ſays the juſtice. I have acquired (quoth Crambe) no great name as yet; they call me *Crambe* or *Crambo*, no matter which, as to myſelf; though it may be ſome diſpute to poſterity.—What is yours and your maſter's profeſſion? "It is our buſineſs "to imbrue our hands in blood; we cut off the heads, "and pull out the hearts of thoſe that never injured "us; we rip up big-bellied women, and tear children "limb from limb." Martin endeavoured to interrupt him; but the juſtice, being ſtrangely aſtoniſhed with the frankneſs of Crambe's confeſſion, ordered him to proceed; upon which he made the following ſpeech:

"May it pleaſe your Worſhip, as touching the bo-"dy of this man, I can anſwer each head that my ac-"cuſers alledge againſt me, to a hair. They have hi-"therto talked like numſculls without brains; but if "your Worſhip will not only give ear, but regard me "with a favourable eye, I will not be brow-beaten by "the ſupercilious looks of my adverſaries, who now "ſtand cheek by jowl by your Worſhip. I will prove "to their faces, that their foul mouths have not opened "their lips without a falſity; though they have ſhow-"ed their teeth as if they would bite off my noſe. "Now, Sir, that I may fairly ſlip my neck out of the "collar, I beg this matter may not be ſlightly ſkinned "over. Though I have no man here to back me, I "will unboſom myſelf, ſince truth is on my ſide, and "ſhall give them their bellies full, though they "think they have me upon the hip. Whereas they "ſay I came into their lodgings, with arms, and mur-

" murdered this man without their privity, I declare " I had not the leaſt finger in it; and ſince I am to " ſtand upon my own legs, nothing of this matter " ſhall be left till I ſet it upon a right foot. In the " vein I am in, I cannot for my heart's blood and guts " bear this uſage: I ſhall not ſpare my lungs to de- " fend my good name: I was ever reckoned a good " liver, and I think I have the bowels of compaſſion. " I aſk but juſtice, and, from the crown of my head " to the ſole of my foot, I ſhall ever acknowledge my- " ſelf your Worſhip's humble ſervant."

The juſtice ſtared, the landlord and landlady lifted up their eyes, and Martin fretted, while Crambe talked in this rambling incoherent manner; till at length Martin begged to be heard. It was with great difficulty that the juſtice was convinced, till they ſent for the finiſher of human laws, of whom the corpſe had been purchaſed; who, looking near the left ear, knew his own work, and gave oath accordingly.

No ſooner was Martin got home, but he fell into a paſſion at Crambe. " What dæmon," he cried, " hath poſſeſſed thee, that thou wilt never forſake that " impertinent cuſtom of punning? Neither my coun- " ſel nor my example have thus miſled thee; thou go- " verneſt thyſelf by moſt erroneous maxims." Far from it, (anſwers Crambe), my life is as orderly as my dictionary; for by my dictionary I order my life. I have made a calender of radical words for all the ſeaſons, months, and days of the year: every day I am under the dominion of a certain word; but this day in particular I cannot be miſled, for I am governed by one that rules all ſexes, ages, conditions, nay, all animals, rational and irrational. Who is not governed by the word *led?* Our noblemen and drunkards are pimp-led, phyſicians and pulſes fee-led, their patients and oranges pil-led, a new married man and an aſs are bride-led, an old married man and a pack-horſe ſad-led, cats and dice are rat-led, ſwine and nobility are ſty-led, a coquette and a tinder-box are ſpark-led, a lover

lover and a blunderer are grove-led; and, that I may not be tedious—Which thou art, (replied Martin, ſtamping with his foot), which thou art, I ſay, beyond all human toleration. Such an unnatural, unaccountable, uncoherent, unintelligible, unprofitable—There it is now! (interrupted Crambe), this is your day for *uns*. Martin could bear no longer—however, compoſing his countenance, Come hither, he cried, there are five pounds ſeventeen ſhillings and nine-pence: thou haſt been with me eight months, three weeks, two days, and four hours. Poor Crambe, upon the receipt of this ſalary, fell into tears, flung the money upon the ground, and burſt forth into theſe words:—O Cicero, Cicero! if to pun be a crime, 'tis a crime I have learned from thee: O Bias, Bias! if to pun be a crime, by thy example was I biaſſed.—Whereupon Martin (conſidering that one of the greateſt of orators, and even a ſage of Greece, had punned) heſitated, relented, and reinſtated Crambe in his ſervice.

CHAP. IX.

How Martinus became a great critic.

IT was a moſt peculiar talent in Martinus, to convert every trifle into a ſerious thing, either in the way of life, or in learning. This can no way be better exemplified than in the effect which the puns of Crambe had on the mind and ſtudies of Martinus. He conceived, that ſomewhat of a like talent to this of Crambe, of *aſſembling parallel ſounds*, either *ſyllables* or *words*, might conduce to the emendation and correction of *ancient authors*, if applied to their works, with the ſame *diligence*, and the ſame *liberty*. He reſolved to try firſt upon Virgil, Horace, and Terence; concluding, that, if the *moſt correct* authors could be ſo ſerved, with any reputation to the critic, the amendment and alteration of *all the reſt* would eaſily follow; whereby a new, a vaſt,

vaſt, nay, boundleſs field of glory, would be opened to the true and *abſolute critic*.

This ſpecimen on Virgil he has given us, in the addenda to his notes on the Dunciad. His Terence and Horace are in every body's hands, under the names of *Richard B—ley* and *Francis H—re*. And we have convincing proofs that the late edition of Milton publiſhed in the name of the former of theſe, was in truth the work of no other than our Scriblerus.

CHAP. X.

Of Martinus's uncommon practice of phyſic, and how he applied himſelf to the diſeaſes of the mind.

BUT it is high time to return to the hiſtory of the progreſs of Martinus in the ſtudies of phyſic, and to enumerate ſome at leaſt of the many diſcoveries and experiments he made therein.

One of the firſt was his method of inveſtigating latent diſtempers, by the ſagacious quality of *ſetting-dogs* and *pointers*. The ſucceſs, and the adventures that befel him, when he walked with theſe animals, to ſmell them out in the parks and public places about London, are what we would willingly relate; but that his own account, together with a *liſt of thoſe gentlemen and ladies* at whom they made a *full ſet*, will be publiſhed in time convenient. There will alſo be added the repreſentation, which, on occaſion of one diſtemper, which was become almoſt epidemical, he thought himſelf obliged to lay before both houſes of parliament, intitled, *A propoſal for a general flux*, to exterminate at one blow the p—x out of this kingdom.

But being weary of all practice on *fœtid bodies*; from a certain niceneſs of conſtitution, (eſpecially when he attended Dr. Woodward through a twelvemonth's courſe of vomition), he determined to leave it off entirely, and to apply himſelf only to diſeaſes of the *mind*.

mind. He attempted to find out ſpecifics for all the *paſſions*; and as other phyſicians throw their patients into ſweats, vomits, purgations, *&c.* he caſt them into love, hatred, hope, fear, joy, grief, *&c.* And indeed the great irregularity of the paſſions in the Engliſh nation was the chief motive that induced him to apply his whole ſtudies, while he continued among us, to the diſeaſes of the mind.

To this purpoſe he directed, in the firſt place, his late acquired ſkill in *anatomy.* He conſidered *virtues* and *vices* as certain habits which proceed from the natural formation and ſtructure of particular parts of the body. A bird flies becauſe it has wings, a duck ſwims becauſe it is web-footed; and there can be no queſtion but the aduncity of the pounces and beaks of the hawks, as well as the length of the fangs, the ſharpneſs of the teeth, and the ſtrength of the [illegible] and maſſeter muſcles * in lions and tygers, are the cauſe of the great and habitual immorality of thoſe animals.

1*ſt*, He obſerved, that the ſoul and body mutually operate upon each other; and therefore if you deprive the mind of the outward inſtruments whereby ſhe uſually expreſſeth that paſſion, you will in time abate the paſſion itſelf, in like manner as caſtration abates luſt.

2*dly*, That the ſoul in mankind expreſſeth every paſſion by the motion of ſome particular *muſcles.*

3*dly*, That all muſcles grow ſtronger and thicker by being *much uſed*; therefore the habitual paſſions may be diſcerned in particular perſons by the *ſtrength* and *bigneſs* of the muſcles uſed in the expreſſion of that paſſion.

4*thly*, That a muſcle may be ſtrengthened or weakened by weakening or ſtrengthening the force of its antagoniſt. Theſe things premiſed, he took notice,

That *complaiſance*, *humility*, *aſſent*, *approbation*, and *civility*, were expreſſed by nodding the head, and bow-

* Μασσητῆρες μῦες.

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ing the body forward: on the contrary, *diſſent*, *diſlike*; *refuſal*, *pride*, and *arrogance*, were marked by toſſing the head, and bending the body backwards: which two paſſions of *aſſent* and *diſſent*, the Latins rightly expreſſed by the words *adnuere* and *abnuere*. Now he obſerved, that complaiſant and civil people had the flexors of the head very ſtrong; but in the proud and inſolent there was a great overbalance of ſtrength in the extenſors of the neck, and the muſcles of the back, from whence they perform, with great facility, the motion of *toſſing*, but with great difficulty, that of *bowing*, and therefore have juſtly acquired the title of *ſtiff-necked*. In order to reduce ſuch perſons to a juſt balance, he judged that the pair of muſcles called *recti interni*, the maſtoidal, with other flexors of the head, neck, and body, muſt be ſtrengthened; their antagonists, the *ſplenii complexi*, and the extenſors of the ſpine weakened; for which purpoſe nature herſelf ſeems to have directed mankind to correct this muſcular immorality, by tying ſuch fellows *neck and heels*.

Contrary to this is the pernicious cuſtom of mothers, who aboliſh the natural ſignature of modeſty in their daughters, by teaching them *toſſing* and *bridling*, rather than the baſhful poſture of *ſtooping* and *hanging down the head*. Martinus charged all huſbands to take notice of the *poſture of the head* of ſuch as they courted to matrimony, as that upon which their future happineſs did much depend.

Flatterers, who have the flexor muſcles ſo ſtrong that they are always bowing and cringing, he ſuppoſed might in ſome meaſure be corrected by being tied down upon a tree by the back, like the children of the Indians; which doctrine was ſtrongly confirmed by his obſerving the ſtrength of the *levatores ſcapulæ*. This muſcle is called the muſcle of *patience*, becauſe in that affection of mind, people ſhrug and raiſe up their ſhoulders to the tip of the ear. This muſcle alſo he obſerved to be exceedingly ſtrong and large in *hen-peck'd huſbands*, in *Italians*, and in *Engliſh miniſters*.

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In purſuance of this theory, he ſuppoſed the *conſtrictors* of the *eye-lids* muſt be ſtrengthened in the ſupercilious, the *abductors* in drunkards and contemplative men, who have the ſame ſteady and grave motion of the eye. That the *buccinators*, or blowers-up of the *cheeks*, and the *dilators* of the *noſe*, were too ſtrong in choleric people, and therefore nature here again directed us to a remedy, which was to correct ſuch extraordinary dilatation by *pulling by the noſe*.

The rolling amorous eye in the paſſion of love, might be corrected by frequently looking through glaſſes. Impertinent fellows, that jump upon tables, and cut capers, might be cured by relaxing medicines applied to the *calves* of their *legs*, which in ſuch people are too ſtrong.

But there were two caſes which he reckoned extremely difficult. Firſt, *affectation*, in which there were ſo many muſcles of the bum, thighs, belly, neck, back, and the whole body, all in a falſe tone, that it required an impracticable multiplicity of applications.

The ſecond caſe was immoderate *laughter*. When any of that riſible ſpecies were brought to the Doctor, and when he conſidered what an infinity of muſcles theſe laughing raſcals threw into a convulſive motion at the ſame time; whether we regard the ſpaſms of the diaphragm and all the muſcles of reſpiration, the horrible *rictus* of the mouth, the diſtortion of the lower jaw, the criſping of the noſe, twinkling of the eyes, or ſpherical convexity of the cheeks, with the tremulous ſuccuſſion of the whole human body: when he conſidered, I ſay, all this, he uſed to cry out, *Caſus plane deplorabilis!* and gave ſuch patients over.

CHAP. XI.

The caſe of a young nobleman at court, with the Doctor's preſcription for the ſame.

AN eminent inſtance of Martinus's ſagacity in diſcovering the diſtempers of the mind, appeared

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in the caſe of a young nobleman at court, who was obſerved to grow extremely affected in his ſpeech, and whimſical in all his behaviour. He began to aſk odd queſtions, talk in verſe to himſelf, ſhut himſelf up from his friends, and be acceſſible to none but flatterers, poets and pick-pockets; till his relations and old acquaintance judged him to be ſo far gone as to be a fit patient for the Doctor.

As ſoon as he had heard and examined all the ſymptoms, he pronounced his diſtemper to be *love*.

His friends aſſured him that they had with great care obſerved all his motions, and were perfectly ſatisfied there was no woman in the caſe. Scriblerus was as poſitive that he was deſperately in love with ſome perſon or other. "How can that be?" (ſaid his aunt, who came to aſk the advice), "when he converſes almoſt "with none but himſelf?" Say you ſo? he replied; why then he is in love with himſelf, one of the moſt common caſes in the world. I am aſtoniſhed people do not enough attend this diſeaſe, which has the ſame cauſes and ſymptoms, and admits of the ſame cure with the other, eſpecially ſince here the caſe of the patient is the more helpleſs and deplorable of the two, as this unfortunate paſſion is more blind than the other. There are people who diſcover, from their very youth, a moſt amorous inclination to themſelves, which is unhappily nurſed by ſuch mothers, as, with their good will, would never ſuffer their children to be *croſſed in love*. Eaſe, luxury, and idleneſs, blow up this flame as well as the other: conſtant opportunities of converſation with the perſon beloved (the greateſt of incentives) are here impoſſible to be prevented. Bawds and pimps in the other love will be perpetually doing kind offices, ſpeaking a good word for the party, and carry about *billet-doux*. Therefore I aſk you, Madam, if this gentleman has not been much frequented by flatterers, and a ſort of people who bring him dedications and verſes? "O Lord! Sir, (quoth the aunt), the houſe is "haunted with them."—There it is, (replied Scriblerus) thoſe

thoſe are the bawds and pimps that go between a man and himſelf. Are there no civil ladies that tell him he dreſſes well, has a gentlemanly air, and the like? "Why truly, Sir, my nephew is not aukward."—Look you, Madam, this is a misfortune to him: in former days theſe ſort of lovers were happy in one reſpect, that they never had any rivals, but of late they have all the ladies, ſo—Be pleaſed to anſwer a few queſtions more. Whom does he generally talk of? "Himſelf," quoth the aunt.—Whoſe wit and breeding does he moſt commend? "His own," quoth the aunt.—Whom does he write letters to? "Himſelf."—Whom does he dream of? "All the dreams I ever heard were of himſelf."—Whom is he ogling yonder? "Himſelf in his "looking-glaſs."—Why does he throw back his head in that languiſhing poſture? "Only to be bleſſed with a "ſmile of himſelf as he paſſes by."—Does he ever ſteal a kiſs from himſelf, by biting his lips? "Oh continually, "till they are perfect vermilion."—Have you obſerved him to uſe familiarities with any body? "With none "but himſelf: he often embraces himſelf with folded "arms, he claps his hand often upon his hip, nay, "ſometimes thruſts it into his breaſt."

Madam, ſaid the doctor, all theſe are ſtrong ſymptoms; but there remain a few more. Has this amorous gentleman preſented himſelf with any love-toys, ſuch as gold ſnuff-boxes, repeating watches, or tweezer caſes; thoſe are things that in time will ſoften the moſt obdurate heart. "Not only ſo," (ſaid the aunt), "but he bought the other day a very fine brilliant dia-"mond ring, for his own wearing."—Nay, if he has accepted of this ring, the intrigue is very forward indeed, and it is high time for friends to interpoſe.—Pray, Madam, a word or two more: Is he jealous that his acquaintance do not behave themſelves with reſpect enough? will he bear jokes and innocent freedoms? "By no means; a familiar appellation makes him "angry; if you ſhake him a little roughly by the hand, "he is in a rage; but if you chuck him under the

" chin, he will return you a box on the ear."—Then the caſe is plain: he has the true pathognomic ſign of love, *jealouſy*: for nobody will ſuffer his miſtreſs to be treated at that rate. Madam, upon the whole, this caſe is extremely dangerous. There are ſome people who are far gone in this paſſion of ſelf-love; but then they keep a *very ſecret intrigue* with themſelves, and hide it from all the world beſides. But this patient has not the leaſt care of the reputation of his beloved, he is downright ſcandalous in his behaviour with himſelf; he is inchanted, bewitched, and almoſt paſt cure. However, let the following methods be tried upon him:

Firſt, let him *** *hiatus* ***. Secondly, let him wear a bob-wig. Thirdly, ſhun the company of flatterers, nay, of ceremonious people, and of all Frenchmen in general. It would not be amiſs if he travelled over England in a ſtage-coach, and made the tour of Holland in a track-ſcoute. Let him return the ſnuff-boxes, tweezer-caſes, and particularly the diamond ring, which he has received from himſelf. Let ſome knowing friend repreſent to him the many vile qualities of this miſtreſs of his: let him be ſhown that her extravagance, pride, and prodigality will infallibly bring him to a morſel of bread: let it be proved, that he has been falſe to himſelf, and if treachery is not a ſufficient cauſe to diſcard a miſtreſs, what is? In ſhort, let him be made to ſee that no mortal beſides himſelf either loves or can ſuffer this creature. Let all looking-glaſſes, poliſhed toys, and even clean plates be removed from him, for fear of bringing back the admired object. Let him be taught to put off all thoſe tender airs, affected ſmiles, languiſhing looks, wanton toſſes of the head, coy motions of the body, that mincing gait, ſoft tone of voice, and all that inchanting woman-like behaviour, that has made him the charm of his own eyes, and the object of his own adoration. Let him ſurpriſe the beauty he adores at a diſadvantage, ſurvey himſelf

ſelf naked, diveſted of artificial charms, and he will find himſelf a forked ſtradling animal, with bandy legs, a ſhort neck, a dun hide, and a pot-belly. It would be yet better if he took a ſtrong purge once a-week, in order to contemplate himſelf in that condition; at which time it will be convenient to make uſe of the letters, dedications, *&c.* aboveſaid. Something like this has been obſerved by Lucretius and others to be a powerful remedy in the caſe of women. If all this will not do, I muſt even leave the poor man to his deſtiny. Let him *marry himſelf*, and when he is condemned eternally to himſelf, perhaps he may run to the next pond to get rid of himſelf, the fate of moſt violent ſelf-lovers.

CHAP. XII.

How Martinus endeavoured to find out the ſeat of the ſoul; and of his correſpondence with the free-thinkers.

IN this deſign of Martin to inveſtigate the diſeaſes of the mind, he thought nothing ſo neceſſary as an inquiry after the *ſeat* of the *ſoul*; in which at firſt he laboured under great uncertainties. Sometimes he was of opinion that it lodged in the brain, ſometimes in the ſtomach, and ſometimes in the heart. Afterwards he thought it abſurd to confine that ſovereign lady to one apartment, which made him infer, that ſhe ſhifted it according to the ſeveral functions of life: the brain was her ſtudy, the heart her ſtate-room, and the ſtomach her kitchen. But as he ſaw ſeveral offices of life went on at the ſame time, he was forced to give up this hypotheſis alſo. He now conjectured it was more for the dignity of the ſoul to perform ſeveral operations by her little miniſters, the *animal ſpirits*, from whence it was natural to conclude, that ſhe reſides in different parts according to different inclinations, ſexes, ages, and profeſſions. Thus in epicures he ſeated her in the mouth of the ſtomach, philoſophers have her in the

brain, ſoldiers in their heart, women in their tongues, fiddlers in their fingers, and rope-dancers in their toes. At length he grew fond of the *glandula pinealis*, diſſecting many ſubjects to find out the different figure of this gland, from whence he might diſcover the cauſe of the different tempers in mankind. He ſuppoſed that in factious and reſtleſs-ſpirited people he ſhould find it ſharp and pointed, allowing no room for the ſoul to repoſe herſelf; that in quiet tempers it was flat, ſmooth, and ſoft, affording to the ſoul, as it were, an eaſy cuſhion. He was confirmed in this by obſerving, that calves and philoſophers, tygers and ſtateſmen, foxes and ſharpers, peacocks and fops, cock-ſparrows and coquettes, monkies and players, courtiers and ſpaniels, moles and miſers, exactly reſemble one another in the conformation of the *pineal gland*. He did not doubt likewiſe to find the ſame reſemblance in highwaymen and conquerors: in order to ſatisfy himſelf in which, it was, that he purchaſed the body of one of the firſt ſpecies (as hath been before related) at Tyburn, hoping in time to have the happineſs of one of the latter too, under his anatomical knife.

We muſt not omit taking notice here, that theſe inquiries into the *ſeat* of the *ſoul* gave occaſion to his firſt correſpondence with the ſociety of *free-thinkers*, who were then in their infancy in England, and ſo much taken with the promiſing endowments of Martin, that they ordered their ſecretary to write him the following letter:

To the learned inquiſitor into nature, MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS; *The ſociety of* Free-thinkers, *greeting*.

Grecian coffee-houſe, May 7.

IT is with unſpeakable joy we have heard of your inquiſitive genius, and we think it great pity that it ſhould not be better employed than in looking after that theological non-entity commonly called the *ſoul*; ſince, after all your inquiries, it will appear you have loſt

loſt your labour in ſeeking the reſidence of ſuch a chimera, that never had being but in the brains of ſome dreaming philoſophers. Is it not *demonſtration* to a perſon of your ſenſe, that, ſince *you cannot find it*, there is *no ſuch thing?* In order to ſet ſo hopeful a genius right in this matter, we have ſent you an anſwer to the ill-grounded ſophiſms of thoſe crackbrained fellows, and likewiſe an eaſy *mechanical explication of perception* or *thinking*.

One of their chief arguments is, that *ſelf-conſciouſneſs* cannot inhere in any ſyſtem of matter, becauſe all matter is made up of ſeveral diſtinct beings, which never can make up one individual thinking being.

This is eaſily anſwered by a familiar inſtance. In every *jack* there is a *meat-roaſting* quality, which neither reſides in the fly, nor in the weight, nor in any particular wheel of the jack, but is the reſult of the whole compoſition: ſo in an animal, the ſelf-conſciouſneſs is not a real quality inherent in one being, (any more than meat-roaſting in a jack), but the reſult of ſeveral modes or qualities in the ſame ſubject. As the fly, the wheels, the chain, the weight, the cords, *&c.* make one jack, ſo the ſeveral parts of the body make one animal. As perception, or conſciouſneſs is ſaid to be inherent in this animal, ſo is meat-roaſting ſaid to be inherent in the jack. As ſenſation, reaſoning, volition, memory, *&c.* are the ſeveral modes of thinking; ſo roaſting of beef, roaſting of mutton, roaſting of pullets, geeſe, turkies, *&c.* are the ſeveral modes of meat-roaſting. And as the general quality of meat-roaſting, with its ſeveral modifications as to beef, mutton, pullets, *&c.* does not inhere in any one part of the jack; ſo neither does conſciouſneſs, with its ſeveral modes of ſenſation, intellection, volition, *&c.* inhere in any one, but is the reſult from the mechanical compoſition of the whole animal.

Juſt ſo, the quality or diſpoſition in a fiddle to play tunes, with the ſeveral modifications of this *tune-play-*

ing quality in playing of preludes, ſarabands, jigs, and gavots, are as much real qualities in the inſtrument, as the thought or the imagination is in the mind of the perſon that compoſes them.

The parts (ſay they) of an animal body are perpetually changed, and the fluids which ſeem to be the ſubject of conſciouſneſs, are in a perpetual circulation; ſo that the ſame individual particles do not remain in the brain; from whence it will follow, that the idea of individual conſciouſneſs muſt be conſtantly tranſlated from one particle of matter to another, whereby the particle A, for example, muſt not only be conſcious, but conſcious that it is the ſame being with the particle B that went before.

We anſwer, this is only a fallacy of the imagination, and is to be underſtood in no other ſenſe than that maxim of the Engliſh law, that *the king never dies*. This power of thinking, ſelf-moving, and governing the whole machine, is communicated from every particle to its immediate ſucceſſor; who, as ſoon as he is gone, immediately takes upon him the government, which ſtill preſerves the unity of the whole ſyſtem.

They make a great noiſe about this individuality; how a man is conſcious to himſelf that he is the ſame individual he was twenty years ago; notwithſtanding the flux ſtate of the particles of matter that compoſe his body. We think this is capable of a very plain anſwer, and may be eaſily illuſtrated by a familiar example.

Sir John Cutler had a pair of black worſted ſtockings, which his maid darned ſo often with ſilk, that they became at laſt a pair of ſilk ſtockings. Now, ſuppoſing thoſe ſtockings of Sir John's endued with ſome degree of conſciouſneſs at every particular darning, they would have been ſenſible, that they were the ſame individual pair of ſtockings both before and after the darning; and this ſenſation would have continued in them through all the ſucceſſion of darnings; and yet, after the laſt of all, there was not perhaps one thread left

left of the first pair of stockings, but they were grown to be silk stockings, as was said before.

And whereas it is affirmed, that every animal is conscious of some individual self-moving, self-determining principle; it is answered, that as in a House of Commons all things are determined by a *majority*, so it is in every animal system. As that which determines the House is said to be the reason of the whole assembly, it is no otherwise with thinking beings, who are determined by the greater force of several particles, which, like so many unthinking members, compose one thinking system.

And whereas it is likewise objected, that punishments cannot be just that are not inflicted upon the same individual, which cannot subsist without the notion of a spiritual substance; we reply, that this is no greater difficulty to conceive, than that a corporation, which is likewise a flux body, may be punished for the faults, and liable to the debts, of their predecessors.

We proceed now to explain, by the structure of the brain, the several modes of thinking. It is well known to anatomists, that the brain is a congeries of glands, that separate the finer parts of the blood, called *animal spirits*; that a gland is nothing but a canal of a great length, variously intorted and wound up together. From the arietation and motion of the spirits in those canals, proceed all the different sorts of thoughts. Simple ideas are produced by the motion of the spirits in one simple canal; when two of these canals disembogue themselves into one, they make what we call a proposition; and when two of these propositional channels empty themselves into a third, they form a syllogism, or a ratiocination. Memory is performed in a distinct apartment of the brain, made up of vessels similar, and like situated to the ideal, propositional, and syllogistical vessels, in the primary parts of the brain. After the same manner it is easy to explain the other modes of thinking; as also why some people think so wrong and perversely,

perverſely, which proceeds from the bad configuration of thoſe glands. Some, for example, are born without the propoſitional or ſyllogiſtical canals; in others, that reaſon ill, they are of unequal capacities; in dull fellows of too great a length, whereby the motion of the ſpirits is retarded; in trifling geniuſes, weak and ſmall; in the over-refining ſpirits, too much intorted and winding; and ſo of the reſt.

We are ſo much perſuaded of the truth of this our hypotheſis, that we have employed one of our members, a great virtuoſo at Nuremberg, to make a ſort of an hydraulic engine, in which a chemical liquor, reſembling blood, is driven through elaſtic channels, reſembling arteries and veins, by the force of an embolus like the heart, and wrought by a pneumatic machine, of the nature of the lungs, with ropes and pullies, like the nerves, tendons, and muſcles: and we are perſuaded that this our artificial man will not only walk, and ſpeak, and perform moſt of the outward actions of the animal life, but (being wound up once a-week) will perhaps reaſon as well as moſt of your country parſons.

We wait with the utmoſt impatience for the honour of having you a member of our ſociety, and beg leave to aſſure you that we are, *&c.*

What return Martin made to this obliging letter, we muſt defer to another occaſion: let it ſuffice at preſent to tell, that Crambe was in a great rage at them, for ſtealing (as he thought) a hint from his *theory of ſyllogiſms*, without doing him the honour ſo much as to mention him. He adviſed his maſter by no means to enter into their ſociety, unleſs they would give him ſufficient ſecurity, to bear him harmleſs from any thing that might happen after this preſent life.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

Of the ſeceſſion of Martinus, and ſome hints of his travels.

IT was in the year 1699 that Martin ſet out on his *travels*. Thou wilt certainly be very curious to know what they were. It is not yet time to inform thee. But what hints I am at liberty to give, I will.

Thou ſhalt know then, that in his firſt voyage he was carried, by a proſperous ſtorm, to a diſcovery of the remains of the ancient *Pygmæan* empire.

That in his ſecond he was as happily ſhip-wrecked on the land of the *giants*, now the moſt humane people in the world.

That, in his third voyage, he diſcovered a whole kingdom of *philoſophers*, who govern by the *mathematics*; with whoſe admirable ſchemes and projects he returned to benefit his own dear country; but had the misfortune to find them rejected by the envious miniſters of Queen Anne, and himſelf ſent treacherouſly away.

And hence it is, that, in his fourth voyage, he diſcovers a vein of melancholy, proceeding almoſt to a diſguſt of his ſpecies; but, above all, a mortal deteſtation to the whole flagitious race of *miniſters*, and a final reſolution not to give in any *memorial* to the *ſecretary of ſtate*, in order to ſubject the lands he diſcovered to the *crown* of *Great Britain*.

Now if, by theſe hints, the reader can help himſelf to a farther diſcovery of the nature and contents of theſe travels, he is welcome to as much light as they afford him; I am obliged, by all the ties of honour, not to ſpeak more openly.

But if any man ſhall ever ſee ſuch very extraordinary voyages, into ſuch very extraordinary nations, which manifeſt the moſt diſtinguiſhing marks of a philoſopher, a politician, and a legiſlator; and can imagine them to belong

belong to a *ſurgeon of a ſhip*, or a *captain of a merchantman*, let him remain in his ignorance.

And whoever he be, that ſhall farther obſerve, in every page of ſuch a book, that cordial *love* of *mankind*, that inviolable *regard* to *truth*, that *paſſion* for his *dear country*, and that particular attachment to the excellent princeſs *Queen Anne*, ſurely that man deſerves to be pitied, if by all thoſe viſible ſigns and characters, he cannot diſtinguiſh and acknowledge the great *Scriblerus* *.

CHAP. XIV.

Of the diſcoveries and works of the great Scriblerus, made and to be made, written and to be written, known and unknown.

HERE therefore, at this great period, we end our firſt book. And here, O reader, we intreat thee utterly to forget all thou haſt hitherto read, and to caſt thy eyes only forward, to that boundleſs field the next ſhall open unto thee; the fruits of which (if thine or our ſins do not prevent) are to ſpread and multiply over this our work, and over all the face of the earth.

In the mean time, know what thou oweſt, and what thou yet mayſt owe, to this excellent perſon, this prodigy of our age; who may well be called, *The philoſopher of ultimate cauſes*, ſince, by a ſagacity peculiar to himſelf, he hath diſcovered effects in their very cauſe; and, without the trivial helps of experiments or obſervations, hath been the inventor of moſt of the modern ſyſtems and hypotheſes.

He hath enriched mathematics with many preciſe and geometrical *quadratures* of the *circle*. He firſt diſcovered the *cauſe of gravity*, and the *inteſtine motion of fluids*.

* *Gulliver's Travels* were firſt intended as a part of Scriblerus's memoirs.

To him we owe all the obſervations on the *parallax* of the *pole-ſtar*, and all the new *theories* of the *deluge*.

He it was, that firſt taught the right uſe ſometimes of the *fuga vacui*, and ſometimes of the *materia ſubtilis*, in reſolving the grand phænomena of nature.

He it was that firſt found out the *palpability* of *colours*; and, by the delicacy of his touch, could diſtinguiſh the different vibrations of the heterogeneous rays of light.

His were the projects of *perpetuum mobiles*, *flying engines*, and *pacing ſaddles*; the method of diſcovering the *longitude* by *bomb-veſſels*, and of increaſing the *trade-wind* by vaſt plantations of *reeds* and *ſedges*.

I ſhall mention only a few of his philoſophical and mathematical works.

1. A complete digeſt of the laws of nature, with a review of thoſe that are obſolete or repealed, and of thoſe that are ready to be renewed and put in force.

2. A mechanical explication of the formation of the univerſe, according to the Epicurean hypotheſis.

3. An inveſtigation of the quantity of real matter in the univerſe, with the proportion of the ſpecific gravity of ſolid matter to that of fluid.

4. Microſcopical obſervations of the figure and bulk of the conſtituent parts of all fluids. A calculation of the proportion in which the fluids of the earth decreaſe, and of the period in which they will be totally exhauſted.

5. A computation of the duration of the ſun, and how long it will laſt before it be burned out.

6. A method to apply the force ariſing from the immenſe velocity of *light* to mechanical purpoſes.

7. An anſwer to the queſtion of a curious gentleman, How long a *new ſtar* was lighted up before its appearance to the inhabitants of our earth? To which is ſubjoined a calculation, how much the inhabitants of the *moon* eat for ſupper, conſidering that they paſs a night equal to fifteen of our natural days.

8. A

8. A demonſtration of the natural dominion of the inhabitants of the earth over thoſe of the moon, if ever an intercourſe ſhould be opened between them. With a propoſal of a *partition-treaty* among the earthly potentates, in caſe of ſuch diſcovery.

9. Tide-tables for a comet that is to approximate towards the earth.

10. The number of the inhabitants of London, determined by the reports of the gold-finders, and the tonnage of their carriages; with allowance for the extraordinary quantity of the *ingeſta* and *egeſta* of the people of England, and a deduction of what is left under dead walls, and dry ditches.

It will from hence be evident, how much all his ſtudies were directed to the univerſal benefit of mankind. Numerous have been his projects to this end, of which *two* alone will be ſufficient to ſhow the amazing grandeur of his genius. The firſt was a propoſal, by a general contribution of all princes, to pierce the firſt cruſt or *nucleus* of this our *earth* quite through, to the next concentrical ſphere. The advantage he propoſed from it was, to find the *parallax* of the *fixed ſtars*; but chiefly to refute Sir Iſaac Newton's theory of *gravity*, and Mr. Halley's of the *variations*. The ſecond was, to build *two poles* to the *meridian*, with immenſe light-houſes on the top of them; to ſupply the defect of nature, and to make the longitude as eaſy to be calculated as the latitude. Both theſe he could not but think very practicable, by the power of all the potentates of the world.

May we preſume after theſe to mention, how he deſcended from the ſublime to the beneficial parts of knowledge, and particularly his extraordinary practice of *phyſic*. From the age, complexion, or weight of the perſon given, he contrived to preſcribe at a diſtance, as well as at a patient's bed-ſide. He taught the way to many modern phyſicians to cure their patients

tients by *intuition*, and to others to cure *without looking on them at all.* He projected a menſtruum to diſſolve the ſtone, made of Dr. Woodward's *univerſal deluge-water.* He alſo was the device to relieve conſumptive or aſthmatic perſons, by bringing freſh air out of the country to town, by pipes of the nature of the recipients of air-pumps; and to introduce the native air of a man's country into any other in which he ſhould travel, with a ſeaſonable intromiſſion of ſuch ſteams as were moſt familiar to him; to the inexpreſſible comfort of many Scotſmen, Laplanders, and white bears.

In *phyſiognomy*, his penetration is ſuch, that from the picture only of any perſon, he can write his *life;* and, from the features of the parents, draw the portrait of any child that is to be born.

Nor hath he been ſo enrapt in theſe ſtudies, as to forget the polite arts of painting, architecture, muſic, poetry, *&c.* It was he that gave the firſt hint to our modern *painters*, to improve the *likeneſs* of their portraits by the uſe of ſuch *colours* as would faithfully and conſtantly accompany the *life*, not only in its preſent ſtate, but in all its alterations, decays, age, and death itſelf.

In *architecture*, he builds not with ſo much regard to preſent ſymmetry, or conveniency, as with a thought, well worthy a true lover of antiquity, to wit, the noble effect the building will have to poſterity, when it ſhall fall and become a ruin.

As to *muſic*, I think Heidegger has not the face to deny that he has been much beholden to his ſcores.

In *poetry*, he hath appeared under a hundred different names, of which we may one day give a catalogue.

In *politics*, his writings are of a peculiar caſt, for the moſt part ironical, and the drift of them often ſo delicate and refined, as to be miſtaken by the vulgar. He once went ſo far as to write a Perſuaſive to people to eat their own children, which was ſo little underſtood, as to be taken in ill part *. He has often writ-

* Swift's ironical tract on that ſubject, intitled, *A modeſt propoſal for preventing the children of poor people in Ireland from being a burden to their parents*, &c. vol. iii. of his works, Edin. edit.

ten againſt *liberty* in the name of *Freeman* and *Algernon Sidney*, in vindication of the meaſures of *Spain*, under that of *Raleigh*, and in praiſe of *corruption*, under thoſe of *Cato* and *Publicola*.

It is true, that at his laſt departure from England, in the reign of Queen Anne, apprehending leſt any of theſe might be perverted to the ſcandal of the weak, or encouragement of the flagitious, he caſt them all, without mercy, into a bog-houſe near St. James's. Some, however, have been with great diligence recovered, and fiſhed up with a hook and line, by the miniſterial writers, which make at preſent the great ornaments of their works.

Whatever he judged beneficial to mankind, he conſtantly communicated (not only during his ſtay among us, but ever ſince his abſence) by ſome method or other in which oſtentation had no part. With what incredible modeſty he concealed himſelf, is known to numbers of thoſe to whom he addreſſed ſometimes epiſtles, ſometimes hints, ſometimes whole treatiſes, advices to friends, projects of firſt miniſters, letters to members of parliament, accounts to the royal ſociety, and innumerable others.

All theſe will be vindicated to the true author, in the courſe of theſe Memoirs. I may venture to ſay, they cannot be unacceptable to any, but to thoſe, who will appear too much concerned as *plagiaries*, to be admitted as *judges*. Wherefore we warn the public, to take particular notice of all ſuch as manifeſt any indecent paſſion at the appearance of this work, as perſons moſt certainly involved in the guilt.

The END *of the* FIRST BOOK.

MAR.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS,

ΠΕΡΙ ΒΑΘΟΥΣ;

OR,

OF THE ART OF

SINKING IN POETRY.

Written in the Year 1727.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS,

ΠΕΡΙ ΒΑΘΟΥΣ:

OR,

OF THE ART OF

SINKING in POETRY.

CHAP. I.

IT hath been long (my dear countrymen) the ſubject of my concern and ſurpriſe, that whereas numberleſs poets, critics and orators, have compiled and digeſted the art of ancient poeſy, there hath not ariſen among us one perſon ſo public-ſpirited, as to perform the like for the modern. Although it is univerſally known, that our every-way induſtrious Moderns, both in the weight of their writings, and in the velocity of their judgments, do ſo infinitely excel the ſaid Ancients.

Nevertheleſs, too true it is, that while a plain and direct road is paved to their ὕψος, or Sublime; no track has been yet chalked out, to arrive at our Βάθος, or Profound. The Latins, as they came between the Greeks and us, make uſe of the word *altitudo*, which implies equally height and depth. Wherefore conſidering with no ſmall grief, how many promiſing geniuſes of this age are wandering (as I may ſay) in the dark without a guide, I have undertaken this arduous but neceſſary taſk, to lead them as it were by the hand, and ſtep by ſtep, the gentle down-hill way to the Bathos: the bottom, the end, the central point, the *non plus ultra*, of true modern poeſy!

When I conſider (my dear countrymen) the extent, fertility, and populouſneſs of our lowlands of Parnaſſus, the flouriſhing ſtate of our trade, and the plenty of our manufacture, there are two reflections which adminiſter great occaſion of ſurpriſe: the one, that all dignities and honours ſhould be beſtowed upon the exceeding few meagre inhabitants of the top of the mountain; the other, that our own nation ſhould have arrived to that pitch of greatneſs it now poſſeſſes, without any regular ſyſtem of laws. As to the firſt, it is with great pleaſure I have obſerved of late the gradual decay of delicacy and refinement among mankind, who are become too reaſonable to require that we ſhould labour with infinite pains to come up to the taſte of theſe Mountaineers, when they without any may condeſcend to ours. But as we have now an unqueſtionable majority on our ſide, I doubt not but we ſhall ſhortly be able to level the Highlanders, and procure a farther vent for our own product, which is already ſo much reliſhed, encouraged, and rewarded, by the nobility and gentry of Great Britain.

Therefore, to ſupply our former defect, I propoſe to collect the ſcattered rules of our art into regular inſtitutes, from the example and practice of the deep geniuſes of our nation; imitating herein my predeceſſors the maſter of Alexander, and the ſecretary of the renowned Zenobia. And in this my undertaking I am the more animated, as I expect more ſucceſs than has attended even thoſe great critics; ſince their laws (though they might be good) have ever been ſlackly executed, and their precepts (however ſtrict) obeyed only by fits, and by a very ſmall number.

At the ſame time I intend to do juſtice upon our neighbours, inhabitants of the upper Parnaſſus; who, taking advantage of the riſing ground, are perpetually throwing down rubbiſh, dirt, and ſtones upon us, never ſuffering us to live in peace. Theſe men, while they enjoy the cryſtal ſtream of Helicon, envy us our common water, which, (thank our ſtars), though it is ſomewhat

what muddy, flows in much greater abundance. Nor is this the greateſt injuſtice that we have to complain of; for though it is evident that we never made the leaſt attempt or inroad into their territories, but lived contented in our native fens; they have often not only committed petty larcenies upon our borders, but driven the country, and carried off at once whole cart-loads of our manufacture; to reclaim ſome of which ſtolen goods is part of the deſign of this Treatiſe.

For we ſhall ſee, in the courſe of this work, that our greateſt adverſaries have ſometimes deſcended towards us, and doubtleſs might now and then have arrived at the Bathos itſelf, had it not been for that miſtaken opinion they all entertained, that the rules of the ancients were equally neceſſary to the moderns; than which there cannot be a more grievous error, as will be amply proved in the following diſcourſe.

And indeed when any of theſe have gone ſo far, as by the light of their own genius to attempt *new* models, it is wonderful to obſerve, how nearly they have approached us in thoſe particular pieces; though in their others they differed *toto cœlo* from us.

CHAP. II.

That the Bathos, or Profound, is the natural taſte of man, and, in particular, of the preſent age.

THE taſte of the Bathos is implanted by nature itſelf in the ſoul of man; till, perverted by cuſtom or example, he is taught, or rather compelled, to reliſh the Sublime. Accordingly, we ſee the unprejudiced minds of children delight only in ſuch productions, and in ſuch images, as our true modern writers ſet before them. I have obſerved how faſt the general taſte is returning to this firſt ſimplicity and innocence; and if the intent of all poetry be to divert and inſtruct, certainly that kind which diverts and inſtructs the *greateſt number*, is to be preferred. Let us look round among the

the admirers of poetry, we ſhall find thoſe who have a taſte of the Sublime to be very few; but the Profound ſtrikes univerſally, and is adapted to every capacity.

It is a fruitleſs undertaking to write for men of a nice and foppiſh guſto, whom, after all, it is almoſt impoſſible to pleaſe; and it is ſtill more chimerical to write for poſterity, of whoſe taſte we cannot make any judgment, and whoſe applauſe we can never enjoy. It muſt be confeſſed our wiſer authors have a preſent end,

Et prodeſſe volunt et delectare poetæ.

Their true deſign is profit or gain; in order to acquire which, it is neceſſary to procure applauſe, by adminiſtering pleaſure to the reader; from whence it follows demonſtrably, that their productions muſt be ſuited to the *preſent* taſte. And I cannot but congratulate our age on this peculiar felicity, that though we have made indeed great progreſs in all other branches of luxury, we are not yet debauched with any high reliſh in poetry, but are in this one taſte leſs nice than our anceſtors. If an art is to be eſtimated by its ſucceſs, I appeal to experience whether there have not been, in proportion to their number, as many ſtarving good poets as bad ones.

Nevertheleſs, in making gain the principal end of our art, far be it from me to exclude any great geniuſes of *rank* or *fortune* from diverting themſelves this way. They ought to be praiſed no leſs than thoſe princes, who paſs their vacant hours in ſome ingenious mechanical or manual art. And to ſuch as theſe, it would be ingratitude not to own, that our art has been often infinitely indebted.

CHAP. III.

The neceſſity of the Bathos phyſically conſidered.

FARTHERMORE, it were great cruelty and injuſtice, if all ſuch authors as cannot write in the other

other way, were prohibited from writing at all. Againſt this I draw an argument from what ſeems to me an undoubted phyſical maxim, That poetry is a natural or morbid ſecretion from the brain. As I would not ſuddenly ſtop a cold in the head, or dry up my neighbour's iſſue, I would as little hinder him from neceſſary writing. It may be affirmed with great truth, that there is hardly any human creature paſt childhood, but at one time or other has had ſome poetical evacuation, and, no queſtion, was much the better for it in his health; ſo true is the ſaying, *Naſcimur Poetæ*. Therefore is the deſire of writing properly termed *pruritus*, the "titillation of the generative faculty of the brain," and the perſon is ſaid to conceive; now, ſuch as conceive muſt bring forth. I have known a man thoughtful, melancholy, and raving for divers days, who forthwith grew wonderfully eaſy, lightſome, and chearful, upon a diſcharge of the peccant humour, in exceeding purulent metre. Nor can I queſtion, but abundance of untimely deaths are occaſioned for want of this laudable vent of unruly paſſions: yea, perhaps, in poor wretches (which is very lamentable), for mere want of pen, ink, and paper! From hence it follows, that a ſuppreſſion of the very worſt poetry is of dangerous conſequence to the State. We find by experience, that the ſame humours which vent themſelves in ſummer in ballads and ſonnets, are condenſed by the winter's cold into pamphlets and ſpeeches for and againſt the miniſter: nay, I know not but many times a piece of poetry may be the moſt innocent compoſition of a miniſter himſelf.

It is therefore manifeſt that *mediocrity* ought to be allowed, yea, indulged, to the good ſubjects of England. Nor can I conceive how the world has ſwallowed the contrary as a maxim, upon the ſingle authority of Horace *. Why ſhould the golden mean, and quinteſſence of all virtues, be deemed ſo offenſive in this art?

* *Mediocribus eſſe poetis*
Non dii, non homines, &c. HOR.

or coolneſs or mediocrity be ſo amiable a quality in a man, and ſo deteſtable in a poet?

However, far be it from me to compare theſe writers with thoſe great ſpirits, who are born with a *vivacité de peſanteur*, or (as an Engliſh author calls it) an "alacrity of ſinking;" and who by ſtrength of nature alone can excel. All I mean is, to evince the neceſſity of rules to theſe leſſer geniuſes, as well as the uſefulneſs of them to the greater.

CHAP. IV.

That there is an Art of the Bathos, or Profound.

WE come now to prove, that there is an art of ſinking in poetry. Is there not an architecture of vaults and cellars, as well as of lofty domes and pyramids? Is there not as much ſkill and labour in making dykes, as in raiſing mounts? Is there not an art of diving as well as of flying? And will any ſober practitioner affirm, that a diving engine is not of ſingular uſe in making him long-winded, aſſiſting his ſight, and furniſhing him with other ingenious means of keeping under water?

If we ſearch the authors of antiquity, we ſhall find as few to have been diſtinguiſhed in the true Profound, as in the true Sublime. And the very ſame thing (as it appears from Longinus) had been imagined of that, as now of this, namely, that it was entirely the gift of Nature. I grant that to excel in the Bathos, a genius is requiſite; yet the rules of art muſt be allowed ſo far uſeful, as to add weight, or, as I may ſay, hang on lead, to facilitate and enforce our deſcent, to guide us to the moſt advantageous declivities, and habituate our imagination to a depth of thinking. Many there are that can fall, but few can arrive at the felicity of falling gracefully; much more for a man who is amongſt the loweſt of the creation, at the very bottom of the atmoſphere;

atmoſphere; to deſcend beneath himſelf, is not ſo eaſy a taſk, unleſs he calls in art to his aſſiſtance. It is with the Bathos as with ſmall beer, which is indeed vapid and inſipid, if left at large, and let abroad; but being by our rules confined and well ſtopt, nothing grows ſo frothy, pert, and bouncing.

The ſublime of nature is the ſky, the ſun, moon, ſtars, *&c.*; the profound of nature is gold, pearls, precious ſtones, and the treaſures of the deep, which are ineſtimable as unknown. But all that lies between theſe, as corn, flowers, fruits, animals, and things for the mere uſe of man, are of mean price, and ſo common as not to be greatly eſteemed by the curious: it being certain that any thing, of which we know the true uſe, cannot be invaluable; which affords a ſolution, why common ſenſe hath either been totally deſpiſed, or held in ſmall repute by the greateſt modern critics and authors.

CHAP. V.

Of the true Genius of the Profound, and by what it is conſtituted.

AND I will venture to lay it down, as the firſt maxim and corner-ſtone of this our art, That whoever would excel therein, muſt ſtudiouſly avoid, deteſt, and turn his head from all the ideas, ways, and workings of that peſtilent foe to wit, and deſtroyer of fine figures, which is known by the name of *common ſenſe*. His buſineſs muſt be to contract the true *gout de travers*; and to acquire a moſt happy, uncommon, unaccountable way of thinking.

He is to conſider himſelf as a groteſque painter, whoſe works would be ſpoiled by an imitation of nature, or uniformity of deſign. He is to mingle bits of the moſt various, or diſcordant kinds, landſcape, hiſtory, portraits, animals, and connect them with a great deal of flouriſhing, by heads or tails, as it ſhall pleaſe his imagination, and contribute to his principal end,

end, which is to glare by ſtrong oppoſitions of colours, and ſurpriſe by contrariety of images.

Serpentes avibus geminentur, tigribus agni. Hor.

His deſign ought to be like a labyrinth, out of which nobody can get clear but himſelf. And ſince the great art of all poetry is to mix truth with fiction, in order to join the *credible* with the *ſurpriſing;* our author ſhall produce the credible, by painting nature in her loweſt ſimplicity; and the ſurpriſing, by contradicting common opinion. In the very manners he will affect the *marvellous;* he will draw Achilles with the patience of Job; a prince talking like a jack-pudding; a maid of honour ſelling bargains; a footman ſpeaking like a philoſopher; and a fine gentleman like a ſcholar. Whoever is converſant in modern plays, may make a moſt noble collection of this kind, and, at the ſame time, form a complete body of *modern ethics and morality.*

Nothing ſeemed more plain to our great authors, than that the world had long been weary of *natural things.* How much the contrary are formed to pleaſe, is evident from the univerſal applauſe daily given to the admirable entertainments of Harlequins and magicians on our ſtage. When an audience behold a coach turned into a wheelbarrow, a conjurer into an old woman, or a man's head where his heels ſhould be, how are they ſtruck with tranſport and delight! which can only be imputed to this cauſe, that each object is changed into that which hath been ſuggeſted to them by their own low ideas before.

He ought therefore to render himſelf maſter of this happy and *anti-natural* way of thinking to ſuch a degree, as to be able, on the appearance of any object, to furniſh his imagination with ideas infinitely *below* it; and his eyes ſhould be like unto the wrong end of a perſpective glaſs, by which all the objects of nature are leſſened.

For example: when a true genius looks upon the ſky, he immediately catches the idea of a piece of blue luteſtring, or a child's mantle.

The ſkies, whoſe ſpreading volumes ſcarce have room,
Spun thin, and wove in Nature's fineſt loom,
The new-born world in their ſoft lap embrac'd,
And all around their ſtarry mantle caſt *.

If he looks upon a tempeſt, he ſhall have an image of a tumbled bed, and deſcribe a ſucceeding calm in this manner:

The ocean, joy'd to ſee the tempeſt fled,
New lays his waves, and ſmooths his ruffled bed †.

The triumphs and acclamations of the angels, at the creation of the univerſe, preſent to his imagination "the rejoicings of the Lord Mayor's day;" and he beholds thoſe glorious beings celebrating the Creator, by huzzaing, making illuminations, and flinging ſquibs, crackers, and ſky-rockets.

Glorious illuminations, made on high
By all the ſtars and planets of the ſky,
In juſt degrees, and ſhining order plac'd,
Spectators charm'd, and the bleſs'd dwelling grac'd.
Thro' all th' enlighten'd air ſwift fireworks flew,
Which with repeated ſhouts glad Cherubs threw.
Comets aſcended with their ſweeping train,
Then fell in ſtarry ſhow'rs and glitt'ring rain.
In air ten thouſand meteors blazing hung,
Which from th' eternal battlements were flung ‡.

If a man who is violently fond of *wit*, will ſacrifice to that paſſion his friend, or his God, would it not be a ſhame, if he who is ſmit with the love of the *Bathos* ſhould not ſacrifice to it all other tranſitory regards? You ſhall hear a zealous Proteſtant deacon invoke a ſaint, and modeſtly beſeech her to do more for us than Providence:

* Prince Arthur, p. 41, 42. † P. 14. ‡ P. 50.
N. B. In order to do juſtice to theſe great poets, our citations are taken from the beſt, the laſt, and moſt correct editions of their works. That which we uſe of Prince Arthur, is in *duodecimo*, 1714, the fourth edition reviſed.

Look down, bleſs'd ſaint, with pity then look down,
Shed on this land thy kinder influence,
And guide us through the miſts of providence,
In which we ſtray *.

Neither will he, if a good ſimile come in his way, ſcruple to affirm himſelf an eye-witneſs of things never yet beheld by man, or never in exiſtence; as thus,

Thus have I ſeen in Araby the bleſs'd,
A phœnix couch'd upon her fun'ral neſt †.

But to convince you that nothing is ſo great which a marvellous genius, prompted by this laudable zeal, is not able to leſſen; hear how the moſt ſublime of all beings is repreſented in the following images:

First he is a PAINTER.

Sometimes the Lord of nature in the air
Spreads forth his clouds, his ſable canvas, where
His pencil, dipp'd in heav'nly colour bright,
Paints his fair rainbow, charming to the ſight ‡.

Now he is a CHEMIST.

Th' almighty Chemiſt does his work prepare,
Pours down his waters on the thirſty plain,
Digeſts his lightning, and diſtils his rain ‖.

Now he is a WRESTLER.

Me in his griping arms th' Eternal took,
And with ſuch mighty force my body ſhook,
That the ſtrong graſp my members ſorely bruis'd,
Broke all my bones, and all my ſinews loos'd **.

Now a RECRUITING OFFICER.

For clouds, the ſunbeams levy freſh ſupplies,
And raiſe recruits of vapours, which ariſe
Drawn from the ſeas, to muſter in the ſkies ††.

* A. Philips on the death of Queen Mary. † Anon.
‡ Blackm. opt. edit. duod. 1716. p. 172.
‖ Blackm. pſal. civ. p. 263. ** P. 75. †† P. 170.

Now

Now a peaceable GUARANTEE.

In leagues of peace the neighbours did agree,
And to maintain them, God was guarantee *.

Then he is an ATTORNEY.

Job, as a vile offender, God indites,
And terrible decrees againſt me writes.
God will not be my advocate,
My cauſe to manage or debate †.

In the following lines he is a GOLDBEATER.

Who the rich metal beats, and then, with care,
Unfolds the golden leaves, to gild the fields of air ‡.

Then a FULLER.

Th' exhaling reeks, that ſecret riſe,
Borne on rebounding ſunbeams thro' the ſkies,
Are thicken'd, wrought, and whiten'd, till they grow
A heav'nly fleece ‖.

A MERCER, or PACKER.

Didſt thou one end of air's wide curtain hold,
And help the bales of æther to unfold;
Say, which cærulean pile was by thy hand unroll'd.

A BUTLER.

He meaſures all the drops with wond'rous ſkill,
Which the black clouds, his floating bottles, fill ††.

And a BAKER.

God in the wilderneſs his table ſpread,
And in his airy ovens bak'd their bread ‡‡.

* Blackmore, p. 70. † P. 61. ‡ P. 181. ‖ P. 18[illegible].
** P. 174. †† P. 131. ‡‡ Id. Song of Moſes, p. 218.

CHAP. VI.

Of the ſeveral kinds of Geniuſes in the Profund, and the marks and characters of each.

I DOUBT not but the reader, by this cloud of examples, begins to be convinced of the truth of our aſſertion, that the Bathos is an *art*; and that the genius of no mortal whatever, following the mere ideas of nature, and unaſſiſted with an habitual, nay, laborious peculiarity of thinking, could arrive at images ſo wonderfully low and unaccountable. The great author, from whoſe treaſury we have drawn all theſe inſtances, (the father of the Bathos, and indeed the Homer of it), has, like that immortal Greek, confined his labours to the greater poetry, and thereby left room for others to acquire a due ſhare of praiſe in inferior kinds. Many painters who could never hit a noſe or an eye, have with felicity copied a ſmall-pox, or been admirable at a toad or a red herring. And ſeldom are we without geniuſes for *ſtill-life*, which they can work up and ſtiffen with incredible accuracy.

An univerſal genius riſes not in an age; but when he riſes, armies riſe in him! he pours forth five or ſix epic poems with greater facility than five or ſix pages can be produced by an elaborate and ſervile copier after nature, or the ancients. It is affirmed by Quintilian, that the ſame genius which made Germanicus ſo great a general, would with equal application have made him an excellent heroic poet. In like manner, reaſoning from the affinity there appears between arts and ſciences, I doubt not but an active catcher of butterflies, a careful and fanciful pattern-drawer, an induſtrious collector of ſhells, a laborious and tuneful bagpiper, or a diligent breeder of tame rabbits, might ſeverally excel in their reſpective parts of the Bathos.

I ſhall range theſe confined and leſs copious geniuſes under

under proper claſſes, and (the better to give their pictures to the reader) under the names of *animals* of ſome ſort or other; whereby he will be enabled, at the firſt ſight of ſuch as ſhall daily come forth, to know to what kind to refer, and with what authors to compare them.

1. The *flying fiſhes:* Theſe are writers who now and then riſe upon their fins, and fly out of the Profund; but their wings are ſoon dry, and they drop down to the bottom. G. S. A. H. C. G.

2. The *ſwallows* are authors who are eternally ſkimming and fluttering up and down, but all their agility is employed to *catch flies*. L. T. W. P. Lord H.

3. The *oſtriches* are ſuch, whoſe heavineſs rarely permits them to raiſe themſelves from the ground; their wings are of no uſe to lift them up, and their motion is between flying and walking; but then they *run very faſt*. D. F. L. E. The Hon. E. H.

4. The *parrots* are they that repeat *another*'s words, in ſuch a hoarſe odd voice, as makes them ſeem their *own*. W. B. W. H. C. C. The Rev. D. D.

5. The *didappers* are authors that keep themſelves long out of ſight, under water, and come up now and then where you leaſt expected them. L. W. G. D. Eſq; and the Hon. Sir W. Y.

6. The *porpoiſes* are unwieldy and big; they put all their numbers into a great turmoil and tempeſt, but whenever they appear in plain light (which is ſeldom) they are only ſhapeleſs and ugly monſters. I. D. C. G. I. O.

7. The *frogs* are ſuch as can neither walk nor fly, but can *leap* and *bound* to admiration: they live generally in the bottom of a ditch, and make a great noiſe whenever they thruſt their heads above water. E. W. I. M. Eſq; T. D. Gent.

8. The *eels* are obſcure authors, that wrap themſelves up in their own mud, but are mighty nimble and pert. L. W. L. T. P. M. General C.

9. The *tortoiſes* are ſlow and chill, and, like paſtoral

writers, delight much in gardens: they have for the moſt part a fine embroidered ſhell, and underneath it a heavy lump. A. P. W. B. L. E. The Right Hon. E. of S.

Theſe are the chief *characteriſtics* of the *Bathos*, and in each of theſe kinds we have the comfort to be bleſſed with ſundry and manifold choice ſpirits in this our iſland.

CHAP VII.

Of the Profund, when it conſiſts in the thought.

WE have already laid down the principles upon which our author is to proceed, and the manner of forming his thought by familiarizing his mind to the loweſt objects; to which it may be added, that vulgar converſation will greatly contribute. There is no queſtion but the garret or the printer's boy may often be diſcerned in the compoſitions made in ſuch ſcenes and company; and much of Mr. Curl himſelf has been inſenſibly infuſed into the works of his learned writers.

The phyſician, by the ſtudy and inſpection of urine and ordure, approves himſelf in the ſcience; and in like ſort ſhould our author accuſtom and exerciſe his imagination upon the dregs of nature.

This will render his thoughts truly and fundamentally low, and carry him many fathoms beyond mediocrity. For certain it is, (though ſome lukewarm heads imagine they may be ſafe by temporiſing between the extremes), that where there is not a triticalneſs or mediocrity in the thought, it can never be ſunk into the genuine and perfect Bathos, by the moſt elaborate low expreſſion: it can, at moſt, be only carefully obſcured, or metaphorically debaſed. But it is the thought alone that ſtrikes, and gives the whole that ſpirit, which we admire and ſtare at. For inſtance, in that ingenious piece on a lady's drinking the Bath waters:

She

She drinks! she drinks! Behold the matchleſs dame!
To her 'tis water, but to us 'tis flame:
Thus fire is water, water fire by turns,
*And the ſame ſtream at once both cools and burns.**.

What can be more eaſy and unaffected than the diction of theſe verſes? It is the turn of thought alone, and the variety of imagination, that charm and ſurpriſe us. And when the ſame lady goes into the bath, the thought (as in juſtneſs it ought) goes ſtill deeper.

Venus beheld her, 'midſt her crowd of ſlaves,
And thought herſelf juſt riſen from the waves †.

How much out of the way of common ſenſe is this reflection of Venus, not knowing herſelf from the lady?

Of the ſame nature is that noble miſtake of a frighted ſtag in a full chace, who (ſaith the poet)

Hears his own feet, and thinks they ſound like more;
And fears the hind feet will o'ertake the fore.

So aſtoniſhing as theſe are, they yield to the following, which is profundity itſelf,

None but himſelf can be his parallel ‡.

Unleſs it may ſeem borrowed from the thought of that maſter of a ſhow in Smithfield, who writ in large letters over the picture of his elephant,

This is the greateſt elephant in the world, except himſelf.

However, our next inſtance is certainly an original. Speaking of a beautiful infant,

So fair thou art, that if great Cupid be
A child, as poets ſay, ſure thou art he.
Fair Venus would miſtake thee for her own,
Did not thy eyes proclaim thee not her ſon.
There all the lightnings of thy mother's ſhine,
And with a fatal brightneſs kill in thine.

* Anon. † Idem. ‡ Theobald, Double Falſehood.

First he is Cupid, then he is not Cupid; first Venus would miſtake him, then ſhe would not miſtake him; next his eyes are his mother's, and laſtly they are not his mother's, but his own.

Another author, deſcribing a poet that ſhines forth amidſt a circle of critics,

Thus Phœbus thro' the zodiac takes his way,
And amid monſters riſes into day.

What a peculiarity is here of invention? The author's pencil, like the wand of Circe, turns all into monſters at a ſtroke. A great genius takes things in the lump, without ſtopping at minute conſiderations. In vain might the ram, the bull, the goat, the lion, the crab, the ſcorpion, the fiſhes, all ſtand in his way, as mere natural animals; much more might it be pleaded that a pair of ſcales, an old man, and two innocent children, were no monſters: there were only the centaur and the maid that could be eſteemed out of nature. But what of that? with a boldneſs peculiar to theſe daring geniuſes, what he found not monſters, he made ſo.

CHAP. VIII.

Of the Profund, conſiſting in the circumſtances, and of amplification and periphraſe in general.

WHAT in a great meaſure diſtinguiſhes other writers from ours, is their chuſing and ſeparating ſuch circumſtances in a deſcription as ennoble or elevate the ſubject.

The circumſtances which are moſt natural are *obvious*, therefore not *aſtoniſhing* or peculiar. But thoſe that are far-fetched, or unexpected, or hardly compatible, will ſurpriſe prodigiouſly. Theſe therefore we muſt principally hunt out; but, above all, preſerve a laudable *prolixity*, preſenting the whole and every ſide at once of the image to view. For choice and diſtinction are not only

only a curb to the ſpirit, and limit the deſcriptive faculty, but alſo leſſen the book; which is frequently of the worſt conſequence of all to our author.

When Job ſays in ſhort, "He waſhed his feet in "butter," (a circumſtance ſome poets would have ſoftened, or paſſed over), now hear how this butter is ſpread out by the great genius.

With teats diſtended with their milky ſtore,
Such num'rous lowing herds, before my door,
Their painful burden to unload did meet,
That we with butter might have waſh'd our feet *.

How cautious! and particular! He had (ſays our author) ſo many herds, which herds thrived ſo well, and thriving ſo well gave ſo much milk, and that milk produced ſo much butter, that, if he did not, he might have waſhed his feet in it.

The enſuing deſcription of hell is no leſs remarkable in the circumſtances:

In flaming heaps the raging ocean rolls,
Whoſe livid waves involve deſpairing ſouls:
The liquid burnings dreadful colours ſhew,
Some deeply red, *and others* faintly blue †.

Could the moſt minute Dutch painters have been more exact? How inimitably circumſtantial is this alſo of a war-horſe!

His eye-balls burn, he wounds the ſmoking plain,
And knots *of* ſcarlet-ribband *deck his mane* ‡.

Of certain Cudgel-players:

They brandiſh high in air their threat'ning ſtaves,
Their hands a woven guard *of* ozier *ſaves,*
In which they fix their hazle weapon's end ‖.

Who would not think the poet had paſſed his whole life at Wakes in ſuch laudable diverſions? ſince he teaches us how to hold, nay how to make a cudgel!

* Blackm. Job, p. 133. † Pr. Arth. p. 89.
‡ Anon. ‖ Pr. Arth. p. 167.

Periphraſe

Periphraſe is another great aid to *prolixity*, being a diffuſed circumlocutory manner of expreſſing a known idea, which ſhould be ſo myſteriouſly couched, as to give the reader the pleaſure of gueſſing what it is that the author can poſſibly mean, and a ſtrange ſurpriſe when he finds it.

The poet I laſt mentioned is incomparable in this figure.

A waving ſea of heads was round me ſpread,
And ſtill freſh ſtreams the gazing deluge fed *.

Here is a waving ſea of heads, which, by a freſh ſtream of heads, grows to be a gazing deluge of heads. You come at laſt to find, it means a *great crowd*.

How pretty and how genteel is the following?

Nature's confectioner,
Whoſe ſuckets are moiſt alchemy:
The ſtill of his refining mold
Minting the garden into gold †.

What is this but a bee gathering honey?

Little Syren of the ſtage,
Empty warbler, breathing lyre,
Wanton gale of fond deſire,
Tuneful miſchief, vocal ſpell ‡.

Who would think this was only a poor gentlewoman that ſung finely?

We may define *amplification* to be making the moſt of a thought; it is the ſpinning-wheel of the Bathos, which draws out and ſpreads it in the fineſt thread. There are amplifiers who can extend half a dozen thin thoughts over a whole folio; but for which, the tale of many a vaſt romance, and the ſubſtance of many a fair volume, might be reduced into the ſize of a primmer.

* Blackm. Job, p. 78. † Cleveland.
‡ A. Philips to Cuzzona.

In

In the book of Job are theſe words, "Haſt thou "commanded the morning, and cauſed the day-ſpring "to know his place?" How is this extended by the moſt celebrated amplifier of our age?

Canſt thou ſet forth th' ethereal mines *on high,*
Which the refulgent ore *of light ſupply?*
Is the celeſtial furnace *to thee known,*
In which I melt *the golden metal down?*
Treaſures from which I deal out light, as faſt,
As all my ſtars and laviſh ſuns can waſte *.

The ſame author hath amplified a paſſage in the 104th Pſalm; "He looks on the earth, and it trembles; "he touches the hills, and they ſmoke."

The hills forget they're fix'd, and in their fright
Caſt off their weight, and eaſe themſelves for flight:
The woods, with terror wing'd, outfly the wind,
And leave the heavy, panting hills behind †.

You here ſee the hills not only trembling, but ſhaking off the woods from their backs, to run the faſter. After this you are preſented with a foot-race of mountains and woods, where the woods diſtance the mountains, that, like corpulent purſy fellows, come puffing and panting a vaſt way behind them.

CHAP. IX.

Of imitation, and the manner of imitating.

THAT the true authors of the Profund are to imitate diligently the examples in their *own way*, is not to be queſtioned; and that divers have by this means attained to a depth whereunto their own weight could never have carried them, is evident by ſundry inſtances. Who ſees not that De Foe was the poetical ſon of Withers, Tate of Ogilby, E. Ward of John Taylor, and E—n of Blackmore? Therefore, when we ſit down to write, let us bring ſome great author to our mind, and aſk ourſelves this queſtion, How would

* Blackm. Job, p. 108. † P. 267.

Sir

Sir Richard have ſaid this? Do I expreſs myſelf as ſimply as Amb. Philips? Or flow my numbers with the quiet thoughtleſsneſs of Mr. Welſted?

But it may ſeem ſomewhat ſtrange to aſſert, that our proficient ſhould alſo read the works of thoſe famous poets who have excelled in the *Sublime*; yet is not this a paradox? As Virgil is ſaid to have read Ennius, out of his dunghill to draw gold, ſo may our author read Shakeſpeare, Milton, and Dryden, for the contrary end, to bury their gold in his own dunghill. A true genius, when he finds any thing lofty or ſhining in them, will have the ſkill to bring it down, take off the gloſs, or quite diſcharge the colour, by ſome ingenious circumſtance or periphraſe, ſome addition or diminution, or by ſome of thoſe figures, the uſe of which we ſhall ſhew in our next chapter.

The book of Job is acknowledged to be infinitely ſublime, and yet has not the father of the Bathos reduced it in every page? Is there a paſſage in all Virgil more painted up and laboured than the deſcription of Ætna in the third Æneid?

——Horrificis juxta tonat Ætna ruinis;
Interdumque atram prorumpit ad æthera nubem,
Turbine fumantem piceo, et candente favilla;
Attollitque globos flammarum, et ſidera lambit.
Interdum ſcopulos avulſaque viſcera montis
Erigit eructans, liquefactaque ſaxa ſub auras
Cum gemitu glomerat, fundoque exæſtuat imo.

(I beg pardon of the gentle Engliſh reader, and ſuch of our writers as underſtand not Latin) Lo! how this is taken down by our Britiſh poet, by the ſingle happy thought of throwing the mountains into a *fit* of the *colic*.

Ætna, and all the burning mountains, find
Their kindled ſtores with inbred ſtorms of wind
Blown up to rage; and, roaring out, *complain,*
As torn with inward gripes, *and tort'ring pain:*
Lab'ring, they caſt their dreadful vomit *round,*
And with their melted bowels *ſpread the ground**.

* Pr. Arthur, p. 75.

Horace,

Horace, in ſearch of the ſublime, ſtruck his head againſt the ſtars * ; but Empedocles, to fathom the profound, threw himſelf into Ætna. And who but would imagine our excellent modern had alſo been there from this deſcription ?

Imitation is of two ſorts ; the firſt is when we force to our own purpoſes the thoughts of others; the ſecond conſiſts in copying the imperfections or blemiſhes of celebrated authors. I have ſeen a play profeſſedly writ in the ſtyle of Shakeſpeare, wherein the reſemblance lay in one ſingle line,

And ſo good-morrow t'ye, good Mr. Lieutenant.

And ſundry poems in imitation of Milton, where, with the utmoſt exactneſs, and not ſo much as one exception, nevertheleſs was conſtantly *nathleſs*, embroider'd was *broider'd*, hermits were *eremites*, diſdain'd was *'ſdain'd*, ſhady *umbrageous*, enterprize *empriſe*, pagan *paynim*, pinions *pennons*, ſweet *dulcet*, orchards *orchats*, bridge-work *pontifical* ; nay, her was *hir*, and there was *thir* through the whole poem. And in very deed, there is no other way by which the true modern poet could read, to any purpoſe, the works of ſuch men as Milton and Shakeſpeare.

It may be expected, that, like other critics, I ſhould next ſpeak of the *paſſions* ; but as the main end and principal effect of the Bathos is to produce *tranquillity of mind*, (and ſure it is a better deſign to promote *ſleep* than madneſs) we have little to ſay on this ſubject. Nor will the ſhort bounds of this diſcourſe allow us to treat at large of the *emollients* and the *opiats* of poeſy, of the cool, and the manner of producing it, or of the methods uſed by our authors in managing the paſſions. I ſhall but tranſiently remark, that nothing contributes ſo much to the *cool*, as the uſe of *wit* in expreſſing paſſion: the true genius rarely fails of points, conceits, and proper *ſimiles* on ſuch occaſions ; this we may term the *pathetic epi-grammatical*, in which even puns are made uſe of with good ſucceſs. Hereby

* *Sublimi feriam ſidera vertice.*

our beſt authors have avoided throwing themſelves or their readers into any indecent tranſports.

But as it is ſometimes needful to excite the *paſſions* of our antagoniſt in the polemic way, the true ſtudents in the law have conſtantly taken their methods from low life, where they obſerved, that, to move anger, uſe is made of ſcolding and railing; to move love, of bawdry; to beget favour and friendſhip, of groſs flattery; and to produce fear, of calumniating an adverſary with crimes obnoxious to the ſtate. As for ſhame, it is a ſilly paſſion, of which, as our authors are incapable themſelves, ſo they would not produce it in others.

CHAP. X.

Of tropes and figures: and firſt of the variegating, confounding, and reverſing figures.

BUT we proceed to the *figures*. We cannot too earneſtly recommend to our authors the ſtudy of the *abuſe of ſpeech*. They ought to lay it down as a principle, to ſay nothing in the uſual way, but (if poſſible) in the direct contrary. Therefore the figures muſt be ſo turned, as to manifeſt that intricate and wonderful caſt of head which diſtinguiſhes all writers of this kind; or (as I may ſay) to refer exactly the mold in which they were formed, in all its inequalities, cavities, obliquities, odd crannies, and diſtortions.

It would be endleſs, nay impoſſible, to enumerate all ſuch figures; but we ſhall content ourſelves to range the principal, which moſt powerfully contribute to the Bathos, under three claſſes.

I. The variegating, confounding, or reverſing tropes and figures.

II. The magnifying; and,

III. The diminiſhing.

We

We cannot avoid giving to these the Greek or Roman names; but in tenderness to our countrymen and fellow-writers, many of whom, however exquisite, are wholly ignorant of those languages, we have also explained them in our mother-tongue.

I. Of the first sort, nothing so much conduces to the Bathos as the

CATACHRESIS.

A master of this will say,

Mow the beard,
Shave the grass,
Pin the plank,
Nail my sleeve,

From whence results the same kind of pleasure to the mind as to the eye, when we behold Harlequin trimming himself with a hatchet, hewing down a tree with a razor, making his tea in a cauldron, and brewing his ale in a tea-pot, to the incredible satisfaction of the British spectator. Another source of the Bathos is,

The METONYMY,

the inversion of causes for effects, of inventors for inventions, *&c.*

*Lac'd in her cosins * now appear'd the bride,*
A bubble-boy † and tompion ‡ at her side,
And with an air divine her colmar ‖ ply'd:
Then oh! she cries, what slaves I round me see?
Here a bright red-coat, there a smart toupee §.

The SYNECDOCHE,

which consists, in the use of a part for the whole. You may call a young woman sometimes a pretty-*face* and pigs-*eyes*, and sometimes snotty-*nose* and draggle-*tail*. Or of accidents for persons; as a lawyer is called *split-*

* Stays. † Tweezer case. ‡ Watch. ‖ Fan.
§ A sort of perriwig: all words in use in this present year 1727.

cauſe, a tailor *prick-louſe*, &c. Or of things belonging to a man, for the man himſelf; as a *ſword*-man, a *gown*-man, a *T-m-T-d*-man; a white-*ſtaff*, a turn-*key*, &c.

The Aposiopesis.

An excellent figure for the ignorant; as, "What ſhall "I ſay?" when one has nothing to ſay; or, "I can "no more," when one really can no more. Expreſſions which the gentle reader is ſo good as never to take in earneſt.

The Metaphor.

The firſt rule is to draw it from the *loweſt things*, which is a certain way to ſink the higheſt; as when you ſpeak of the thunder of heaven, ſay,

The lords above *are* angry, *and* talk big *.

If you would deſcribe a rich man refunding his treaſures, expreſs it thus,

Tho' he (as ſaid) may riches gorge, *the ſpoil*
Painful in maſſy vomit *ſhall* recoil,
Soon ſhall he periſh with a ſwift decay,
Like his own ordure, *caſt with ſcorn away* †.

The ſecond, that, whenever you ſtart a metaphor, you muſt be ſure to *run it down*, and purſue it as far as it can go. If you get the ſcent of a ſtate-negociation, follow it in this manner:

The ſtones and all the elements with thee
Shall ratify *a ſtrict* confederacy;
Wild beaſts their ſavage temper ſhall forget,
And for a firm alliance *with thee* treat;
The finny tyrant of the ſpacious ſeas
Shall ſend a ſcaly embaſſy *for peace;*
His plighted faith *the crocodile ſhall keep,*
And ſeeing thee, for joy ſincerely weep ‡.

* Lee, Alex. † Blackm. Job, p. 9, 932. ‡ Job, p. 22.

Or,

Or, if you repreſent the Creator denouncing war againſt the wicked, be ſure not to omit one circumſtance uſual in proclaiming and levying war.

Envoys *and* agents, *who, by my command,*
Reſide in Paleſtina's land,
To whom commiſſions *I have given,*
To manage there the intereſts *of heaven:*
Ye holy heralds, *who* proclaim
Or war or peace, in mine your maſter's name:
Ye pioneers *of heav'n, prepare a* road,
Make it plain, direct, and broad;
For I in perſon *will my people* head;
For the divine deliverer
Will on his march *in majeſty appear,*
And needs the aid of no confed'rate pow'r *.

Under the article of the *Confounding*, we rank

1. The MIXTURE of FIGURES,

which raiſes ſo many images, as to give you no image at all. But its principal beauty is when it gives an idea juſt *oppoſite* to what it ſeemed meant to deſcribe. Thus an ingenious artiſt painting the ſpring, talks of a *ſnow of bloſſoms*, and thereby raiſes an unexpected picture of winter. Of this ſort is the following:

The gaping clouds pour lakes of ſulphur down,
Whoſe livid flaſhes ſick'ning ſun-beams drown †.

What a noble confuſion! clouds, lakes, brimſtone, flames, ſun-beams, gaping, pouring, ſickening, drowning! all in two lines.

2. The JARGON.

Thy head ſhall riſe, tho' buried in the duſt,
And 'midſt the clouds his glitt'ring turrets thruſt ‡.

Quere, What are the glittering turrets of a man's head?

* Blackm. Iſa. c. 40. † Pr. Arth. p. 37. ‡ Job, p. 107.

Upon the ſhore, as frequent as the ſand,
To meet the Prince, the glad Dimetians ſtand *.

Quere, Where theſe Dimetians ſtood? and of what ſize they were? Add alſo to the *jargon*, ſuch as the following:

Deſtruction's empire ſhall no longer laſt,
And Deſolation lie for ever waſte †.

Here Niobe, ſad mother, mākes her moan,
And ſeems converted to a ſtone in ſtone ‡.

But, for *Variegation*, nothing it more uſeful than

3. The PARANOMASIA, or PUN,

where a word, like the tongue of a jack-daw, ſpeaks twice as much by being ſplit: as this of Mr. Dennis ‖,

Bullets that wound, like Parthians, as they fly,

or this excellent one of Mr. Welſted §,

———*Behold the virgin lie*
Naked, and only cover'd *by the* ſky.

To which thou mayſt add,

To ſee her beauties no man needs to ſtoop,
She has the whole horizon for her hoop.

4. The ANTITHESIS, or SEE-SAW,

whereby contraries and oppoſitions are balanced in ſuch a way, as to cauſe a reader to remain ſuſpended between them, to his exceeding delight and recreation. Such are theſe, on a lady who made herſelf appear out of ſize, by hiding a young princeſs under her clothes.

While the kind nymph changing her faultleſs ſhape,
Becomes unhandſome, handſomely *to 'ſcape* **.

* Pr. Arth. p. 157. † Job, p. 89.
‡ T. Cook's poems. ‖ Poems, 1663, p. 13.
§ Welſted's poems, Acon and Lavin. ** Waller.

On

On the maids of honour in mourning.

Sadly they charm, and diſmally they pleaſe *.

——— *His eyes ſo bright*
Let in the object, and let out the light †.

The gods look pale to ſee us look ſo red ‡.

——*The fairies and their queen*
In mantles blue came tripping o'er the green ‖.

All nature felt a reverential ſhock,
The ſea ſtood ſtill to ſee the mountains rock §.

CHAP. XI.

The figures continued: of the magnifying and diminiſhing figures.

A GENUINE writer of the profound will take care never to *magnify* any object without *clouding* it at the ſame time; his thought will appear in a true miſt, and very unlike what is in nature. It muſt always be remembered that darkneſs is an eſſential quality of the profound; or, if there chance to be a glimmering, it muſt be as Milton expreſſes it,

No light, but rather darkneſs viſible.

The chief figure of this ſort is,

1. The HYPERBOLE, or Impoſſible.

For inſtance, of a Lion.

He roar'd ſo loud, and look'd ſo wond'rous grim,
His very ſhadow durſt not follow him **.

Of a Lady at dinner.

The ſilver whiteneſs that adorns thy neck
Sullies the plate, and makes the napkin black.

* Steel on Queen Mary. † Quarles. ‡ Lee, Alex.
‖ Phil. paſtorals. § Blackm. Job, p. 176. ** Vet. Aut.

Of

Of the ſame.

——The obſcureneſs of her birth
Cannot eclipſe the luſtre of her eyes,
Which make her all one light *.

Of a bull-baiting.

Up to the ſtars the ſprawling maſtives fly,
And add new monſters to the frighted ſky †.

Of a ſcene of miſery.

Behold a ſcene of miſery and woe!
Here Argus ſoon might weep himſelf quite blind,
Ev'n tho' he had Briareus' hundred hands
To wipe thoſe hundred eyes ‡.

And that modeſt requeſt of two abſent lovers:

Ye gods! annihilate but ſpace and time,
And make two lovers happy.

2. The PERIPHRASIS, which the moderns call the *Circumbendibus*, whereof we have given examples in the ninth chapter, and ſhall again in the twelfth.

To the ſame claſs of the *magniſying* may be referred the following, which are ſo excellently modern, that we have yet no name for them. In deſcribing a country-proſpect,

I'd call them mountains, but can't call them ſo,
For fear to wrong them with a name too low;
While the fair vales beneath ſo humbly lie.
That even humble ſeems a term too high ‖.

III. The third claſs remains, of the *diminiſhing* figures: and, 1. the ANTICLIMAX, where the ſecond line drops quite ſhort of the firſt, than which nothing creates greater ſurpriſe.

On the extent of the Britiſh arms.

Under the tropic is our language ſpoke,
And part of Flanders hath receiv'd our yoke §.

* Theob. Double Falſehood. † Blackmore.
‡ Anon. ‖ Idem. § Waller.

On

On a warrior.

And thou Dalhouſſy, the great god of war,
Lieutenant-colonel to the Earl of Mar *.

On the valour of the Engliſh.

Nor art *nor* nature *has the force*
To ſtop its ſteady courſe,
Nor Alps *nor* Pyrenæans *keep it out,*
Nor fortify'd redoubt †.

At other times this figure operates in a larger extent; and when the gentle reader is in expectation of ſome great image, he either finds it ſurpriſingly imperfect, or is preſented with ſomething low or quite ridiculous. A ſurpriſe reſembling that of a curious perſon in a cabinet of antique ſtatues, who beholds on the pedeſtal the names of Homer, or Cato; but looking up, finds Homer without a head, and nothing to be ſeen of Cato but his privy-member. Such are theſe lines of a Leviathan at ſea.

His motion works, and beats the oozy mud,
And with its ſlime incorporates the flood,
Till all th' encumber'd, thick, fermenting ſtream,
Does like one pot of boiling ointment ſeem.
Where'er he ſwims, he leaves along the lake
Such frothy furrows, ſuch a foamy track,
That all the waters of the deep appear
Hoary—*with age, or* grey *with ſudden fear* ‡.

But perhaps even theſe are excelled by the enſuing:

Now the reſiſted flames and fiery ſtore,
By winds aſſaulted, in wide forges roar,
And raging ſeas flow down of melted ore.
Sometimes they hear long iron bars remov'd,
And to *and* fro *huge* heaps of cinders ſhov'd ‖.

2. The VULGAR

is alſo a ſpecies of the *diminiſhing*: by this a ſpear fly-

* Anon.
† Denn. on Namur.
‡ Blackm. Job, p. 197.
‖ Pr. Arthur, p. 157.

ing

ing into the air is compared to a boy whiſtling as he goes on an errand.

The mighty Stuffa *threw a maſſy ſpear,*
Which, with its errand pleas'd, ſung *thro' the air* *.

A man raging with grief to a maſtiff-dog:

I cannot ſtifle this gigantic woe,
Nor on my raging grief a muzzle *throw* †.

And clouds big with water to a woman in great neceſſity:

Diſtended *with the* waters *in 'em pent,*
The clouds hang deep *in air, but* hang unrent.

3. The Infantine.

This is when a poet grows ſo very ſimple, as to think and talk like a child. I ſhall take my examples from the greateſt maſter in this way. Hear how he fondles, like a mere ſtammerer.

Little charm *of placid mien,*
Miniature *of Beauty's queen,*
Hither, Britiſh Muſe of mine,
Hither, all ye Grecian Nine,
With the lovely Graces three,
And your pretty nurſeling *ſee.*

When the meadows next are ſeen,
Sweet enamel, white and green,
When again the lambkins *play,*
Pretty ſportlings *full of* May.

Then the neck ſo white and round,
(Little neck *with brilliants bound*).
And thy gentleneſs *of mind,*
(Gentle *from a* gentle *kind*), &c,
Happy *thrice, and* thrice agen,
Happieſt *he of* happy *men,* &c. ‡.

* Pr. Arthur. † Blackm. Job, p. 41.
‡ Amb. Philips on Miſs Cuzzona.

And

And the reſt of thoſe excellent lullabies of his compoſition.

How prettily he aſks the ſheep to teach him to bleat?

Teach me to grieve with bleating moan, my ſheep *.

Hear how a babe would reaſon on his nurſe's death:

That ever ſhe could *die! Oh moſt* unkind!
To die, and leave poor Colinet *behind?*
And yet—why blame I her? †——

With no leſs ſimplicity does he ſuppoſe that ſhepherdeſſes tear their hair, and beat their breaſts, at their own deaths:

Ye brighter maids, faint emblems of my fair,
With looks caſt down, and with diſhevell'd hair,
In bitter anguiſh beat your breaſts, and moan
Her death untimely, as it were your own ‡.

4. The INANITY, or NOTHINGNESS.

Of this the ſame author furniſhes us with moſt beautiful inſtances:

Ah ſilly I, more ſilly than my ſheep,
(Which on the flow'ry plain I once did keep.) ‖

To the grave ſenate ſhe could counſel give,
(Which with aſtoniſhment they did receive.) **

He whom loud cannon could not terrify,
Falls (from the grandeur of his majeſty) ††.

Happy, merry as a king,
Sipping *dew, you* ſip, *and ſing* ‡‡.

The noiſe *returning with returning* light,

What did it?

Diſpers'd the ſilence, *and diſpell'd the* night ‖‖.

You eaſily perceive the Nothingneſs of every ſecond verſe.

* Philips's paſtorals. † Ibid. ‡ Ibid. ‖ Ibid.
** Phil. on Q. Mary. †† Ibid. ‡‡ T. Cook on a graſhopper.
‖‖ Anon.

The

The glories of proud London *to ſurvey,*
The ſun himſelf ſhall riſe—by break of day *.

5. The EXPLETIVE,

admirably exemplified in the epithets of many authors.

Th' umbrageous ſhadow, and the verdant green,
The running current, and odorous fragrance
Chear my lone ſolitude with joyous gladneſs.

Or in pretty drawling words like theſe,

All men his tomb, all men his ſons adore,
And his ſon's ſons, till there ſhall be no more †.

The riſing ſun, our grief did ſee,
The ſetting ſun did ſee the ſame,
While wretched we remember'd thee,
O Sion, Sion, lovely name ‡.

6. The MACROLOGY and PLEONASM

are as generally coupled, as a lean rabbit with a fat one; nor is it a wonder, the ſuperfluity of words and vacuity of ſenſe, being juſt the ſame thing. I am pleaſed to ſee one of our greateſt adverſaries employ this figure.

The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,
The food of armies, and ſupport of wars:
Refuſe of ſwords, and gleanings of a fight,
Leſſen his numbers, and contract his hoſt.
Where'er his friends retire, or foes ſucceed,
Cover'd with tempeſts, and in oceans drown'd ‖.

Of all which the perfection is

The TAUTOLOGY.

Break thro' the billows, and—divide the main
In ſmoother numbers, and—in ſoſter verſe **.
Divide—*and* part—*the* ſever'd *world*—in two. ††

* Autor vet. † T. Cook's poems. ‡ Ibid. ‖ Camp.
** Tonſ. Miſcel. vol. iv. p. 291. 4th edit. †† Ibid. vol. vi. p. 121.

With

With ten thouſand others equally muſical, and plentifully flowing through moſt of our celebrated and modern poems.

CHAP. XII.

Of Expreſſion, and the ſeveral Sorts of Style of the preſent age.

THE *Expreſſion* is adequate, when it is proportionably low to the profundity of the thought. It muſt not be always *grammatical*, leſt it appear pedantic and ungentlemanly; nor too clear, for fear it become vulgar; for obſcurity beſtows a caſt of the wonderful, and throws an oracular dignity upon a piece which hath no meaning.

For example, ſometimes uſe the wrong number; *The ſword and peſtilence at once devours*, inſtead of *devour*. Sometimes the wrong caſe; *And who more fit to ſooth the god than thee?** inſtead of *thou*: and rather than ſay, *Thetis ſaw Achilles weep*, ſhe *heard* him weep.

We muſt be exceeding careful in two things: firſt, in the *choice* of *low words*; ſecondly, in the *ſober* and *orderly* way of *ranging them*. Many of our poets are naturally bleſſed with this talent, inſomuch that they are in the circumſtance of that honeſt citizen, who had made *proſe* all his life without knowing it. Let verſes run in this manner, juſt to be a vehicle to the words: (I take them from my laſt cited author, who, though otherwiſe by no means of our rank, ſeemed once in his life to have a mind to be ſimple.)

If not, a prize I will myſelf decree,
From him, or him, or elſe perhaps from thee †.
——— Full of days was he;
Two ages paſt, he liv'd the third to ſee ‡.
The king of forty kings, and honour'd more
By mighty Jove, than e'er was king before ‖.

* Ti. Hom. Il. I. † Idem, p. 11. ‡ Idem, p. 17.
‖ Idem, p. 19.

That I may know, if thou my pray'r deny,
The moſt deſpis'd of all the gods am I *.

Then let my mother once be rul'd by me,
Tho' much more wiſe than I pretend to be †.

Or theſe of the ſame hand.

I leave the arts of poetry and verſe
To them that practiſe them with more ſucceſs:
Of greater truths I now prepare to tell,
And ſo at once, dear friend and Muſe, farewel ‡.

Sometimes a ſingle *word* will vulgariſe a poetical idea; as where a ſhip ſet on fire owes all the *ſpirit* of the *Bathos* to one choice word that ends the line.

And his ſcorch'd ribs the hot contagion fry'd ‖.

And in that deſcription of a world in ruins:

Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
He unconcern'd would hear the mighty crack **.

So alſo in theſe,

Beaſts tame and ſavage to the river's brink
Come, from the fields and wild abodes—to drink ††.

Frequently two or three words will do it effectually,

He from the clouds does the ſweet liquor ſqueeze,
That chears the foreſt and the garden *trees* ‡‡.

It is alſo uſeful to employ *technical terms*, which eſtrange your ſtyle from the great and general ideas of nature: and the higher your ſubject is, the lower ſhould you ſearch into mechanics for your expreſſion. If you deſcribe the garment of an angel, ſay that his *linen* was *finely ſpun, and bleached on the happy plains* ‖‖. Call an army of angels, *angelic cuiraſſiers* ‡; and, if you have occaſion to mention a number of misfortunes, ſtyle them,

* Ti. Hom. Il. 1. p. 34. † Idem, p. 38. ‡ Tonſ. miſc. 12mo, vol. 4. p. 292. 4th edit. ‖ Pr. Arthur, p. 151.
** Tonſ. miſc. vol. 6. p. 119. †† Blackm. Job, p. 263.
‡‡ Idem, p. 264. ‖‖ Pr. Arth. p. 19. ‡ Ibid. p. 339.

Freſh

Freſh troops *of pains, and* regimented *woes* *.

STYLE is divided by the rhetoricians into the proper and the figured. Of the figured we have already treated, and the proper is what our authors have nothing to do with. Of ſtyles, we ſhall mention only the principal, which owe to the moderns either their chief improvement, or entire invention.

1. The FLORID Style,

than which none is more proper to the Bathos, as flowers, which are the *loweſt* of vegetables, are moſt *gaudy*, and do many times grow in great plenty at the bottom of *ponds* and *ditches*.

A fine writer in this kind preſents you with the following poſie:

The groves appear all dreſs'd with wreaths of flow'rs,
And from their leaves drop aromatic ſhow'rs,
Whoſe fragrant heads in myſtic twines above,
Exchang'd their ſweets, and mix'd with thouſand kiſſes,
As if the willing branches ſtrove
To beautify and ſhade the grove, †—

(which indeed moſt branches do). But this is ſtill excelled by our laureat,

Branches in branches twin'd compoſe the grove,
And ſhoot and ſpread, and bloſſom into love.
The trembling palms their mutual vows repeat,
And bending poplars bending poplars meet.
The diſtant plantanes ſeem to preſs more nigh,
And to the ſighing alders, alders ſigh ‡.

Hear alſo our Homer.

His robe of ſtate *is form'd of light refin'd,*
An endleſs train *of luſtre* ſpreads behind.
His throne's of bright compacted glory *made,*
With pearl *celeſtial, and with* gems inlaid:
Whence floods *of joy, and* ſeas *of ſplendour flow,*
On all th' angelic gazing throng below ‖.

* Blackm. Job, p. 86.
† Behn's poems, p. 2.
‡ Guardian, 12mo, p, 127.
‖ Blackm. Pſ. civ.

2. The Pert Style.

This does in as peculiar a manner become the low in wit, as a pert air does the low in ſtature. Mr. *Thomas Brown*, the author of the *London Spy*, and all the *ſpies* and *trips* in general, are herein to be diligently ſtudied: in verſe Mr. *Cibber's prologues*.

But the beauty and energy of it is never ſo conſpicuous, as when it is employed in *modernizing* and *adapting* to the *taſte of the times* the works of the *ancients*. This we rightly phraſe *doing* them into Engliſh, and *making* them Engliſh; two expreſſions of great propriety, the one denoting our *neglect* of the *manner how*, the other the *force* and *compulſion* with which it is brought about. It is by virtue of this ſtyle that Tacitus talks like a coffee-houſe politician, Joſephus like the Britiſh Gazetteer, Tully is as ſhort and ſmart as Seneca or Mr. Aſgil, Marcus Aurelius is excellent at Snipſnap, and honeſt Thomas à Kempis as prim and polite as any preacher at court.

3. The Alamode Style,

which is fine by being *new*, and has this happineſs attending it, that it is as durable and extenſive as the poem itſelf. Take ſome examples of it, in the deſcription of the ſun in a mourning coach upon the death of Queen Mary.

See Phœbus *now, as once for* Phaeton,
Has maſk'd his face, and put deep mourning on:
Dark clouds his ſable chariot *do ſurround,*
And the dull ſteeds ſtalk o'er *the* melancholy round *.

Of Prince Arthur's ſoldiers drinking.

While rich Burgundian *wine, and bright* Champaign
Chace from their minds the terrors of the main †.

(whence we alſo learn, that Burgundy and Champaign make a man on ſhore deſpiſe a ſtorm at ſea):

* Amb. Philips. † Pr. Arthur, p. 16.

Of

Of the Almighty encamping his regiments.

——*He ſunk a vaſt capacious deep,*
Where he his liquid regiments *does keep,*
Thither the waves file off, *and make their way,*
To form the mighty body *of the ſea;*
Where they encamp, *and in their* ſtation ſtand,
Entrench'd *in* works *of* rock, *and* lines *of ſand* *.

Of two armies on the point of engaging.

Yon armies are the cards *which both muſt play;*
At leaſt come off a ſaver *if you may:*
Throw boldly *at the* ſum *the gods have* ſet;
Theſe on your ſide with all their fortunes bet †.

All perfectly agreeable to the preſent cuſtoms and beſt faſhions of our metropolis.

But the principal branch of the *alamode* is the PRURIENT, a ſtyle greatly advanced and honoured of late by the practice of perſons of the *firſt quality;* and by the encouragement of the *ladies,* not unſucceſsfully introduced even into the drawing-room. Indeed its incredible progreſs and conqueſts may be compared to thoſe of the great Seſoſtris, and are every where known by the *ſame marks,* the images of the genital parts of men or women. It conſiſts wholly of metaphors drawn from two moſt fruitful ſources or ſprings, the very bathos of the human body; that is to ſay * * * and * * * *Hiatus magnus lachrymabilis.* And *ſelling of bargains,* and *double entendre,* and Κιϐϐερισμος, and Ὀγδφειλδισμος, all derived from the ſaid ſources.

4. The FINICAL Style,

which conſiſts of the moſt curious, affected, mincing metaphors, and partakes of the *alamode.*

As this, of a brook dried by the ſun.

Won *by the ſummer's* importuning *ray,*
Th' eloping *ſtream did from her channel ſtray,*
And with enticing *ſun-beams* ſtole away ‡.

* Blackm. Pſal. civ. p. 261. † Lee, Sophon.
‡ Blackm. Job, p. 26.

Of an eaſy death.

When watchful death ſhall on his harveſt look,
And ſee the ripe with age, invite *the hook;*
He'll gently *cut thy* bending *ſtalk, and thee*
Lay kindly *in the* grave, *his* granary *.

Of trees in a ſtorm.

Oaks whoſe extended arms the winds defy,
The tempeſt ſees *their ſtrength,* and ſighs and paſſes by †.

Of water ſimmering over the fire.

The ſparkling flames raiſe water to a ſmile,
Yet the pleas'd *liquor* pines, *and leſſens all the while* ‡.

5. Lastly, I ſhall place the Cumbrous, which moves heavily under a load of metaphors, and draws after it a long train of words. And the Buskin, or *ſtately*, frequently and with great felicity mixed with the former. For as the firſt is the proper engine to depreſs what is high, ſo is the ſecond to raiſe what is baſe and low to a ridiculous viſibility: when both theſe can be done at once, then is the Bathos in perfection; as when a man is ſet with his head downward, and his breech upright, his degradation is complete: one end of him as *high* as ever, only that end is the *wrong one*. Will not every true lover of the Profund be delighted to behold the moſt vulgar and low actions of life exalted in the following manner?

Who knocks at the door?

For whom thus rudely pleads my loud-tongu'd gate,
That he may enter?——

See who is there.

Advance the fringed curtains of thy eyes,
And tell me who comes yonder ‖——

* Blackm. Job, p. 23. † Denn.
‡ Anon. Tonſ. miſc. part. 6, p. 224. ‖ Temp.

Shut

Shut the door.

The wooden guardian of our privacy
Quick on its axle turn. ——

Bring my clothes.

Bring me what Nature, tailor to the bear,
To man *himself deny'd: she gave me cold,*
But would not give me clothes.——

Light the fire.

Bring forth some remnant of Promethean *theft,*
Quick to expand th' inclement air congeal'd
By Boreas' *rude breath.*——

Snuff the candle.

Yon luminary amputation needs;
Thus shall you save its half-extinguish'd life.

Open the letter.

Wax! render up thy trust *:

Uncork the bottle, and chip the bread.

Apply thine engine to the spungy door,
Set Bacchus *from his glassy prison free,*
And strip white Ceres *of her nut-brown coat:*

CHAP. XIII.

A project for the advancement of the Bathos.

THUS have I, (my dear countrymen), with incredible pains and diligence, discovered the hidden sources of the *Bathos*, or, as I may say, broke open the abysses of this *great deep*. And having now established good and wholesome laws, what remains but that all true moderns, with their utmost might, do proceed to put the same in execution? In order whereto, I think I shall, in the second place, highly deserve of my country, by proposing such a *scheme* as may facilitate this great end.

* Theobald, Double Falsehood.

As

As our number is confeſſedly far ſuperior to that of the enemy, there ſeems nothing wanting but unanimity among ourſelves. It is therefore humbly offered, that all and every individual of the Bathos, do enter into a firm aſſociation, and incorporate into one regular body, whereof every member, even the meaneſt, will ſome way contribute to the ſupport of the whole; in like manner, as the weakeſt reeds, when joined in one bundle, become infrangible. To which end our art ought to be put upon the ſame foot with other arts of this age. The vaſt improvement of modern manufactures ariſeth from their being divided into ſeveral branches, and parcelled out to ſeveral trades; for inſtance, in clock-making one artiſt makes the balance, another the ſpring, another the crown-wheels, a fourth the caſe, and the principal workman puts all together. To this economy we owe the perfection of our modern watches, and doubtleſs we alſo might that of our modern poetry and rhetoric, were the ſeveral parts branched out in the like manner.

Nothing is more evident than that divers perſons, no other way remarkable, have each a ſtrong diſpoſition to the formation of ſome particular trope or figure. Ariſtotle ſaith, that the *hyperbole* is an ornament fit for young men of quality; accordingly we find in thoſe gentlemen a wonderful propenſity toward it, which is marvellouſly improved by travelling: ſoldiers alſo and ſeamen are very happy in the ſame figure. The *periphraſis* or *circumlocution* is the peculiar talent of country-farmers; the *proverb* and *apologue* of old men at their clubs; the *ellipſis* or ſpeech by half-words, of miniſters and politicians; the *apoſiopeſis*, of courtiers; the *litotes*, or diminution, of ladies, whiſperers, and back-biters; and the *anadiploſis*, of common criers and hawkers, who, by redoubling the ſame words, perſuade people to buy their oyſters, green haſtings, or new ballads. *Epithets* may be found in great plenty at Billingſgate, *ſarcaſm* and *irony* learned upon the water, and the *epiphonema* or *exclamation*, frequently from

from the bear-garden, and as frequently from the *Hear him* of the Houſe of Commons

Now each man applying his whole time and genius upon his particular figure, would doubtleſs attain to perfection; and when each became incorporated and ſworn into the ſociety, (as hath been propoſed), a poet or orator would have no more to do but to ſend to the particular traders in each kind, to the *metaphoriſt* for his *allegories*, to the *ſimile-maker* for his *compariſons*, to the *ironiſt* for his *ſarcaſms*, to the *apothegmatiſt* for his *ſentences*, &c. whereby a dedication or ſpeech would be compoſed in a moment, the ſuperior artiſt having nothing to do but to put together all the materials.

I therefore propoſe that there be contrived with all convenient diſpatch, at the public expence, a *rhetorical cheſt of drawers*, conſiſting of three ſtories, the higheſt for the *deliberative*, the middle for the *demonſtrative*, and the loweſt for the *judicial*. Theſe ſhall be divided into *loci*, or *places*, being repoſitories for matter and argument in the ſeveral kinds of oration or writing; and every drawer ſhall again be ſubdivided into cells, reſembling thoſe of cabinets for rarities. The apartment for *peace* or *war*, and that of the *liberty of the preſs*, may in a very few days be filled with ſeveral arguments perfectly new; and the *vituperative partition* will as eaſily be repleniſhed with a moſt choice collection, entirely of the growth and manufacture of the preſent age. Every compoſer will ſoon be taught the uſe of this cabinet, and how to manage all the regiſters of it, which will be drawn out much in the manner of thoſe in an organ.

The keys of it muſt be kept in honeſt hands, by ſome *reverend prelate*, or *valiant officer*, of unqueſtionable loyalty and affection to every preſent eſtabliſhment in church and ſtate; which will ſufficiently guard againſt any miſchief which might otherwiſe be apprehended from it.

And being lodged in ſuch hands, it may be at diſcretion

cretion *let out* by the *day*, to ſeveral great orators in both Houſes; from whence it is to be hoped much *profit* and *gain* will alſo accrue to our ſociety.

CHAP. XIV.

How to make dedications, panegyrics, or ſatires, and of the colours of honourable and diſhonourable.

NOW of what neceſſity the foregoing project may prove, will appear from this ſingle conſideration, that nothing is of equal conſequence to the ſucceſs of our works, as *ſpeed* and *diſpatch*. Great pity it is, that ſolid brains are not like other ſolid bodies, conſtantly endowed with a velocity in ſinking, proportioned to their heavineſs: for it is with the flowers of the Bathos as with thoſe of nature, which, if the careful gardener brings not haſtily to market in the morning, muſt unprofitably periſh and wither before night. And of all our productions none is ſo ſhort-lived as the *dedication* and *panegyric*, which are often but the *praiſe of a day*, and become by the next utterly uſeleſs, improper, indecent, and falſe. This is the more to be lamented, inaſmuch as theſe two are the ſorts whereon in a manner depends that *profit*, which muſt ſtill be remembered to be the main end of our *writers* and *ſpeakers*.

We ſhall therefore employ this chapter in ſhewing the quickeſt method of compoſing them; after which we will teach a *ſhort way to Epic Poetry*. And theſe being confeſſedly the works of moſt importance and difficulty, it is preſumed we may leave the reſt to each author's own learning or practice.

Firſt of *Panegyric*. Every man is *honourable*, who is ſo by law, cuſtom, or title. The *public* are better judges of what is honourable than private men. The virtues of great men, like thoſe of plants, are inherent in them whether they are exerted or not; and the more ſtrongly inherent, the leſs they are exerted; as a man

man is the more rich the leſs he ſpends. All great miniſters, without either private or economical virtue, are *virtuous* by their *poſts*; liberal and generous upon the *public money*, provident upon *public ſupplies*, juſt by paying *public intereſt*, courageous and magnanimous by the *fleets* and *armies*, magnificent upon the *public expences*, and prudent by *public ſucceſs*. They have, by their office, a right to a ſhare of the *public ſtock* of virtues; beſides, they are by *preſcription immemorial* inveſted in all the celebrated virtues of their *predeceſſors*, in the ſame ſtations, eſpecially thoſe of their own anceſtors.

As to what are commonly called the *colours* of *honourable* and *diſhonourable*, they are various in different countries: in this they are *blue*, *green*, and *red*.

But foraſmuch as the duty we owe to the public doth often require that we ſhould put ſome things in a ſtrong light, and throw a ſhade over others, I ſhall explain the method of turning a vicious man into a hero.

The firſt and chief rule is the *golden rule of tranſformation*, which conſiſts in converting vices into their bordering virtues. A man who is a ſpendthrift, and will not pay a juſt debt, may have his injuſtice *tranſformed* into liberality; cowardice may be metamorphoſed into prudence; intemperance into good nature and good fellowſhip; corruption into patriotiſm; and lewdneſs into tenderneſs and facility.

The ſecond is the *rule of contraries*. It is certain, the leſs a man is endowed with any virtue, the more need he has to have it plentifully beſtowed, eſpecially thoſe good qualities of which the world generally believes he hath none at all: for who will thank a man for giving him that which he *has*?

The reverſe of theſe precepts will ſerve for *ſatire*, wherein we are ever to remark, that whoſo loſeth his place, or becomes out of favour with the government, hath forfeited his ſhare in *public praiſe* and *honour*. Therefore the truly public-ſpirited writer ought in duty to ſtrip him whom the government hath ſtripped; which

which is the real *poetical juſtice* of this age. For a full collection of topics and epithets to be uſed in the praiſe and diſpraiſe of miniſterial and unminiſterial perſons, I refer to our *rhetorical cabinet*; concluding with an earneſt exhortation to all my brethren, to preſerve the precepts here laid down, the neglect of which hath coſt ſome of them their *ears* in a *pillory*.

CHAP. XV.

A Receipt to make an Epic Poem.

AN Epic Poem, the critics agree, is the greateſt work human nature is capable of. They have already laid down many mechanical rules for compoſitions of this ſort, but at the ſame time they cut off almoſt all undertakers from the poſſibility of ever performing them; for the firſt qualification they unanimouſly require in a poet, is a *genius*. I ſhall here endeavour (for the benefit of my countrymen) to make it manifeſt, that epic poems may be made *without a genius*, nay, without learning, or much reading. This muſt neceſſarily be of great uſe to all thoſe who confeſs they never *read*, and of whom the world is convinced they never *learn*. Moliere obſerves of making a dinner, that any man can do it with *money*, and if a profeſſed cook cannot do it without, he has his art for nothing; the ſame may be ſaid of making a poem; it is eaſily brought about by him that has a *genius*, but the ſkill lies in doing it without one. In purſuance of this end, I ſhall preſent the reader with a plain and certain *receipt*, by which any author in the Bathos may be qualified for this grand performance.

For the FABLE.

Take out of any old poem, hiſtory-book, romance, or legend, (for inſtance, *Geoffry of Monmouth*, or *Don Bellianis of Greece*), thoſe parts of the ſtory which afford moſt ſcope for *long deſcriptions*: put theſe pieces together,

together and throw all the adventures you fancy into *one tale*. Then take a hero, whom you may chuſe for the ſound of his name, and put him into the midſt of theſe adventures. There let him *work* for twelve books; at the end of which you may take him out, ready prepared to *conquer* or to *marry*; it being neceſſary that the concluſion of an epic poem be *fortunate*.

To make an EPISODE.

Take any remaining adventure of your former collection, in which you could no way involve your hero; or any unfortunate accident that was too good to be thrown away; and it will be of uſe, applied to any other perſon, who may be loſt and *evaporate* in the courſe of the work, without the leaſt damage to the compoſition.

For the MORAL and ALLEGORY.

Theſe you may extract out of the fable afterwards, at your leiſure: be ſure you *ſtrain* them ſufficiently.

For the MANNERS.

For thoſe of the hero, take all the beſt qualities you can find in the moſt celebrated heroes of antiquity; if they will not be reduced to a *conſiſtency*, lay them *all on a heap* upon him. But be ſure they are qualities which your *patron* would be thought to have; and to prevent any miſtake which the world may be ſubject to, ſelect from the alphabet thoſe capital letters that compoſe his name, and ſet them at the lead of a dedication before your poem. However, do not abſolutely obſerve the exact quantity of theſe virtues, it not being determined whether or no it be neceſſary for the hero of a poem to be an *honeſt man*. For the *under-characters*, gather them from Homer and Virgil, and change the names as occaſion ſerves.

For the MACHINES.

Take of *deities*, male and female, as many as you can uſe: ſeparate them into two equal parts, and keep

Jupiter in the middle; let Juno put him in a ferment, and Venus mollify him. Remember on all occaſions to make uſe of volatile Mercury. If you have need of *devils*, draw them out of Milton's Paradiſe, and extract your *ſpirits* from Taſſo. The uſe of theſe machines is evident; ſince no epic poem can poſſibly ſubſiſt without them, the wiſeſt way is to reſerve them for your greateſt neceſſities. When you cannot extricate your hero by any human means, or yourſelf by your own wit, ſeek relief from Heaven, and the gods will do your buſineſs very readily. This is according to the direct preſcription of Horace in his art of poetry:

> *Nec Deus interſit, niſi dignus vindice* nodus
> *Inciderit.*——

That is to ſay, *A poet ſhould never call upon the gods for their aſſiſtance, but when he is in great perplexity.*

For the Descriptions.

For a *Tempeſt.* Take Eurus, Zephyr, Auſter, and Boreas, and caſt them together into one verſe: add to theſe of rain, lightning, and thunder (the loudeſt you can) *quantum ſufficit*: mix your clouds and billows well together till they foam, and thicken your deſcription here and there with a quickſand. Brew your tempeſt well in your head, before you ſet it a-blowing.

For a *Battle.* Pick a large quantity of images and deſcriptions from Homer's Iliad, with a ſpice or two of Virgil, and if there remain any overplus, you may lay them by for a *Skirmiſh.* Seaſon it well with *Similes*, and it will make an excellent battle.

For a *burning town.* If ſuch a deſcription be neceſſary, (becauſe it is certain there is one in Virgil), old Troy is ready burnt to your hands. But if you fear that would be thought borrowed, a chapter or two of the theory of the *conflagration*, well circumſtanced and done into verſe, will be a good *ſuccedaneum.*

As

As for *ſimiles* and *metaphors*, they may be found all over the creation: the moſt ignorant may *gather* them, but the difficulty is in applying them. For this adviſe with your *bookſeller*.

CHAP. XVI.

A project for the Advancement of the Stage.

IT may be thought that we ſhould not wholly omit the *drama*, which makes ſo great and ſo lucrative a part of poetry. But this province is ſo well taken care of by the preſent managers of the theatre, that it is perfectly needleſs to ſuggeſt to them any other methods than they have already practiſed for the advancement of the Bathos.

Here therefore, in the name of all our brethren, let me return our moſt ſincere and humble thanks to the Moſt Auguſt Mr. Barton Booth, the Moſt Serene Mr. Robert Wilks, and the Moſt Undaunted Mr. Colley Cibber; of whom let it be known, *when the people of this age ſhall be anceſtors*, and to all the *ſucceſſion of our ſucceſſors*, that to this preſent day they continue to *out-do* even their *own out-doings*: and when the inevitable hand of ſweeping Time ſhall have bruſhed off all the works of *to-day*, may this teſtimony of a *cotemporary critic* to their fame, be extended as far as *to-morrow*.

Yet, if to ſo wiſe an adminiſtration it be poſſible any thing can be added, it is that more ample and comprehenſive ſcheme which Mr. Dennis and Mr. Gildon (the two greateſt critics and reformers then living) made public in the year 1720, in a project ſigned with their names, and dated the 2d of February. I cannot better conclude than by preſenting the reader with the ſubſtance of it.

1. It is propoſed, That the two *theatres* be incorporated into one company; that the *royal academy of muſic* be added to them as an *orcheſtra*; and that Mr. Figg

with his prize-fighters, and Violante with the rope-dancers, be admitted in partnerſhip.

2. That a ſpacious building be erected at the public expence, capable of containing at leaſt *ten thouſand* ſpectators, which is become abſolutely neceſſary by the great addition of children and nurſes to the audience ſince the new entertainments. That there be a ſtage as large as the Athenian, which was near ninety thouſand geometrical paces ſquare, and ſeparate diviſions for the two Houſes of Parliament, my lords the judges, the honourable the directors of the academy, and the court of aldermen, who ſhall all have their places frank.

3. If Weſtminſter-hall be not allotted to this ſervice, (which, by reaſon of its proximity to the two chambers of Parliament above-mentioned, ſeems not altogether improper); it is left to the wiſdom of the nation whether Somerſet-houſe may not be demoliſhed, and a theatre built upon that ſide, which lies convenient to receive ſpectators from the county of Surrey, who may be wafted thither by water-carriage, eſteemed by all projectors the cheapeſt whatſoever. To this may be added, that the river Thames may in the readieſt manner convey thoſe eminent perſonages from courts beyond the ſeas, who may be drawn either by curioſity to behold ſome of our moſt celebrated pieces, or by affection to ſee their countrymen, the harlequins and eunuchs; of which convenient notice may be given, for two or three months before, in the public prints.

4. That the *theatre* above ſaid be environed with a fair quadrangle of buildings, fitted for the accommodation of decayed *critics* and *poets*; out of whom *ſix* of the moſt aged (their age to be computed from the year wherein their firſt work was publiſhed) ſhall be elected to manage the affairs of the ſociety, provided, nevertheleſs, that the laureat for the time being may be always one. The head or preſident over all (to prevent diſputes, but too frequent among the learned) ſhall be the moſt ancient *poet* and *critic* to be found in the whole iſland.

5. The

5. The *male players* are to be lodged in the garrets of the ſaid quadrangle, and to attend the perſons of the poets dwelling under them, by bruſhing their apparel, drawing on their ſhoes, and the like. The *actreſſes* are to make their beds, and waſh their linen.

6. A large room ſhall be ſet apart for a *library*, to conſiſt of all the modern dramatic poems, and all the criticiſms extant. In the midſt of this room ſhall be a round table for the *council of ſix* to ſit and deliberate on the merits of *plays*. The *majority* ſhall determine the diſpute; and if it ſhould happen that *three* and *three* ſhould be of each ſide, the preſident ſhall have a *caſting voice*, unleſs where the contention may run ſo high as to require a deciſion by *ſingle combat*.

7. It may be convenient to place the *council of ſix* in ſome conſpicuous ſituation in the theatre, where, after the manner uſually practiſed by compoſers in muſic, they may give *ſigns* (before ſettled and agreed upon) of diſlike or approbation. In conſequence of theſe ſigns the whole audience ſhall be required to *clap* or *hiſs*, that the town may know certainly when and how far they ought to be pleaſed.

8. It is ſubmitted whether it would not be proper to diſtinguiſh the *council of ſix* by ſome particular habit or gown of an honourable ſhape and colour, to which may be added a ſquare cap and a white wand.

9. That to prevent unmarried actreſſes making away with their infants, a competent proviſion be allowed for the nurture of them, who ſhall for that reaſon be deemed the *children of the ſociety*; and that they may be educated according to the genius of their parents, the ſaid actreſſes ſhall declare upon oath (as far as their memory will allow) the true names and qualities of their ſeveral fathers. A private gentleman's ſon ſhall, at the public expence, be brought up a page to attend the *council of ſix*; a more ample proviſion ſhall be made for the ſon of a *poet*; and a greater ſtill for the ſon of a *critic*.

10. If it be discovered that any actress is got with child during the interludes of any play wherein she hath a part, it shall be reckoned a neglect of her business, and she shall *forfeit* accordingly. If any actor for the future shall commit murder, except upon the stage, he shall be left to the laws of the land; the like is to be understood of *robbery* and *theft*. In all other cases, particularly in those for *debt*, it is proposed, that this, like the other courts of Whitehall and St. James's, may be held a *place of privilege*. And whereas it has been found, that an obligation to satisfy paultry creditors has been a discouragement to men of letters, if any person of quality, or others, shall send for any *poet* or *critic* of this society to any remote quarter of the town, the said poet or critic shall freely pass and repass without being liable to an *arrest*.

11. The forementioned scheme, in its several regulations, may be supported by profits arising from every third night throughout the year. And as it would be hard to suppose that so many persons could live without any food, (though from the former course of their lives *a very little* will be deemed sufficient), the masters of calculation will, we believe, agree, that out of those profits, the said persons might be subsisted in a sober and decent manner. We will venture to affirm further, that not only the proper magazines of thunder and lightning, but *paint*, *diet-drinks*, *spitting-pots*, and all other *necessaries* of *life*, may, in like manner, fairly be provided for.

12. If some of the articles may at first view seem liable to objections, particularly those that give so vast a power to the *council of six*, (which is indeed larger than any intrusted to the great officers of state), this may be obviated, by swearing those *six* persons of his Majesty's privy-council, and obliging them to pass every thing of moment *previously* at that most honourable board.

VIR-

VIRGILIUS RESTAURATUS:

SEU

MARTINI SCRIBLERI ſummi critici, caſtigationum in Æneidem ſpecimen.

ÆNEIDEM totam, Amice Lector, innumerabilibus pœne mendis ſcaturientem, ad priſtinum ſenſum revocabimus. In ſingulis fere verſibus ſpuriæ occurrunt lectiones, in omnibus quos unquam vidi codicibus, aut vulgatis aut ineditis, ad opprobrium uſque criticorum, in hunc diem exiſtentes. Interea adverte oculos, et his paucis fruere. At ſiquæ ſint in hiſce caſtigationibus, de quibus non ſatis liquet, ſyllabarum quantitates, προλεγόμενα noſtra libro ipſi præfigenda, ut conſulas, moneo.

I. SPECIMEN LIBRI PRIMI.

I. VER. I.

ARMA Virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab *oris*
Italiam, *fato* profugus, *Lavinaque* venit
Littora. multum ille et terris *jactatus* et alto,
Vi ſuperûm——

Arma virumque cano, Trojæ que primus ab *aris*
Italiam, *flatu* profugus, *Latinaque* venit
Littora. multum ille et terris *vexatus* et alto,
Vi ſuperûm——

Ab *aris*, nempe Hercæi Jovis, vide lib. ii. ver. 512, 550.—*Flatu*, ventorum Æoli, ut ſequitur—*Latina* certe littora cum Æneas aderat, *Lavina* non niſi poſtea ab ipſo nominata, lib. xii. v. 193.—*Jactatus terris* non convenit.

II. VER.

II. Ver. 52.

Et quiſquis *numen* Junonis adoret?
Et quiſquis *nomen* Junonis adoret?

Longe melius, quam, ut antea, *numen*. et procul dubio ſic Virgilius.

III. Ver. 86.

Venti, velut *agmine facto*,
Qua data porta ruunt.
Venti, velut *aggere fracto*,
Qua data porta ruunt.

Sic corrige, meo periculo.

IV. Ver. 117.

Fidumque vehebat *Orontem*.
Fortemque vehebat *Orontem*.

Non *fidum*. quia epitheton *Achatæ* notiſſimum *Oronti* nunquam datur.

V. Ver. 119.

Excutitur, pronuſque *magiſter*
Volvitur in caput.
Excutitur, pronuſque *magis ter*
Volvitur in caput.

Aio Virgilium aliter non ſcripſiſſe, quod plane confirmatur ex ſequentibus—*Aſt illum* ter *fluctus ibidem torquet*.

VI. Ver. 122.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vaſto
Arma virûm.
Arma hominum: ridicule antea *Arma virûm*,

quæ, ex ferro conflata, quomodo poſſunt *natare*?

VII. Ver. 151.

Atque rotis *ſummas* leviter perlabitur *undas*.
Atque rotis *ſpumas* leviter perlabitur *udas*.

Summas,

Summas, et *leviter perlabi*, pleonaſmus eſt: mirifice altera lectio Neptuni agilitatem et celeritatem exprimit. ſimili modo noſter de Camilla, Æn. xi. *Illa vel intactæ ſegetis per ſumma volaret*, &c. hyperbolice.

VIII. Ver. 153.

Jamque *faces* et ſaxa volant, *furor arma miniſtrat.*
Jam *fæces* et ſaxa volant, *fugiuntque miniſtri:*

uti ſolent, inſtanti periculo—*Fæces facibus* longe præſtant; quid enim niſi fæces jactarent vulgus ſordidum?

IX. Ver. 170.

Fronte ſub adverſa *ſcopulis pendentibus* antrum,
Intus aquæ dulces, vivoque ſedilia ſaxo.

Fronte ſub adverſa *populis prandentibus* antrum.

Sic malim, longe potius quam *ſcopulis pendentibus*; Nugæ! nonne vides verſu ſequenti *dulces aquas* ad potandum et *ſedilia* ad diſcumbendum dari? In quorum uſum? quippe *prandentium.*

X. Ver. 188.

Tres littore *cervos*
Proſpicit errantes: hos *tota armenta* ſequuntur
A tergo——
Tres littore *corvos*
Aſpicit errantes: hos *agmina tota* ſequuntur
A tergo——

Cervi, lectio vulgata, abſurditas notiſſima: hæc animalia in *Africa* non inventa, quis neſcit? At *motus* et *ambulandi ritus* corvorum, quis non agnorit hoc loco? *Littore*, locus ubi errant corvi, uti noſter alibi,

Et ſola in ſicca ſecum ſpatiatur arena.

Omen præclariſſimum, immo et *agminibus militum* frequenter obſervatum, ut patet ex hiſtoricis.

XI. Ver. 748.

Arcturum, pluviaſque Hyades, *geminoſque Triones.*
Error graviſſimus. Corrigo,—*ſeptemque Triones.*

XII. Ver.

XII. Ver. 631.

Quare agite, ô juvenes, *tectis* ſuccedite noſtris.

Lectis potius dicebat Dido, polita magis oratione, et quæ unica voce et torum et menſam exprimebat. Hanc lectionem probe confirmat appellatio, *ô juvenes!* Duplicem hunc ſenſum alibi etiam Maro lepide innuit, Æn. iv. ver. 19.

Huic uni forſan potui ſuccumbere *culpæ*:
Anna! fatebor enim——

Sic corriges,

Huic uni [*viro* ſcil.] potui ſuccumbere; *culpas*,
Anna? fatebor enim, *&c.*

Vox *ſuccumbere* quam eleganter ambigua!

LIBER SECUNDUS.

Ver. 1.

CONTICUERE omnes, intentique ora tenebant;
Inde toro *Pater* Æneas ſic orſus ab alto.

Concubuere omnes, *intenteque* ora tenebant;
Inde toro *ſatur* Æneas ſic orſus ab alto.

Concubuere, quia toro Æneam vidimus accumbentem: quin et altera ratio, ſcil. *conticuere* et *ora tenebant*, tautologice dictum. In manuſcripto perquam rariſſimo in patris muſeo legitur, *ore gemebant;* ſed magis ingenioſe ſuam vere. *Satur* Æneas, quippe qui jamjam a prandio ſurrexit: *pater* nihil ad rem.

II. Ver. 3.

Infandum, Regina, jubes renovare dolorem.
Infantum, Regina, jubes renovare dolorem.

Sic haud dubito veterrimis codicibus ſcriptum fuiſſe: quod ſatis conſtat ex perantiqua illa Britannorum cantilena vocata *Chevy-Chace*, cujus autor hunc locum ſibi aſcivit in hæc verba,

The child may rue that is unborn.

III. Ver.

III. Ver. 4.

Trojanas ut *opes*, et lamentabile regnum
Eruerint Danaï.

Trojanus ut *oves*, et lamentabile regnum
Diruerint———

Mallem *oves* potius quam *opes*, quoniam in antiquiſſimis illis temporibus oves et armenta divitiæ regnum fuere. Vel fortaſſe *oves Paridis* innuit, quas ſuper Idam nuperrime paſcebat, et jam in vindictam pro Helenæ raptu, a Menelao, Ajace, [vid. Hor. Sat. ii. 3.] aliiſque ducibus, merito occiſas.

IV. Ver. 5.

Quæque ipſe *miſerrima vidi*,
Et quorum pars magna fui.

Quequæ ipſe *miſerrimus audi*,
Et quorum pars magna fui——

Omnia tam *audita* quam *viſa* recta diſtinctione enarrare hic Æneas profitetur; multa, quorum nox ea fatalis ſola conſcia fuit, vir probus et pius tanquam *viſa* referre non potuit.

V. Ver. 7.

Quis talia *fando*
Temperet *a* lacrymis?

Quis talia *flendo*
Temperet *in* lacrymis?——

Major enim doloris indicatio, abſque modo lacrymare, quam ſolummodo a lacrymis non temperare.

VI. Ver. 9.

Et jam nox *humida* cœlo
Præcipitat, ſuadentque *cadentia* ſidera ſomnos.

Et jam nox *humina* cœlo
Præcipitat, ſuadentque *latentia* ſidera ſomnos.

Lectio, *humida*, veſpertinum rorem ſolum innuere videtur. magis mi arridet *lumina*, quæ *latentia* poſtquam *præcipitantur*, Auroræ adventum annunciant.

Sed ſi tantus amor *caſus* cognoſcere *noſtros*,
Et *breviter* Trojæ *ſupremum* audire *laborem*.

Sed

Sed ſi tantus amor *curas* cognoſcere *noctis*,
Et *brevè ter* Trojæ *ſuperûmque* audire *labores*.

Cure noctis (ſcilicet noctis excidii Trojani) magis compendioſe (vel, ut dixit ipſe, *breviter*) totam belli cataſtrophen denotat, quam diffuſa illa et indeterminata lectio, *caſus noſtros*. *Ter* audire gratum fuiſſe Didoni patet ex libro quarto, ubi dicitur, *Iliacoſque* iterum *demens audire labores expoſcit: ter* enim pro *ſæpe* uſurpatur. *Trojæ, ſuperûmque labores*, recte, quia non tantum homines ſed et dii ſeſe his laboribus immiſcuerunt. Vide Æn. ii. ver. 610, *&c.*

Quamquam animus meminiſſe horret, *luctuque refugit*,
Incipiam.———

Quamquam animus meminiſſe horret, *luctuſque reſurgit*.

Reſurgit multo proprius dolorem *renaſcentem* notat, quam, ut hactenus, *refugit*.

VII. Ver. 13.

Fracti bello, fatiſque repulſi
Ductores Danaûm, tot jam labentibus annis,
Inſtar montis *equum*, divina Palladis arte,
Ædificant, *&c.*

Tracti bello, fatiſque repulſi.

Tracti et *repulſi*, antitheſis perpulchra! *Fracti* frigide et vulgariter.

Equum jam *Trojanum* (ut vulgus loquitur) adeamus; quem ſi *equam Græcam* vocabis, lector, minime pecces; ſolæ enim femellæ utero geſtant. Uterumque *armato milite complent*—Uteroque *recuſſo Inſonuere cavas*—*Atque* utero *ſonitum quater arma dedere*—*Incluſos* utero *Danaos*, &c. Vox *fœta* non convenit maribus,—*Scandit fatalis machina muros*, Fœta *armis*—Palladem virginem, equo mari fabricando invigilare decuiſſe, quis putet? Incredibile prorſus! quamobrem exiſtimo veram *equæ* lectionem paſſim reſtituendam, niſi ubi forte, metri cauſſa, *equum* potius quam *equam*, *genus* pro *ſexu*, dixit Maro. Vale! dum hæc paucula corriges, majus opus moveo.

A SPE-

A SPECIMEN OF SCRIBLERUS's REPORTS.

STRADLING *verſus* STILES.

Le report del caſe argue en le commen banke devant toutes les juſtices de meſme le banke, en le quart an du raygne de Roy Jacques, entre Matthew Stradling, plant. et Peter Stiles, def. en un action propter certos equos coloratos, *Anglicè*, *Pyed Horſes*, poſt. per le dit Matthew vers le dit Peter.

SIR John Swale, of Swale-hall, in Swale-dale, faſt by the river Swale, Kt. made his laſt will and teſtament: in which, among other bequeſts, was this, viz. *Out of the kind love and reſpect that I bear unto my much honoured and good friend Mr. Matthew Stradling, gent. I do bequeath unto the ſaid Matthew Stradling, gent. all my black and white horſes.* The teſtator had ſix black horſes, ſix white horſes, and ſix pyed horſes. Le recitel del caſe.

The debate therefore was, Whether or no the ſaid Matthew Stradling ſhould have the ſaid pyed horſes by virtue of the ſaid bequeſt. Le point.

Atkins apprentice pour le Pl. moy ſemble que le Pl. recovera. Pour le Pl.

And, firſt of all, it ſeemeth expedient to conſider, what is the *nature of horſes*, and alſo what is the *nature of colours*; and ſo the argument will conſequently divide itſelf in a twofold way, that is to ſay, the *formal*

part, and *ſubſtantial part*. *Horſes* are the *ſubſtantial part*, or thing bequeathed; *black and white* the *formal* or deſcriptive part.

Horſe, in a phyſical ſenſe, doth import a certain *quadruped, or four-footed animal, which by the apt and regular diſpoſition of certain proper and convenient parts, is adapted, fitted, and conſtituted for the uſe and need of man.* Yea, ſo neceſſary and conducive was this animal conceived to be to the behoof of the commonweal, that ſundry and divers acts of Parliament have, from time to time, been made *in favour of horſes*.

1ſt *Edw.* VI. makes the tranſporting of *horſes* out of the kingdom no leſs a penalty than the forfeiture of 40*l.*

2*d and* 3*d Edw.* VI. takes from *horſe-ſtealers* the benefit of their clergy.

And the ſtatutes of the 27*th and* 32*d of Henry* VIII. condeſcend ſo far as to take care of their very *breed*. Theſe our wiſe anceſtors prudently foreſeeing, that they could not better take care of their own poſterity, than by alſo taking care of that of their *horſes*.

And of ſo great eſteem are *horſes* in the eye of the common law, that when a *Knight of the Bath* committeth any great and enormous crime, his puniſhment is, to have his *ſpurs chopt off with a cleaver*, being, as Mr. Bracton well obſerveth, *unworthy to ride on a horſe*.

Littleton, ſect. 315. ſaith, If tenants in common make a leaſe, reſerving for rent a *horſe*, they ſhall have but one aſſize, becauſe, *ſaith the book*, the law will not ſuffer *a horſe to be ſevered*. Another argument of what high eſtimation the law maketh of an *horſe*.

But as the great difference ſeemeth not to be ſo much touching the ſubſtantial part, *horſes*, let us proceed to the formal or deſcriptive part, *viz.* What horſes they are that come within this bequeſt.

Colours are commonly *of various kinds and different ſorts*; of which *white* and *black* are the two extremes, and conſequently *comprehend within them all other colours whatſoever*.

By

By a bequeſt, therefore, of *black and white horſes, grey or pyed horſes may well paſs*; for when two extremes or remoteſt ends of any thing are deviſed, the law, by common intendment, will intend *whatſoever is contained between them to be deviſed too.*

But the preſent caſe is ſtill ſtronger, coming not only within the intendment, but alſo the very letter of the words.

By the word *black*, all the horſes that are *black are deviſed*; by the word *white*, are deviſed thoſe that are *white*; and by the ſame word, with the conjunction copulative *and* between them, *the horſes that are black and white*, that is to ſay, *pyed, are deviſed alſo.*

Whatever is *black and white* is *pyed*; and whatever is *pyed* is *black and white*; ergo, *black and white* is *pyed*, and, *vice verſa*, *pyed* is *black and white.*

If therefore *black and white horſes* are deviſed, *pyed horſes ſhall paſs by ſuch deviſe; but black and white horſes are deviſed*; ergo, *the Pl. ſhall have the pyed horſes.*

Catlyne Serjeant. Moy ſemble al'contrary, The Plaintiff *ſhall not have the pyed horſes by intendment*: for if by the deviſe of *black and white horſes*, not only black and white horſes, but horſes of any colour between theſe two extremes may paſs, *then not only pyed and grey horſes, but alſo red or bay horſes would paſs likewiſe, which would be abſurd, and againſt reaſon.* And this is another ſtrong argument in law, *Nihil, quod eſt contra rationem, eſt licitum*; for *reaſon is the liſe of the law*, nay, the *common law is nothing but reaſon*: which is to be underſtood of *artificial perfection and reaſon*, gotten by long ſtudy, and *not of man's natural reaſon*; for, *nemo naſcitur artifex*, and *legal reaſon, eſt ſumma ratio*; and therefore if all the reaſon that is diſperſed into ſo many different heads were united into one, he could not make ſuch a law as the law of England; becauſe by many ſucceſſions of ages it has been fixed and refixed by grave and learned men; ſo that the old rule may be verified in it, *Neminem oportet eſſe legibus ſapientiorem.* Pour le Defend.

As therefore *pyed horſes* do not come within the intendment of the bequeſt, ſo neither do they within the letter of the words.

A *pyed horſe* is not a *white horſe*, neither is a *pyed* a *black horſe*; how then can *pyed horſes* come under the words of *black and white horſes*?

Beſides, where cuſtom hath adapted a certain determinate name to any one thing, in all deviſes, feofments, and grants, *that certain name ſhall be made uſe of, and no uncertain circumlocutory deſcriptions ſhall be allowed*; for certainty is the father of right, and the mother of juſtice.

Le reſte del argument jeo ne pouvois oyer, car jeo fui diſturb en mon place.

Le court fuit longement en doubt' de c'eſt matter; et apres grand deliberation eu,

Judgment fuit donne pour le Pl. *niſi cauſa.*

Motion in arreſt of judgment, that the *pyed horſes were mares*; and thereupon an *inſpection was prayed.*

Et ſur ceo le court *adviſare vult.*

ME-

MEMOIRS OF P. P. CLERK of this PARISH.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The original of the following extraordinary treatiſe conſiſted of two large volumes in folio; which might juſtly be intitled, *The importance of a man to himſelf.* But, as it can be of very little to any body beſides, I have contented myſelf to give only this ſhort abſtract of it, as a taſte of the *true ſpirit of memoir-writers.*

IN the name of the Lord. *Amen.* I, P. P. by the grace of God, clerk of this pariſh, writeth this hiſtory.

Ever ſince I arrived at the age of diſcretion, I had a call to take upon me the function of a pariſh-clerk; and to that end it ſeemed unto me meet and profitable to aſſociate myſelf with the pariſh-clerks of this land; ſuch, I mean, as were right worthy in their calling, men of a clear and ſweet voice, and of becoming gravity.

Now it came to paſs, that I was born in the year of our Lord *Anno Domini* 1655, the year wherein our worthy benefactor, Eſquire Bret, did add one bell to the ring of this pariſh. So that it hath been wittily ſaid, "That one and the ſame day did give to this our "church two rare gifts, its great bell and its clerk."

Even when I was at ſchool, my miſtreſs did ever extol me above the reſt of the youth, in that I had a laudable voice. And it was furthermore obſerved, that I took a kindly affection unto that black letter in which our bibles are printed. Yea, often did I exerciſe my-

ſelf in ſinging godly ballads, ſuch as, *The lady and death, the children in the wood*, and *Chevy-chace*; and not like other children, in lewd and trivial ditties. Moreover, when I was a boy, I always adventured to lead the Pſalm next after Maſter William Harris, my predeceſſor, who (it muſt be confeſſed to the glory of God) was a moſt excellent pariſh-clerk in that his day.

Yet be it acknowledged, that at the age of ſixteen I became a company-keeper, being led into idle converſation by my extraordinary love to ringing; inſomuch, that in a ſhort time I was acquainted with every ſet of bells in the whole country: neither could I be prevailed upon to abſent myſelf from wakes, being called thereunto by the harmony of the ſteeple. While I was in theſe ſocieties, I gave myſelf up to unſpiritual paſtimes, ſuch as wreſtling, dancing, and cudgel-playing; ſo that I often returned to my father's houſe with a broken pate. I had my head broken at Milton by Thomas Wyat, as we played a bout or two for an hat, that was edged with ſilver galloon. But in the year following I broke the head of Henry Stubbs, and obtained an hat not inferior to the former. At Yelverton I encountered George Cummins, weaver, and behold my head was broken a ſecond time! At the wake of Waybrook, I engaged William Simkins, tanner; when, lo! thus was my head broken a third time, and much blood trickled therefrom. But I adminiſtered to my comfort, ſaying within myſelf, "What man is "there, howſoever dextrous in any craft, who is for "aye on his guard?" A week after I had a baſe-born child laid unto me; for in the days of my youth I was looked upon as a follower of venereal fantaſies: thus was I led into ſin by the comelineſs of Suſannah Smith, who firſt tempted me, and then put me to ſhame; for indeed ſhe was a maiden of a ſeducing eye, and pleaſant feature. I humbled myſelf before the juſtice, I acknowledged my crime to our curate; and to do away mine offences, and make her ſome atonement, was joined to her in holy wedlock on the ſabbath-day following.

How

How often do theſe things which ſeem unto us misfortunes redound to our advantage! For the miniſter (who had long looked on Suſannah as the moſt lovely of his pariſhioners) liked ſo well of my demeanour, that he recommended me to the honour of being his clerk, which was then become vacant by the deceaſe of good Maſter William Harris.

Here ends the firſt chapter; after which follow fifty or ſixty pages of his amours in general, and that particular one with Suſannah his preſent wife; but I proceed to chapter the ninth.

No ſooner was I elected into mine office, but I laid aſide the powdered gallantries of my youth, and became a new man. I conſidered myſelf as in ſome wiſe of eccleſiaſtical dignity, ſince by wearing a band, which is no ſmall part of the ornament of our clergy, I might not unworthily be deemed, as it were, a ſhred of the linen veſtment of Aaron.

Thou may'ſt conceive, O reader, with what concern I perceived the eyes of the congregation fixed upon me, when I firſt took my place at the feet of the prieſt. When I raiſed the Pſalm, how did my voice quaver for fear! and when I arrayed the ſhoulders of the miniſter with the ſurplice, how did my joints tremble under me! I ſaid within myſelf, "Remember, Paul, thou ſtandeſt "before men of high worſhip, the wiſe Mr. Juſtice "Freeman, the grave Mr. Juſtice Tonſon, the good "Lady Jones, and the two virtuous gentlewomen her "daughters, nay, the great Sir Thomas Truby, knight "and baronet, and my young maſter the Eſquire, who "ſhall one day be lord of this manor:" Notwithſtanding which, it was my good hap to acquit myſelf to the good liking of the whole congregation; but the Lord forbid I ſhould glory therein.

The next chapter contains an account how he diſcharged the ſeveral duties of his office; in particular he inſiſts on the following:

I was determined to reform the manifold corruptions and abuſes which had crept into the church.

Firſt,

Firſt, I was eſpecially ſevere in whipping forth dogs from the temple, all excepting the lap-dog of the good widow Howard, a ſober dog, which yelped not, nor was there offence in his mouth.

Secondly, I did even proceed to moroſeneſs, though ſore againſt my heart, unto poor babes, in tearing from them the half-eaten apples which they privily munched at church. But verily it pitied me, for I remembered the days of my youth.

Thirdly, With the ſweat of my own hands I did make plain and ſmooth the dogs-ears throughout our great Bible.

Fourthly, The pews and benches which were formerly ſwept but once in three years, I cauſed every Saturday to be ſwept with a beſom, and trimmed.

Fifthly, and laſtly, I cauſed the ſurplice to be neatly darned, waſhed, and laid in freſh lavender; (yea, and ſometimes to be ſprinkled with roſe-water); and I had great laud and praiſe from all the neighbouring clergy, foraſmuch as no pariſh kept the miniſter in cleaner linen.

Notwithſtanding theſe his public cares, in the eleventh chapter he informs us he did not neglect his uſual occupations as a handy-craftſman.

Shoes, ſaith he, did I make (and, if intreated, mend), with good approbation. Faces alſo did I ſhave, and I clipped the hair. Chirurgery alſo I practiſed in the worming of dogs; but to bleed adventured I not, except the poor. Upon this my twofold profeſſion, there paſſed among men a merry tale, delectable enough to be rehearſed: how that, being overtaken with liquor on Saturday evening, I ſhaved the prieſt with Spaniſh blacking for ſhoes, inſtead of a waſh-ball, and with lamp-black powdered his perriwig. But theſe were ſayings of men, delighting in their own conceits more than in the truth. For it is well known, that great was my care and ſkill in theſe my crafts; yea, I once had the honour of trimming Sir Thomas himſelf, without fetching blood. Furthermore, I was ſought unto to geld the

Lady

Lady Frances her ſpaniel, which was wont to go aſtray: he was called *Toby*, that is to ſay, *Tobias*. And, 3dly, I was intruſted with a gorgeous pair of ſhoes of the ſaid lady, to ſet an heel-piece thereon; and I received ſuch praiſe therefore, that it was ſaid all over the pariſh, I ſhould be recommended unto the King to mend ſhoes for his Majeſty: whom God preſerve! Amen.

The reſt of this chapter I purpoſely omit, for it muſt be owned that when he ſpeaks as a ſhoemaker he is very abſurd. He talks of Moſes's pulling off his ſhoes, *of tanning the* hides *of the bulls of Baſhan, of Simon the* tanner, *&c. and takes up four or five pages to prove, that when the apoſtles were inſtructed to travel* without ſhoes, *the precept did not extend to their ſucceſſors.*

The next chapter relates how he diſcovered a thief with a Bible and a key, and experimented verſes of the Pſalms that had cured agues.

I paſs over many others, which inform us of pariſh-affairs only, ſuch as of the ſucceſſion of curates; *a liſt of the* weekly texts; *what* Pſalms *he choſe on proper occaſions; and what children were* born *and* buried: *the laſt of which articles he concludes thus:*

That the ſhame of women may not endure, I ſpeak not of baſtards: neither will I name the mothers, although thereby I might delight many grave women of the pariſh: even her who hath done penance in the ſheet will I not mention, foraſmuch as the church hath been witneſs of her diſgrace: let the father, who hath made due compoſition with the church-wardens to conceal his infirmity, reſt in peace; my pen ſhall not bewray him, for I alſo have ſinned.

The next chapter contains what he calls a great revolution in the church, part of which I tranſcribe.

Now was the long expected time arrived, when the Pſalms of King David ſhould be hymned into the ſame tunes to which he played them upon his harp; (ſo was I informed by my ſinging-maſter, a man right cunning

in

in pſalmody). Now was our over abundant quaver and trilling done away, and in lieu thereof was inſtituted the *ſol-fa*, in ſuch guiſe as is ſung in his Majeſty's chapel. We had London ſinging-maſters ſent into every pariſh, like unto exciſe-men; and I alſo was ordained to adjoin myſelf unto them, though an unworthy diſciple, in order to inſtruct my fellow pariſhioners in this new manner of worſhip. What though they accuſed me of humming through the noſtril, as a ſackbut? yet would I not forego that harmony, it being agreed by the worthy pariſh clerks of London ſtill to preſerve the ſame. I tutored the young men and maidens to tune their voices as it were a pſaltery, and the church on a Sunday was filled with theſe new Hallelujahs.

Then follow full ſeventy chapters, containing an exact detail of the law-ſuits *of the parſon and his pariſhioners concerning tithes, and near an hundred pages left blank, with an earneſt deſire that the* hiſtory might be completed by any of his ſucceſſors, in whoſe time theſe ſuits ſhould be ended.

The next chapter contains an account of the briefs read in the church, and the ſums collected upon each. For the reparation of nine churches, collected at nine ſeveral times, 2*s.* and 7¼*d.*; for fifty families ruined by fire, 1*s.* ¼*d.*; for an inundation, a King Charles's groat, given by Lady Frances, *&c.*

In the next he laments the diſuſe of wedding-ſermons, and celebrates the benefits ariſing from thoſe at funerals, concluding with theſe words: Ah! let not the relations of the deceaſed grudge the ſmall expence of an hat-band, a pair of gloves, and ten ſhillings, for the ſatisfaction they are ſure to receive from a pious divine, that their father, brother, or boſom wife, are certainly in heaven.

In another, he draws a panegyric on one Mrs. Margaret Wilkins; but, after great encomiums, concludes, that, notwithſtanding all, ſhe was an unprofitable veſſel, being a barren woman, and never once having furniſhed God's church with a chriſtening.

We

We find in another chapter, how he was much ſtaggered in his belief, and diſturbed in his conſcience, by an Oxford ſcholar, who had proved to him by logic, that animals might have rational, nay, immortal ſouls; *but how he was again comforted with the reflection,* that, if ſo, they might be allowed Chriſtian burial, and greatly augment the fees of the pariſh.

In the two following chapters he is overpowered with vanity. We are told how he was conſtantly admitted to all the feaſts and banquets of the church officers. and the ſpeeches he there made for the good of the pariſh. How he gave hints to young clergymen to preach; but above all, how he gave a text for the 30th of January, which occaſioned a moſt excellent ſermon, the merits of which he takes entirely to himſelf. He gives an account of a conference he had with the vicar concerning the uſe of texts. Let a preacher (ſaith he) conſider the aſſembly before whom he preacheth, and unto them adapt his text. Micah the iiid. and 11th affordeth good matter for courtiers and court-ſerving men. *The heads of the land judge for reward; and the people thereof judge for hire; and the prophets thereof divine for money; yet will they lean upon the Lord, and ſay, Is not the Lord among us?* Were the firſt miniſter to appoint a preacher before the Houſe of Commons, would not he be wiſe to make choice of theſe words, *Give, and it ſhall be given unto ye.* Or before the Lords, *Giving no offence, that the miniſtry be not blamed,* 2 Cor. vi. 3. Or praiſing the warm zeal of an adminiſtration, *Who maketh his miniſters a flaming fire,* Pſal. civ. 4. We omit many other of his texts, as too tedious.

From this period the ſtyle of the book riſes extremely. Before the next chapter was paſted the effigies of Dr. Sacheverel, and I found the oppoſite page all on a foam with politics.

We are now (ſays he) arrived at that celebrated year, in which the church of England was tried in the perſon of Dr. Sacheverel. I had ever the intereſt of our high church at heart, neither would I at any ſea-

ſon

ſon mingle myſelf in the ſociety of Fanatics, whom I, from my infancy, abhorred, more than the heathen or gentile. It was in theſe days I bethought myſelf that much profit might accrue unto our pariſh, and even unto the nation, could there be aſſembled together a number of choſen men of the right ſpirit, who might argue, refine and define, upon high and great matters. Unto this purpoſe, I did inſtitute a weekly aſſembly of divers worthy men, at the Roſe and Crown alehouſe, over whom myſelf (though unworthy) did preſide. Yea, I did read unto them the Poſtboy of Mr. Roper, and the written letter of Mr. Dyer, upon which we communed afterwards among ourſelves. Our ſociety was compoſed of the following perſons: Robert Jenkins, farrier; Amos Turner, collar-maker; George Pilcocks, late exciſeman; Thomas White, wheelwright; and myſelf. Firſt, of the firſt, Robert Jenkins.

He was a man of bright parts and ſhrewd conceit, for he never ſhoed a horſe of a Whig, or of a Fanatic, but he lamed him ſorely.

Amos Turner, a worthy perſon, rightly eſteemed among us for his ſufferings, in that he had been honoured in the ſtocks for wearing an oaken bough.

George Pilcocks, a ſufferer alſo; of zealous and laudable freedom of ſpeech, inſomuch that his occupation had been taken from him.

Thomas White, of good repute likewiſe, for that his uncle, by the mother's ſide, had formerly been ſervitor at Maudlin-college, where the glorious Sacheverel was educated.

Now were the eyes of all the pariſh upon theſe our weekly councils. In a ſhort ſpace, the miniſter came among us; he ſpake concerning us and our councils to a multitude of other miniſters at the viſitation, and they ſpake thereof unto the miniſters at London, ſo that even the biſhops heard and marvelled thereat. Moreover, Sir Thomas, member of Parliament, ſpake of the ſame to other members of Parliament; who ſpake thereof unto the Peers of the realm. Lo! thus

did

did our counſels enter into the hearts of our generals and our lawgivers, and from henceforth, even as we deviſed, thus did they.

After this, the whole book is turned on a ſudden, from his own life, to a hiſtory of all the public tranſactions of Europe, compiled from the news-papers of thoſe times. I could not comprehend the meaning of this, till I perceived at laſt (to my no ſmall aſtoniſhment) that all the meaſures of the four laſt years of the Queen, together with the peace at Utrecht, which have been uſually attributed to the E— of O——, D. of O—, Lords H—— and B——, and other great men, do here moſt plainly appear to have been wholly owing to Robert Jenkins, Amos Turner, George Pilcocks, Thomas White, but above all, to P. P.

The reader may be ſure I was very inquiſitive after this extraordinary writer, whoſe work I have here abſtracted. I took a journey into the country on purpoſe, but could not find the leaſt trace of him; till by accident I met an old clergyman, who ſaid he could not be poſitive, but thought it might be one Paul Philips, who had been dead about twelve years. And, upon inquiry, all he could learn of that perſon from the neighbourhood was, that he had been taken notice of for ſwallowing loaches, *and remembered by ſome people by a* black and white cur with one ear, *that conſtantly followed him.*

In the church-yard, I read his epitaph, ſaid to be written by himſelf:

O reader, if that thou canſt read,
Look down upon this ſtone;
Do all we can, Death is a man,
That never ſpareth none.

OF THE

POET LAUREATE.

NOVEMBER 19, 1729.

THE time of the election of a poet laureate being now at hand, it may be proper to give some account of the *rites* and *ceremonies* anciently used at that solemnity, and only discontinued through the neglect and degeneracy of later times. These we have extracted from an historian of undoubted credit, a reverend bishop, the learned Paulus Jovius; and are the same that were practised under the pontificate of Leo X. the great restorer of learning.

As we now see an *age* and a *court*, that, for the encouragement of poetry, rivals, if not exceeds, that of this famous Pope, we cannot but wish a restoration of all its *honours* to *poesy*; the rather, since there are so many parallel circumstances in the *person* who was then honoured with the laurel, and in *him* who (in all probability) is now to wear it.

I shall translate my author exactly as I find it in the 82d chapter of his *Elogia Vir. Doct.* He begins with the character of the poet himself, who was the original and father of all laureates, and called *Camillo*. He was a plain countryman of Apulia, (whether a *shepherd* or *thresher*, is not material). "This man," (says Jovius), "excited by the fame of the great encouragement gi-"ven to poets at court, and the high honour in which "they were held; came to the city, bringing with him "a strange kind of lyre in his hand, and at least some "*twenty thousand of verses*. All the wits and critics of "the court flocked about him, delighted to see a *clown*, "with a ruddy, hale complexion, and in his own long "hair, so top-full of poetry; and at the first sight of "him all agreed he was born to be *poet laureate**. He

* Apulus præpingui vultu alacer, et prolixe comatus, omnino dignus festa laurea videretur.

" had a moſt hearty welcome in an *iſland* of the river " Tiber, (an agreeable place not unlike our Richmond), " where he was firſt made to *eat* and *drink plentifully*, " and *to repeat his verſes to every body*. Then they " adorned him with a new and elegant garland, com- " poſed of *vine-leaves*, *laurel*, and *braſſica*, (a ſort of " cabbage), ſo compoſed, ſays my author, emblema- " tically, *Ut tam falſe quam lepide ejus temulentia, braſ- " ſicæ remedio cohibenda, notaretur*. He was then ſalut- " ed by common conſent with the title of *Archipoeta*, or " *Archpoet*, in the ſtyle of thoſe days, in ours, *Poet* " *Laureate*. This honour the poor man received with " the moſt ſenſible demonſtrations of joy, his eyes " drunk with tears and gladneſs *. Next, the public " acclamation was expreſſed in a *canticle*, which is " tranſmitted to us, as follows:

Salve, braſſicea virens corona,
Et lauro, archipoeta, pampinoque!
Dignus principis auribus Leonis.

All hail, archpoet, without peer!
Vine, bay, or cabbage, fit to wear,
And worthy of the prince's ear.

" From hence he was conducted in pomp to the *Capi-* " *tol* of Rome, mounted on an *elephant*, through the " ſhouts of the populace, where the ceremony ended."

The hiſtorian tells us further. " That, at his intro- " duction to Leo, he not only poured forth verſes in- " numerable, like a torrent, but alſo *ſung* them with " *open mouth*. Nor was he only *once* introduced, or on " *ſtated* days, (like our laureates), but made a *compa-* " *nion* to his *maſter*, and entertained as one of the in- " ſtruments of his *moſt elegant pleaſures*. When the " prince was at table, the poet had his place at the " window. When the prince had half eaten his meat †, " he gave with his own hands the reſt to the poet. " When the poet drank, it was out of the prince's own " flaggon, inſomuch" (ſays the hiſtorian) " that,

* Menantibus præ gaudio oculis. † Semeſis opſoniis.

" through

" through ſo great good eating and drinking, he con-
" tracted a moſt terrible gout." Sorry I am to relate what follows, but that I cannot leave my reader's curioſity unſatisfied in the cataſtrophe of this extraordinary man. To uſe my author's words, which are remarkable, *Mortuo Leone, profligatiſque poetis*, &c. " When Leo died, and poets were no more;" (for I would not underſtand *profligatis* literally, as if poets then were *profligate;*) this unhappy laureate was forthwith reduced to return to his country, where, oppreſſed with *old age* and *want*, he miſerably periſhed in a *common hoſpital*.

We ſee from this ſad concluſion, (which may be of example to the poets of our time), that it were happier to meet with no encouragement at all, to remain at the plough, or other lawful occupation, than to be elevated above their condition, and taken out of the common means of life, without a ſurer ſupport than the *temporary*, or, at beſt, *mortal* favours of the great. It was doubtleſs for this conſideration, that when the royal bounty was lately extended to a *rural genius*, care was taken to *ſettle it upon him for life*. And it hath been the practice of our princes, never to remove from the ſtation of poet laureate any man who hath once been choſen, though ever ſo much greater geniuſes might ariſe in his time. A noble inſtance, how much the *charity* of our monarchs hath exceeded their *love of fame*.

To come now to the intent of this paper: We have here the whole ancient *ceremonial* of the laureate. In the firſt place, the crown is to be mixed with *vine-leaves*, as the vine is the plant of Bacchus; and full as eſſential to the honour, as the *butt of ſack* to the ſalary.

Secondly, The *braſſica* muſt be made uſe of as a qualifier of the former. It ſeems the *cabbage* was anciently accounted a remedy for *drunkenneſs:* a power the French now aſcribe to the onion, and ſtyle a ſoup made of it *Soupe d'Yvrogne*. I would recommend a large mixture of the *braſſica*, if Mr. Dennis be choſen;

but if Mr. Tibbald, it is not ſo neceſſary, unleſs the cabbage be ſuppoſed to ſignify the ſame thing with reſpect to *poets* as to *tailors*, viz. *ſtealing*. I ſhould judge it not amiſs to add another plant of this garland, to wit, *ivy*; not only as it anciently belonged to poets in general, but as it is emblematical of the three virtues of a court-poet in particular; it is *creeping*, *dirty*, and *dangling*.

In the next place, a *canticle* muſt be compoſed and ſung in laud and praiſe of the new poet. If Mr. CIBBER be laureated, it is my opinion no man can write this but himſelf; and no man, I am ſure, can *ſing* it ſo affectingly. But what this canticle ſhould be, either in this or the other candidate's caſe, I ſhall not pretend to determine.

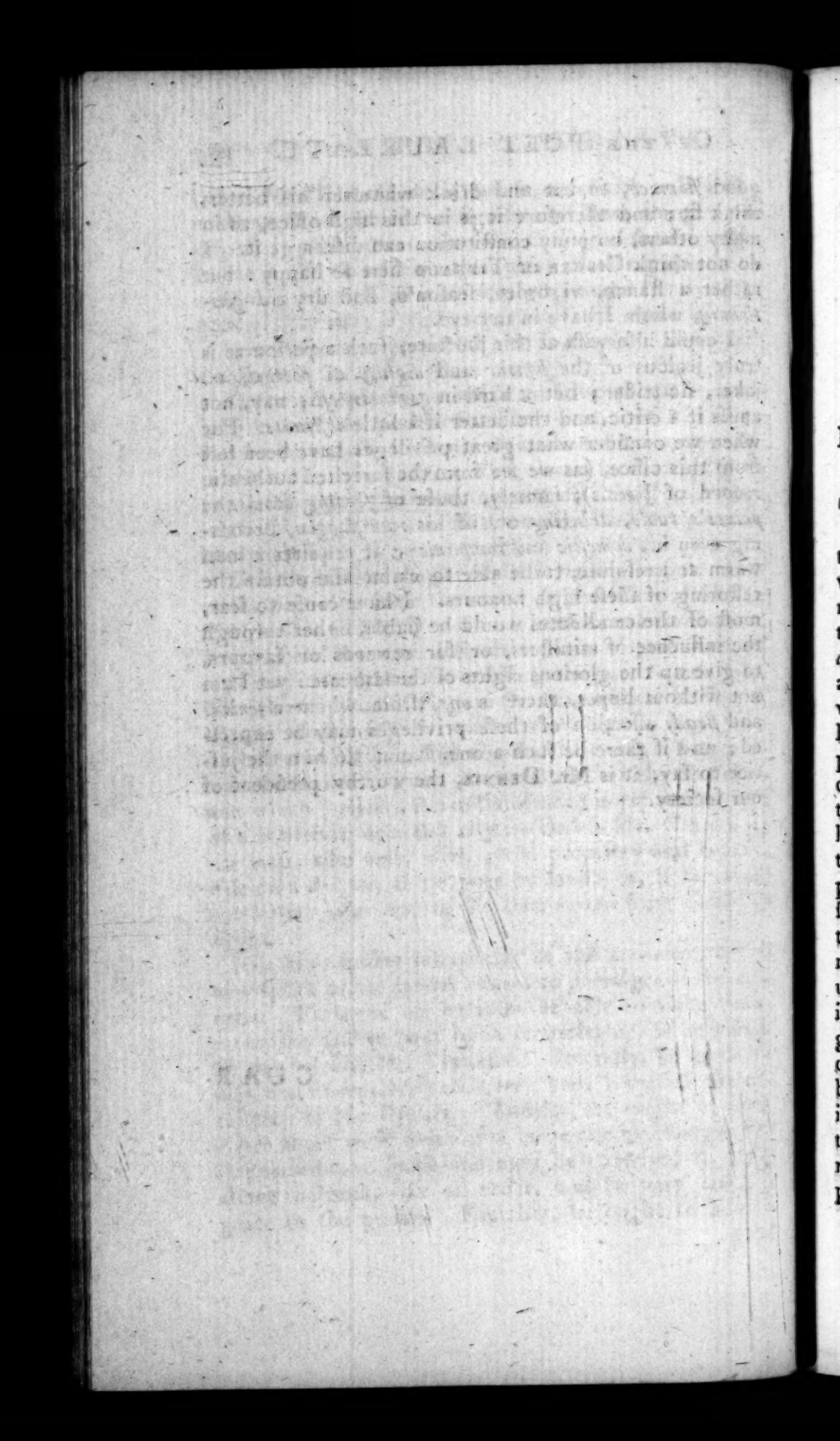
Thirdly, There ought to be a *public ſhow*, or *entry* of the poet: to ſettle the order or proceſſion of which, Mr. Anſtis and Mr. DENNIS ought to have a conference. I apprehend here two difficulties: one, of procuring an *elephant*; the other, of teaching the poet to ride him. Therefore I ſhould imagine the next animal in ſize or dignity would do beſt; either a *mule* or a large *aſs*; particularly if that noble one could be had, whoſe portraiture makes ſo great an ornament of the *Dunciad*, and which (unleſs I am miſinformed) is yet in the park of a nobleman near this city:—Unleſs Mr. CIBBER be the man, who may, with great propriety and beauty, ride on a *dragon*, if he goes by land: or, if he chuſe the water, upon one of his own *ſwans* from *Cæſar in Egypt*.

We have ſpoken ſufficiently of the *ceremony*; let us now ſpeak of the *qualifications* and *privileges* of the laureate. Firſt, we ſee he muſt be able to make verſes *extempore*, and to pour forth innumerable, if required. In this I doubt Mr. TIBBALD. Secondly, he ought to *ſing*, and intrepidly, *patulo ore*: here I confeſs the excellency of Mr. CIBBER. Thirdly, he ought to carry a *lyre* about with him: if a large one be thought too cumberſome, a ſmall one may be contrived to hang about the neck, like an order, and be very much a grace to the perſon. Fourthly, he ought to have a good

good *ſtomach*, to eat and drink whatever his betters think fit; and therefore it is in this high office, as in many others, no puny conſtitution can diſcharge it. I do not think CIBBER or TIBBALD here ſo happy: but rather a ſtanch, vigorous, ſeaſon'd, and dry *old gentleman*, whom I have in my eye.

I could alſo wiſh at this juncture, ſuch a perſon as is truly jealous of the *honour* and *dignity* of *poetry*; no joker, no trifler; but a bard in *good earneſt*; nay, not amiſs if a critic, and the better if a little *obſtinate*. For when we conſider what great privileges have been loſt from this office, (as we ſee from the forecited authentic record of Jovius), namely, thoſe of *feeding* from the *prince's table*, *drinking* out of his *own flaggon*, becoming even his *domeſtic* and *companion*; it requires a man warm and reſolute, to be able to claim and obtain the reſtoring of theſe high honours. I have cauſe to fear, moſt of the candidates would be liable, either through the influence of miniſters, or for rewards or favours, to give up the glorious rights of the laureate: yet I am not without hopes, there is *one*, from whom a *ſerious* and *ſteady* aſſertion of theſe privileges may be expected; and if there be ſuch a one, I muſt do him the juſtice to ſay, it is Mr. DENNIS, the worthy preſident of our ſociety.

GUAR-



GUARDIANS.

No. 4. MARCH 16, 1713.

THOUGH moſt things which are wrong in their own nature are at once confeſſed and abſolved in that ſingle word, the *Cuſtom*; yet there are ſome, which, as they have a dangerous tendency, a thinking man will the leſs excuſe on that very account. Among theſe I cannot but reckon the common practice of *Dedications*, which is of ſo much the worſe conſequence, as it is generally uſed by people of politeneſs, and whom a learned education for the moſt part ought to have inſpired with nobler and juſter ſentiments. This proſtitution of praiſe is not only a deceit upon the groſs of mankind, who take their notion of characters from the learned; but alſo the better ſort muſt by this means loſe ſome part at leaſt of that deſire of fame, which is the incentive to generous actions, when they find it promiſcuouſly beſtowed on the meritorious and undeſerving. Nay, the author himſelf, let him be ſuppoſed to have ever ſo true a value for the patron, can find no terms to expreſs it, but what have been already uſed, and rendered ſuſpected by flatterers. Even truth itſelf in a dedication, is like an honeſt man in a diſguiſe or vizor-maſk, and will appear a cheat by being dreſſed ſo like one. Though the merit of the perſon is beyond diſpute, I ſee no reaſon, that, becauſe one man is eminent, therefore another has a right to be impertinent, and throw praiſes in his face. It is juſt the reverſe of the practice of the ancient Romans, when a perſon was advanced to triumph for his ſervices. They hired

hired people to rail at him in that circumſtance, to make him as humble as they could; and we have fellows to flatter him, and make him as proud as they can. Suppoſing the writer not to be mercenary, yet the great man is no more in reaſon obliged to thank him for his picture in a dedication, than to thank a painter for that on a ſign-poſt; except it be a leſs injury to touch the moſt ſacred part of him, his character, than to make free with his countenance only. I ſhould think nothing juſtified me in this point, but the patron's permiſſion beforehand, that I ſhould draw him as like as I could; whereas moſt authors proceed in this affair juſt as a dawber I have heard of, who, not being able to draw portraits after the life, was uſed to paint faces at random, and look out afterwards for people whom he might perſuade to be like them. To expreſs my notion of the thing in a word: to ſay more to a man than one thinks, with a proſpect of intereſt, is diſhoneſt; and without it, fooliſh. And whoever has had ſucceſs in ſuch an undertaking, muſt of neceſſity at once think himſelf in his heart a knave for having done it, and his patron a fool for having believed it.

I have ſometimes been entertained with conſidering dedications in no very common light. By obſerving what qualities our writers think it will be moſt pleaſing to others to compliment them with, one may form ſome judgment which are moſt ſo to themſelves; and, in conſequence, what ſort of people they are. Without this view one can read very few dedications, but will give us cauſe to wonder, either how ſuch things came to be ſaid at all, or how they were ſaid to ſuch perſons. I have known an hero complimented upon the decent majeſty and ſtate he aſſumed after a victory; and a nobleman of a different character applauded for his condeſcenſion to inferiors. This would have ſeemed very ſtrange to me, but that I happened to know the authors: he who made the firſt compliment was a lofty gentleman, whoſe air and gait diſcovered when he had publiſhed a new book; and the other tippled every night with the fellows who laboured at the preſs

while

while his own writings were working off. It is obſervable of the female poets and ladies dedicatory, that there (as elſewhere) they far exceed us in any ſtrain or rant. As beauty is the thing that ſex are piqued upon, they ſpeak of it generally in a more elevated ſtyle than is uſed by the men. They adore in the ſame manner as they would be adored. So when the authoreſs of a famous modern romance begs a young nobleman's permiſſion to pay him her *kneeling adorations*, I am far from cenſuring the expreſſion, as ſome critics would do, as deficient in grammar or ſenſe; but I reflect, that adorations paid in that poſture are what a lady might expect herſelf, and my wonder immediately ceaſes. Theſe, when they flatter moſt, do but as they would be done unto; for as none are ſo much concerned at being injured by calumnies, as they who are readieſt to caſt them upon their neighbours; ſo it is certain none are ſo guilty of flattery to others, as thoſe who moſt ardently deſire it themſelves.

What led me into theſe thoughts, was a dedication I happened upon this morning. The reader muſt underſtand that I treat the leaſt inſtances or remains of ingenuity with reſpect, in what places ſoever found, or under whatever circumſtances of diſadvantage. From this love to letters I have been ſo happy in my ſearches after knowledge, that I have found unvalued repoſitories of learning in the lining of band-boxes. I look upon theſe paſte-board edifices, adorned with the fragments of the ingenious, with the ſame veneration as antiquaries upon ruined buildings, whoſe walls preſerve divers inſcriptions and names, which are no where elſe to be found in the world. This morning, when one of Lady Lizard's daughters was looking over ſome hoods and ribbands, brought by her tirewoman, with great care and diligence, I was employed no leſs in examining the box which contained them; it was lined with certain ſcenes of a tragedy, written (as appeared by a part of the title there extant) by one of the fair ſex. What was moſt legible was the dedication; which, by reaſon of the largeneſs of the characters, was leaſt defaced by thoſe Gothic ornaments of flouriſhes and foliage,

age, wherewith the compilers of theſe ſorts of ſtructures do often induſtriouſly obſcure the works of the learned. As much of it as I could read with any eaſe, I ſhall communicate to the reader, as follows: *** "Though it is a kind of profanation to approach "your Grace with ſo poor an offering, yet when I "reflect how acceptable a ſacrifice of firſt fruits was "to Heaven, in the earlieſt and pureſt ages of religion, "that they were honoured with ſolemn feaſts, and "conſecrated to altars by a divine command; *** "upon that conſideration, as an argument of particu-"lar zeal, I dedicate ***. It is impoſſible to be-"hold you without adoring; yet dazzled and awed "by the glory that ſurrounds you, men feel a ſacred "power, that refines their flames, and renders them "pure as thoſe we ought to offer to the Deity. "*** The ſhrine is worthy the divinity that inhabits "it. In your Grace we ſee what woman was before "ſhe fell, how nearly allied to the purity and perfec-"tion of angels. And we adore and bleſs the glori-"ous work!"

Undoubtedly theſe, and other periods of this moſt pious dedication, could not but convince the Ducheſs of what the eloquent authoreſs aſſures her at the end, that ſhe was her ſervant with moſt ardent devotion. I think this a pattern of a new ſort of ſtyle, not yet taken notice of by the critics, which is above the ſublime, and may be called *the celeſtial*; that is, when the moſt ſacred praiſes appropriated to the honour of the Deity, are applied to a mortal of good quality. As I am naturally emulous, I cannot but endeavour, in imitation of this lady, to be the inventor, or at leaſt, the firſt producer of a new kind of dedication, very different from hers and moſt others, ſince it has not a word but what the author religiouſly thinks in it. It may ſerve for almoſt any book, either proſe or verſe, that has, is, or ſhall be publiſhed; and might run in this manner:

The

The AUTHOR to himſelf.

Moſt Honoured Sir,

THESE labours, upon many conſiderations, ſo properly belong to none as to you: firſt, that it was your moſt earneſt deſire alone that could prevail upon me to make them public; then, as I am ſecure (from that conſtant indulgence you have ever ſhown to all which is mine) that no man will ſo readily take them into protection, or ſo zealouſly defend them. Moreover, there is none that can ſo ſoon diſcover the beauties; and there are ſome parts, which it is poſſible few beſides yourſelf are capable of underſtanding. Sir, the honour, affection, and value I have for you, are beyond expreſſion; as great, I am ſure, or greater, than any man elſe can bear you. As for any defects which others may pretend to diſcover in you, I do faithfully declare I was never able to perceive them; and doubt not but thoſe perſons are actuated purely by a ſpirit of malice or envy, the inſeparable attendants on ſhining merit and parts, ſuch as I have always eſteemed yours to be. It may perhaps be looked upon as a kind of violence to modeſty, to ſay this to you in public; but you may believe me, it is no more than I have a thouſand times thought of you in private. Might I follow the impulſe of my ſoul, there is no ſubject I could launch into with more pleaſure than your panegyric: but ſince ſomething is due to modeſty, let me conclude by telling you, that there is nothing I ſo much deſire, as to know you more thoroughly than I have yet the happineſs of doing. I may then hope to be capable to do you ſome real ſervice; but, till then, can only aſſure you that I ſhall continue to be, as I am more than any man alive,

Deareſt SIR,

Your affectionate friend, and

The greateſt of your admirers.

No. 11. TUESDAY, MARCH 24, 1713.

——————Huc propius me,
Dum doceo insanire omnes, vos ordine adite.
HOR. Sat. iii. lib. ii. v. 80.

To the GUARDIAN.

"SIR,

"AS you profess to encourage all those who any "way contribute to the public good, I flatter "myself I may claim your countenance and protection. "I am by profession a mad-doctor, but of a peculiar "kind; not of those whose aim it is to remove fren- "zies, but one who make it my business to confer an "agreeable madness on my fellow-creatures, for their "mutual delight and benefit. Since it is agreed by "the philosophers, that happiness and misery consist "chiefly in the imagination, nothing is more necessary "to mankind in general than this pleasing delirium, "which renders every one satisfied with himself, and "persuades him that all others are equally so.

"I have for several years, both at home and abroad, "made this science my particular study, which, I may "venture to say, I have improved in almost all the "courts of Europe; and have reduced it into so safe "and easy a method, as to practise it on both sexes, "of what disposition, age, or quality soever, with suc- "cess. What enables me to perform this great work, "is the use of my *obsequium catholicon*, or the *grand "elixir*, to support the spirits of human nature. This "remedy is of the most grateful flavour in the world, "and agrees with all tastes whatever. It is delicate to "the senses, delightful in the operation, may be taken "at all hours without confinement, and is as properly "given at a ball or playhouse as in a private cham- "ber.

" ber. It reſtores and viviſies the moſt dejected minds, " corrects and extracts all that is painful in the know- " ledge of a man's ſelf. One doſe of it will inſtantly " diſperſe itſelf through the whole animal ſyſtem, diſ- " ſipate the firſt motions of diſtruſt ſo as never to re- " turn, and ſo exhilarate the brain, and rariſy the " gloom of reflection, as to give the patients a new " flow of ſpirits, a vivacity of behaviour, and a pleaſ- " ing dependence upon their own capacities.

" Let a perſon be never ſo far gone, I adviſe him " not to deſpair; even though he has been troubled " many years with reſtleſs reflections, which by long " neglects have hardened into ſettled conſideration. " Thoſe that have been ſtung with ſatire may here find " a certain antidote, which infallibly diſperſes all the " remains of poiſon that has been left in the under- " ſtanding by bad cures. It fortifies the heart againſt " the rancour of pamphlets, the inveteracy of epi- " grams, and the mortification of lampoons; as has " been often experienced by ſeveral perſons of both " ſexes, during the ſeaſons of *Tunbridge*, and the " *Bath*.

" I could, as further inſtances of my ſucceſs, pro- " duce certificates and teſtimonials from the favourites " and ghoſtly fathers of the moſt eminent princes of " Europe; but ſhall content myſelf with the mention " of a few cures, which I have performed by this my " *grand univerſal reſtorative*, during the practice of " one month only ſince I came to this city.

Cures in the month of February, 1713.

" George Spondee, Eſq; poet, and inmate of the " pariſh of St. Paul's, Covent-Garden, fell into violent " fits of the ſpleen upon a thin third night. He had " been frighted into a vertigo by the ſound of catcalls " on the firſt day; and the frequent hiſſings on the " ſecond made him unable to endure the bare pronun- " ciation of the letter S. I ſearched into the cauſes of " his diſtemper; and by the preſcription of a doſe of

" my *obſequium*, prepared *ſecundum artem*, recovered " him to his natural ſtate of madneſs. I caſt in at " proper intervals the words, *ill taſte of the town, envy* " *of critics, bad performance of the actors*, and the like. " He is ſo perfectly cured, that he has promiſed to " bring another play upon the ſtage next winter.

" A lady of profeſſed virtue of the pariſh of St. " James's, Weſtminſter, who hath deſired her name " may be concealed, having taken offence at a phraſe " of double meaning in converſation, undiſcovered by " any other in the company, ſuddenly fell into a cold " fit of modeſty. Upon a right application of praiſe " of her virtue, I threw the lady into an agreeable " waking dream, ſettled the fermentation of her blood " into a warm charity, ſo as to make her look with " patience on the very gentleman that offended.

" Hilaria, of the pariſh of St. Giles's in the Fields, " a coquette of long practice, was, by the reprimand of " an old maiden, reduced to look grave in company, " and deny herſelf the play of the fan. In ſhort, " ſhe was brought to ſuch melancholy circumſtances, " that ſhe would ſometimes unawares fall into " devotion at church. I adviſed her to take a few " *innocent freedoms, with occaſional kiſſes*, preſcribed " her the *exerciſe of the eyes*, and immediately raiſed " her to her former ſtate of life. She on a ſudden " recovered her dimples, furled her fan, threw " round her glances, and for theſe two Sundays laſt " paſt has not once been ſeen in an attentive poſture. " This the church-wardens are ready to atteſt upon " oath.

" Andrew Terror, of the Middle Temple, Mohock, " was almoſt induced by an aged bencher of the ſame " houſe, to leave off bright converſation, and pore " over *Coke upon Littleton*. He was ſo ill, that his hat " began to flap, and he was ſeen one day in the laſt " term at Weſtminſter-hall. This patient had quite " loſt his ſpirit of contradiction; I, by the diſtillation

" of

" of a few of my vivifying drops in his ear, drew " him from his lethargy, and reſtored him to his uſu- " al vivacious miſunderſtanding. He is at preſent very " eaſy in his condition.

" I will not dwell upon the recital of the innume- " rable cures I have performed within twenty days laſt " paſt; but rather proceed to exhort all perſons, of " whatever age, complexion, or quality, to take as " ſoon as poſſible of this my intellectual oil; which, " applied at the ear, ſeizes all the ſenſes with a moſt " agreeable tranſport, and diſcovers its effects, not on- " ly to the ſatisfaction of the patient, but all who con- " verſe with, attend upon, or any way relate to him " or her that receives the kindly infection. It is often " adminiſtered by chambermaids, valets, or any the " moſt ignorant domeſtic; it being one peculiar excel- " lence of this my oil, that it is moſt prevalent, the " more unſkilful the perſon is, or appears, who applies " it. It is abſolutely neceſſary for ladies to take a doſe " of it juſt before they take coach to go a viſiting.

" But I offend the public, as Horace ſaid, when I " treſpaſs on any of your time. Give me leave, then, " Mr. Ironſide, to make you a preſent of a drachm or " two of my oil; though I have cauſe to fear my pre- " ſcriptions will not have the effect upon you I could " wiſh: therefore I do not endeavour to bribe you in " my favour by the preſent of my oil, but wholly de- " pend upon your public ſpirit and generoſity; which, " I hope, will recommend to the world the uſeful en- " deavours of,

" SIR,

" Your moſt obedient, moſt faithful, moſt devoted,

" moſt humble ſervant and admirer,

" GNATHO."

*** Beware of counterfeits, for ſuch are abroad.

" *N. B.* I teach the arcana of my art at reaſonable " rates to gentlemen of the univerſities, who de-

" ſire to be qualified for writing dedications; and to
" young lovers and fortune-hunters, to be paid at the
" day of marriage. I inſtruct perſons of bright capa-
" cities to flatter others, and thoſe of the meaneſt to
" flatter themſelves.

" I was the firſt inventor of pocket looking-glaſſes."

No 40. MONDAY, APRIL 27, 1713.

Being a Continuation of ſome former Papers on the Subject of PASTORALS.

Compulerantque greges Corydon et Thyrſis in unum:
Ex illo Corydon, Corydon eſt tempore nobis. VIRG.

1. I DESIGNED to have troubled the reader with no further diſcourſes on paſtoral, but being informed that I am taxed of partiality in not mentioning an author whoſe eclogues are publiſhed in the ſame volume with Mr. Philips's, I ſhall employ this paper in obſervations upon him, written in the free ſpirit of criticiſm, and without any apprehenſion of offending that gentleman, whoſe character it is, that he takes the greateſt care of his works before they are publiſhed, and has the leaſt concern for them afterwards.

2. I have laid it down as the firſt rule of paſtoral, that its idea ſhould be taken from the manners of the golden age, and the moral formed upon the repreſentation of innocence; it is therefore plain, that any deviations from that deſign degrade a poem from being truly paſtoral. In this view it will appear, that Virgil can only have two of his eclogues allowed to be ſuch; his firſt and ninth muſt be rejected, becauſe they deſcribe the ravages of armies, and oppreſſions of the innocent: Corydon's criminal paſſion for Alexis throws out the ſecond; the calumny and railing in the third

are

are not proper to that ſtate of concord; the eighth repreſents unlawful ways of procuring love by inchantments, and introduces a ſhepherd whom an inviting precipice tempts to ſelf-murder: as to the fourth, ſixth, and tenth, they are given up by * Heinſius, Salmaſius, Rapin, and the critics in general. They likewiſe obſerve, that but eleven of all the Idyllia of Theocritus are to be admitted as paſtorals: and even out of that number the greater part will be excluded for one or other of the reaſons above-mentioned. So that when I remarked in a former paper, that Virgil's eclogues, taken all together, are rather ſelect poems than paſtorals; I might have ſaid the ſame thing with no leſs truth of Theocritus. The reaſon of this I take to be yet unobſerved by the critics, *viz.* They never meant them all for paſtorals.

Now, it is plain, Philips hath done this, and in that particular excelled both Theocritus and Virgil.

3. As ſimplicity is the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of paſtoral, Virgil hath been thought guilty of too courtly a ſtile; his language is perfectly pure, and he often forgets he is among peaſants. I have frequently wondered, that ſince he was ſo converſant in the writings of Ennius, he had not imitated the ruſticity of the Doric as well by the help of the old obſolete Roman language, as Philips hath by the antiquated Engliſh: for example, might he not have ſaid *quoi* inſtead of *cui*: *quoijum* for *cujum*: *volt* for *vult*, &c. as well as our modern hath *welladay* for *alas*, *whileome* for *of old*, *make mock* for *deride*, and *witleſs younglings* for *ſimple lambs*, &c. by which means he had attained as much of the air of Theocritus, as Philips hath of Spenſer?

4. Mr. Pope hath fallen into the ſame error with Virgil. His clowns do not converſe in all the ſimplicity proper to the country: his names are borrowed from Theocritus and Virgil, which are improper to the ſcene of his paſtorals. He introduces Daphnis, Alexis, and

* See Rapin de Carm. paſt. par. iii.

Thyrſis

Thyrſis on Britiſh plains, as Virgil had done before him on the Mantuan: whereas Philips, who hath the ſtricteſt regard to propriety, makes choice of names peculiar to the country, and more agreeable to a reader of delicacy; ſuch as Hobbinol, Lobbin, Cuddy, and Colin Clout.

5. So eaſy as paſtoral writing may ſeem, (in the ſimplicity we have deſcribed it), yet it requires great reading, both of the ancients and moderns, to be a maſter of it. Philips hath given us manifeſt proofs of his knowledge of books. It muſt be confeſſed his competitor hath imitated *ſome ſingle thoughts* of the ancients well enough, (if we conſider he had not the happineſs of an univerſity-education), but he hath diſperſed them here and there, without that order and method which Mr. Philips obſerves, whoſe *whole third* paſtoral is an inſtance how well he hath ſtudied the fifth of Virgil, and how judiciouſly reduced Virgil's thoughts to the ſtandard of paſtoral: as his contention of Colin Clout and the Nightingale ſhows with what exactneſs he hath imitated every line in Strada.

6. When I remarked it as a principal fault, to introduce fruits and flowers of a foreign growth, in deſcriptions where the ſcene lies in our own country, I did not deſign that obſervation ſhould extend alſo to animals, or the ſenſitive life; for Mr. Philips hath with great judgment deſcribed wolves in England in his firſt paſtoral. Nor would I have a poet ſlaviſhly confine himſelf (as Mr. Pope hath done) to one particular ſeaſon of the year, one certain time of the day, and one unbroken ſcene in each eclogue. It is plain Spenſer neglected this pedantry, who, in his paſtoral of November, mentions the mournful ſong of the nightingale,

Sad Philomel her ſong in tears doth ſteep.

And Mr. Philips, by a poetical creation, hath raiſed up finer beds of flowers than the moſt induſtrious gardener;

dener; his roſes, endives, lilies, kingcups, and daffodils, blow all in the ſame ſeaſon.

7. But the better to diſcover the merits of our two contemporary paſtoral writers, I ſhall endeavour to draw a parallel of them, by ſetting ſeveral of their particular thoughts in the ſame light, whereby it will be obvious how much Philips hath the advantage. With what ſimplicity he introduces two ſhepherds ſinging alternately?

Hobb. *Come, Roſalind, O come, for without thee*
What pleaſure can the country have for me?
Come, Roſalind, O come; my brinded kine,
My ſnowy ſheep, my farm, and all, is thine.

Lanq. *Come Roſalind, O come; here ſhady bow'rs,*
Here are cool fountains, and here ſpringing flow'rs.
Come, Roſalind; here ever let us ſtay,
And ſweetly waſte our live-long time away.

Our other paſtoral writer, in expreſſing the ſame thought, deviates into downright poetry:

Streph. *In Spring the fields, in Autumn hills I love,*
At morn the plains, at noon the ſhady grove,
But Delia always; forc'd from Delia's ſight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

Daph. *Sylvia's like Autumn ripe, yet mild as May,*
More bright than noon, yet freſh as early day;
Ev'n ſpring diſpleaſes, when ſhe ſhines not here,
But bleſs'd with her, 'tis ſpring throughout the year.

In the firſt of theſe authors, two ſhepherds thus innocently deſcribe the behaviour of their miſtreſſes:

Hobb. *As Marian bath'd, by chance I paſſed by,*
She bluſh'd, and at me caſt a ſide-long eye:
Then ſwift beneath the cryſtal wave ſhe try'd
Her beauteous form, but all in vain, to hide.

Lanq. *As I to cool me bath'd one ſultry day,*
Fond Lydia lurking in the ſedges lay:

The

The wanton laugh'd, and ſeem'd in haſte to fly;
Yet often ſtopp'd, and often turn'd her eye.

The other modern (who it muſt be confeſſed hath a knack of verſifying) hath it as follows:

Streph. *Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,*
Then, hid in ſhades, eludes her eager ſwain;
But feigns a laugh, to ſee me ſearch around,
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

Daph. *The ſprightly Sylvia trips along the green,*
She runs, but hopes ſhe does not run unſeen;
While a kind glance at her purſuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes!

There is nothing the writers of this kind of poetry are fonder of than deſcriptions of paſtoral preſents. Philips ſays thus of a ſheep-hook,

Of ſeaſon'd elm, where ſtuds of braſs appear,
To ſpeak the giver's name, the month and year;
The hook of poliſh'd ſteel, the handle turn'd,
And richly by the graver's ſkill adorn'd.

The other of a bowl emboſſed with figures:

——where wanton ivy twines,
And ſwelling cluſters bend the curling vines:
Four figures riſing from the work appear,
The various ſeaſons of the rolling year;
And, what is that which binds the radiant ſky,
Where twelve bright ſigns in beauteous order ly?

The ſimplicity of the ſwain in this place, who forgets the name of the Zodiac, is no ill imitation of Virgil; but how much more plainly and unaffectedly would Philips have dreſſed this thought in his Doric?

And what that hight, which girds the welkin ſheen,
Where twelve gay ſigns in meet array are ſeen?

If the reader will indulge his curioſity any further in the compariſon of particulars, he may read the firſt paſtoral

paſtoral of Philips, with the ſecond of his contemporary, and the fourth and ſixth of the former, with the fourth and firſt of the latter; where ſeveral parallel places will occur to every one.

Having now ſhewn ſome parts, in which theſe two writers may be compared, it is a juſtice I owe to Mr. Philips to diſcover thoſe in which no man can compare with him. Firſt, that beautiful ruſticity, of which I ſhall only produce two inſtances out of a hundred not yet quoted:

O woful day! O day of wo! quoth he,
And woful I, who live the day to ſee!

The ſimplicity of diction, the melancholy flowing of the numbers, the ſolemnity of the ſound, and the eaſy turn of the words in this dirge (to make uſe of our author's expreſſion) are extremely elegant.

In another of his paſtorals, a ſhepherd utters a dirge, not much inferior to the former, in the following lines:

Ah me the while! ah me! the luckleſs day,
Ah luckleſs lad! the rather might I ſay;
Ah ſilly I! more ſilly than my ſheep,
Which on the flow'ry plains I once did keep.

How he ſtill charms the ear with theſe artful repetitions of the epithets; and how ſignificant is the laſt verſe! I defy the moſt common reader to repeat them without feeling ſome motions of compaſſion.

In the next place I ſhall rank his proverbs, in which I formerly obſerved he excels. For example:

A rolling ſtone is ever bare of moſs;
And, to their coſt, green years old proverbs croſs.

——*He that late lies down, as late will riſe,*
And ſluggard-like, till noon-day ſnoring lies.

——*Againſt ill-luck all cunning fore-ſight fails;*
Whether we ſleep or wake, it naught avails.

——*Nor fear, from upright ſentence, wrong.*

Laſtly,

Laſtly, his elegant dialect, which alone might prove him the eldeſt born of Spenſer, and our only true Arcadian. I ſhould think it proper for the ſeveral writers of paſtoral, to confine themſelves to their ſeveral counties. Spenſer ſeems to have been of this opinion; for he hath laid the ſcene of one of his paſtorals in Wales, where, with all the ſimplicity natural to that part of our iſland, one ſhepherd bids the other good-morrow, in an unuſual and elegant manner:

Diggon Davy, I bid hur god-day:
Or Diggon hur is, or I miſ ſay.

Diggon anſwers:

Hur was hur while it was day-light;
But now hur is a moſt wretched wight, &c.

But the moſt beautiful example of this kind that I ever met with, is in a very valuable piece which I chanced to find among ſome old manuſcripts, intitled, *A paſtoral ballad;* which, I think, for its nature and ſimplicity, may (notwithſtanding the modeſty of the title) be allowed a perfect paſtoral. It is compoſed in the Somerſetſhire dialect, and the names ſuch as are proper to the country-people. It may be obſerved, as a further beauty of this paſtoral, the words *Nymph*, *Dryad*, *Naiad*, *Fawn*, *Cupid*, or *Satyr*, are not once mentioned throughout the whole. I ſhall make no apology for inſerting ſome few lines of this excellent piece. Cicily breaks thus into the ſubject, as ſhe is going a-milking:

Cicily. *Rager, ga vetch tha kee*, or elſe tha zun*
Will quite be go, bevore c'have half a' don.

Roger. *Thou ſhouldſt not ax ma tweece, but I've a bee*
To dreve our bull to bull tha parſon's kee.

It is to be obſerved, that this whole dialogue is formed upon the paſſion of *jealouſy*; and his men-

* That is, the kine or cows.

tioning

tioning the parſon's kine naturally revives the jealouſy of the ſhepherdeſs Cicily, which ſhe expreſſes as follows:

Cicily. *Ah Rager, Rager, ches was zore avraid,*
When in yon vield you kiſs'd tha parſon's maid:
Is this the love that once to me you zed,
When vrom the wake thou brought'ſt me ginger-bread?

Roger. *Cicily, thou charg'ſt me valſe,—I'll zwear to thee,*
Tha parſon's maid is ſtill a maid for me.

In which anſwer of his, are expreſſed at once that ſpirit of religion, and that innocence of the golden age, ſo neceſſary to be obſerved by all writers of paſtoral.

At the concluſion of this piece, the author reconciles the lovers, and ends the eclogue the moſt ſimply in the world.

So Rager parted vor to vetch tha kee,
And vor her bucket in went Cicily.

I am loth to ſhow my fondneſs for antiquity ſo far, as to prefer this ancient Britiſh author to our preſent Engliſh writers of paſtoral; but I cannot avoid making this obvious remark, that Philips hath hit into the ſame road with this old weſt-country bard of ours.

After all that hath been ſaid, I hope none can think it any injuſtice to Mr. Pope, that I forebore to mention him as a paſtoral writer; ſince, upon the whole, he is of the ſame claſs with Moſchus and Bion, whom we have excluded that rank; and of whoſe eclogues, as well as ſome of Virgil's, it may be ſaid, that (according to the deſcription we have given of this ſort of poetry) they are by no means paſtorals, but ſomething better.

No. 61. MAY 21, 1713.

——— *Primoque a cæde ferarum,*
Incaluiſſe putem maculatum ſanguine ferrum. OVID.

I CANNOT think it extravagant to imagine, that mankind are no leſs, in proportion, accountable for the ill uſe of their dominion over creatures of the lower rank of beings, than for the exerciſe of tyranny over their own ſpecies. The more entirely the inferior creation is ſubmitted to our power, the more anſwerable we ſhould ſeem for our miſmanagement of it; and the rather, as the very condition of nature renders theſe creatures incapable of receiving any recompence in another life for their ill treatment in this.

It is obſervable of thoſe noxious animals, which have qualities moſt powerful to injure us, that they naturally avoid mankind, and never hurt us unleſs provoked, or neceſſitated by hunger. Man, on the other hand, ſeeks out and purſues even the moſt inoffenſive animals, on purpoſe to perſecute and deſtroy them.

Montaigne thinks it ſome reflection on human nature itſelf, that few people take delight in ſeeing beaſts careſs or play together, but almoſt every one is pleaſed to ſee them lacerate and worry one another. I am ſorry this temper is become almoſt a diſtinguiſhing character of our own nation, from the obſervation which is made by foreigners of our beloved paſtimes, bear-baiting, cock-fighting, and the like. We ſhould find it hard to vindicate the deſtroying of any thing that has life, merely out of wantonneſs; yet in this principle our children are bred up, and one of the firſt pleaſures we allow them, is the licence of inflicting pain upon poor animals: almoſt as ſoon as we are ſenſible what life is ourſelves, we make it our ſport to take it from other creatures. I cannot but believe a very good

uſe

uſe might be made of the fancy which children have for birds and inſects. Mr. Locke takes notice of a mother who permitted them to her children, but rewarded or puniſhed them as they treated them well or ill. This was no other than entering them betimes into a daily exerciſe of humanity, and improving their very diverſion to a virtue.

I fancy too, ſome advantage might be taken of the common notion, that it is ominous or unlucky, to deſtroy ſome ſorts of birds, as ſwallows or martins. This opinion might poſſibly ariſe from the confidence theſe birds ſeem to put in us, by building under our roofs, ſo that it is a kind of violation of the laws of hoſpitality to murder them. As for robin-red-breaſts in particular, it is not improbable they owe their ſecurity to the old ballad of *The children in the wood*. However it be, I don't know, I ſay, why this prejudice, well improved, and carried as far as it would go, might not be made to conduce to the preſervation of many innocent creatures, which are now expoſed to all the wantonneſs of an ignorant barbarity.

There are other animals that have the misfortune, for no manner of reaſon, to be treated as common enemies, wherever found. The conceit that a cat has nine lives, has coſt at leaſt nine lives in ten of the whole race of them; ſcarce a boy in the ſtreets but has in this point outdone Hercules himſelf, who was famous for killing a monſter that had but three lives. Whether the unaccountable animoſity againſt this uſeful domeſtic may be any cauſe of the general perſecution of owls, (who are a ſort of feathered cats), or whether it be only an unreaſonable pique the moderns have taken to a ſerious countenance, I ſhall not determine. Though I am inclined to believe the former, ſince I obſerve the ſole reaſon alledged for the deſtruction of frogs is becauſe they are like toads. Yet, amidſt all the misfortunes of theſe unfriended creatures, it is ſome happineſs that we have not yet taken a fancy to eat them: for ſhould our countrymen refine upon the French never ſo little, it is not to be conceived to what

unheard-of torments, owls, cats, and frogs may be yet reſerved.

When we grow up to men, we have another ſucceſſion of ſanguinary ſports; in particular hunting. I dare not attack a diverſion which has ſuch authority and cuſtom to ſupport it; but muſt have leave to be of opinion, that the agitation of that exerciſe, with the example and number of the chacers, not a little contribute to reſiſt thoſe checks, which compaſſion would naturally ſuggeſt in behalf of the animal purſued. Nor ſhall I ſay with Monſieur Fleury, that this ſport is a remain of the Gothic barbarity; but I muſt animadvert upon a certain cuſtom yet in uſe with us, and barbarous enough to be derived from the Goths, or even the Scythians; I mean that ſavage compliment our huntſmen paſs upon ladies of quality who are preſent at the death of a ſtag, when they put the knife in their hands to cut the throat of a helpleſs, trembling, and weeping creature.

——*Queſtuque cruentus,*
Atque imploranti ſimilis.——

But if our ſports are deſtructive, our gluttony is more ſo, and in a more inhuman manner. Lobſters roaſted alive, pigs whipped to death, fowls ſewed up, are teſtimonies of our outrageous luxury. Thoſe who (as Seneca expreſſes it) divide their lives betwixt an anxious conſcience, and a nauſeated ſtomach, have a juſt reward of their gluttony in the diſeaſes it brings with it: for human ſavages, like other wild beaſts, find ſnares and poiſon in the proviſions of life, and are allured by their appetite to their deſtruction. I know nothing more ſhocking, or horrid, than the proſpect of one of their kitchens covered with blood, and filled with the cries of the creatures expiring in tortures. It gives one an image of a giant's den in a romance, beſtrewed with the ſcattered heads and mangled limbs of thoſe who were ſlain by his cruelty.

The excellent Plutarch (who has more ſtrokes of good nature in his writings than I remember in any author)

author) cites a ſaying of Cato to this effect: "That "it is no eaſy taſk to preach to the belly which has no "ears. Yet if" (ſays he) "we are aſhamed to be "ſo out of faſhion as not to offend, let us at leaſt of- "fend with ſome diſcretion and meaſure. If we kill "an animal for our proviſion, let us do it with the "meltings of compaſſion, and without tormenting it. "Let us conſider, that it is in its own nature cruelty "to put a living creature to death; we at leaſt deſtroy "a ſoul that has ſenſe and perception." In the life of Cato the Cenſor, he takes occaſion, from the ſevere diſpoſition of that man, to diſcourſe in this manner: "It ought to be eſteemed a happineſs to mankind, that "our humanity has a wider ſphere to exert itſelf in "than bare juſtice. It is no more than the obliga- "tion of our very birth to practiſe equity to our own "kind; but humanity may be extended through the "whole order of creatures, even to the meaneſt: ſuch "actions of charity are the overflowings of a mild "good nature on all below us. It is certainly the "part of a well natured man to take care of his horſes "and dogs, not only in expectation of their labour "while they are foals and whelps, but even when "their old age has made them incapable of ſer- "vice."

Hiſtory tells us of a wiſe and polite nation that re- jected a perſon of the firſt quality, who ſtood for a ju- diciary office, only becauſe he had been obſerved in his youth to take pleaſure in tearing and murdering of birds. And of another, that expelled a man out of the ſenate for daſhing a bird againſt the ground which had taken ſhelter in his boſom. Every one knows how remarkable the Turks are for their humanity in this kind. I remember an Arabian author, who has written a treatiſe to ſhow, how far a man, ſuppoſed to have ſub- ſiſted in a deſert iſland, without any inſtruction, or ſo much as the ſight of any other man, may, by the pure light of nature, attain the knowledge of philoſophy and virtue. One of the firſt things he makes him obſerve, is that univerſal benevolence of nature in the production

and preſervation of its creatures. In imitation of which, the firſt act of virtue he thinks his ſelf-taught philoſopher would of courſe fall into, is, to relieve and aſſiſt all the animals about him in their wants and diſtreſſes.

Ovid has ſome very tender and pathetic lines applicable to this occaſion:

Quid meruiſtis, oves, placidum pecus, inque tegendos
Natum homines, pleno quæ fertis in ubere nectar?
Mollia quæ nobis veſtras velamina lanas
Prebetis; vitaque magis quam morte juvatis.
Quid meruere boves, animal ſine fraude doliſque,
Innocuum, ſimplex, natum tolerare labores?
Immemor eſt demum, nec frugum munere dignus,
Qui potuit, curvi dempto modo pondere aratri,
Ruricolam mactare ſuum——
Quam male conſuevit, quam ſe parat ille cruori
Impius humano, vituli qui guttura cultro
Rumpit, et immotas præbet mugitibus aures!
Aut qui vagitus ſimiles puerilibus hœdum
Edentem jugulare poteſt!——

Perhaps that voice or cry ſo nearly reſembling the human, with which Providence has endowed ſo many different animals, might purpoſely be given them to move our pity, and prevent thoſe cruelties we are too apt to inflict on our fellow-creatures.

There is a paſſage in the book of Jonas, when God declares his unwillingneſs to deſtroy Nineveh, where, methinks, that compaſſion of the Creator, which extends to the meaneſt rank of his creatures, is expreſſed with wonderful tenderneſs—*Should not I ſpare Nineveh that great city, wherein are more than ſix ſcore thouſand perſons—and alſo much cattle?* And we have in Deuteronomy a precept of great good nature of this ſort, with a bleſſing in form annexed to it, in thoſe words: *If thou ſhalt find a bird's neſt in the way, thou ſhalt not take the dam with the young: but thou ſhalt in anywiſe let the dam go, that it may be well with thee, and that thou mayeſt prolong thy days.*

To conclude, there is certainly a degree of gratitude

tude owing to thoſe animals that ſerve us; as for ſuch as are mortal or noxious, we have a right to deſtroy them; and for thoſe that are neither of advantage or prejudice to us, the common enjoyment of life is what I cannot think we ought to deprive them of.

This whole matter, with regard to each of theſe conſiderations, is ſet in a very agreeable light in one of the Perſian fables of Pilpay, with which I ſhall end this paper.

A traveller paſſing through a thicket, and ſeeing a few ſparks of fire, which ſome paſſengers had kindled as they went that way before, made up to it. On a ſudden the ſparks caught hold of a buſh, in the midſt of which lay an adder, and ſet it in flames. The adder intreated the traveller's aſſiſtance, who tying a bag to the end of his ſtaff, reached it, and drew him out: he then bid him go where he pleaſed, but never more be hurtful to men, ſince he owed his life to a man's compaſſion. The adder, however, prepared to ſting him, and when he expoſtulated how unjuſt it was to retaliate good with evil, I ſhall do no more (ſaid the adder) than what you men practiſe every day, whoſe cuſtom it is to requite benefits with ingratitude. If you can deny this truth, let us refer it to the firſt we meet. The man conſented, and ſeeing a tree, put the queſtion to it, in what manner a good turn was to be recompenſed? If you mean according to the uſage of men, (replied the tree), by its contrary. I have been ſtanding here theſe hundred years to protect them from the ſcorching ſun, and in requital they have cut down my branches, and are going to ſaw my body into planks. Upon this the adder inſulting the man, he appealed to a ſecond evidence, which was granted, and immediately they met a cow. The ſame demand was made, and much the ſame anſwer given, that among men it was certainly ſo: I know it (ſaid the cow) by woful experience; for I have ſerved a man this long time with milk, butter, and cheeſe, and brought him beſides a calf every year, but now I am old, he turns me into

this

this paſture, with deſign to ſell me to a butcher, who will ſhortly make an end of me. The traveller upon this ſtood confounded, but deſired of courteſy one trial more, to be finally judged by the next beaſt they ſhould meet. This happened to be the fox, who, upon hearing the ſtory in all its circumſtances, could not be perſuaded it was poſſible for the adder to get into ſo narrow a bag. The adder, to convince him, went in again; the fox told the man he had now his enemy in his power; and with that he faſtened the bag, and cruſhed him to pieces.

No. 91. JUNE 25, 1713.

——Ineſt ſua gratia parvis. VIRG.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, Eſq;

"SIR,

"I REMEMBER a ſaying of yours concerning perſons in low circumſtances of ſtature, that their littleneſs would hardly be taken notice of, if they did not manifeſt a conſciouſneſs of it themſelves in all their behaviour. Indeed the obſervation that no man is ridiculous for being what he is, but only for the affectation of being ſomething more, is equally true in regard to the mind and the body.

"I queſtion not but it will be pleaſing to you to hear that a ſet of us have formed a ſociety, who are ſworn to dare to be ſhort, and boldly bear out the dignity of littleneſs under the noſes of thoſe enormous ingroſſers of manhood, thoſe hyperbolical monſters of the ſpecies, the tall fellows that overlook us.

"The day of our inſtitution was the tenth of December, being the ſhorteſt of the year, on which we are to hold an annual feaſt over a diſh of ſhrimps.

"The

" The place we have choſen for this meeting is in " the Little Piazza, not without an eye to the neigh- " bourhood of Mr. Powel's opera, for the performers " of which we have, as becomes us, a brotherly af- " fection.

" At our firſt reſort hither, an old woman brought " her ſon to the club-room, deſiring he might be edu- " cated in this ſchool, becauſe ſhe ſaw here were finer " boys than ordinary. However, this accident no way " diſcouraged our deſigns. We began with ſending " invitations to thoſe of a ſtature not exceeding five " feet, to repair to our aſſembly; but the greater part " returned excuſes, or pretended they were not quali- " fied.

" One ſaid, he was indeed but five feet at preſent, " but repreſented that he ſhould ſoon exceed that pro- " portion, his perriwigmaker and ſhoemaker having " lately promiſed him three inches more betwixt them.

" Another alledged he was ſo unfortunate as to have " one leg ſhorter than the other, and whoever had de- " termined his ſtature to five feet, had taken him at " a diſadvantage; for when he was mounted on the " other leg, he was at leaſt five feet two inches and a " half.

" There are ſome who queſtioned the exactneſs of " our meaſures, and others, inſtead of complying, re- " turned us informations of people yet ſhorter than " themſelves. In a word, almoſt every one recom- " mended ſome neighbour or acquaintance, whom he " was willing we ſhould look upon to be leſs than he. " We were not a little aſhamed that thoſe who are paſt " the years of growth, and whoſe beards pronounce " them men, ſhould be guilty of as many unfair tricks, " in this point, as the moſt aſpiring children when " they are meaſured.

" We therefore proceeded to fit up the club-room, " and provide conveniencies for our accommodation. In " the firſt place, we cauſed a total removal of all the " chairs, ſtools, and tables, which had ſerved the groſs " of mankind for many years.

" The

"The diſadvantage we had undergone while we "made uſe of theſe were unſpeakable. The preſident's "whole body was ſunk in the elbow-chair, and when "his arms were ſpread over it, he appeared (to the "great leſſening his dignity) like a child in a go-cart: "it was alſo ſo wide in the ſeat, as to give a wag oc-"caſion of ſaying, that, notwithſtanding the preſident "ſat in it, there was a *ſede vacante*.

"The table was ſo high, that one who came by "chance to the door, ſeeing our chains juſt above the "pewter diſhes, took us for a circle of men that ſat "ready to be ſhaved, and ſent in half a dozen barbers.

"Another time one of the club ſpoke in a ludicrous "manner of the preſident, imagining he had been ab-"ſent, when he was only eclipſed by a flaſk of Flo-"rence, which ſtood on the table in a parallel line be-"fore his face.

"We therefore new-furniſhed the room in all re-"ſpects proportionably to us; and had the door made "lower, ſo as to admit no man of above five feet high "without bruſhing his foretop, which whoever does, "is utterly unqualified to ſit among us."

Some of the ſtatutes of the club are as follows.

"I. If it be proved upon any member, though "never ſo duly qualified, that he ſtrives as much as poſ-"ſible to get above his ſize, by ſtretching, cocking, "or the like; or that he hath ſtood on tip-toe in "a crowd, with deſign to be taken for as tall a man as "the reſt, or hath privily conveyed any large book, "cricket, or other device under him, to exalt him on "his ſeat: every ſuch offender ſhall be ſentenced to "walk in pumps for a whole month.

"II. If any member ſhall take advantage from the "fulneſs or length of his wig, or any part of his "dreſs, or the immoderate extent of his hat, or other-"wiſe, to ſeem larger or higher than he is, it is order-"ed, he ſhall wear red heels to his ſhoes, and a red "feather in his hat; which may apparently mark and

"ſet

" ſet bounds to the extremities of his ſmall dimenſion, " that all people may readily find him out between his " hat and his ſhoes.

" III. If any member ſhall purchaſe a horſe for his " own riding, above fourteen hands and a half in " height; that horſe ſhall forthwith be ſold, a Scots " galloway bought in its ſtead for him, and the over- " plus of the money ſhall treat the club.

" IV. If any member, in direct contradiction to the " fundamental laws of the ſociety, ſhall wear the heels " of his ſhoes exceeding one inch and a half; it ſhall " be interpreted as an open renunciation of littleneſs, " and the criminal ſhall inſtantly be expelled. Note, " The form to be uſed in expelling a member ſhall be " in theſe words, " Go from among us, and be tall if " you can!"

" It is the unanimous opinion of our whole ſociety, " that ſince the race of mankind is granted to have " decreaſed in ſtature, from the beginning to this pre- " ſent, it is the intent of nature itſelf, that men ſhould " be little; and we believe, that all human kind ſhall " at laſt grow down to perfection, that is to ſay, be " reduced to *our own meaſure*."

No. 92. JUNE 26, 1713.

Homunculi quanti ſunt, cum recogito! PLAUT.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, Eſq;

" YOU are now acquainted with the nature and de- " ſign of our inſtitution; the character of the " members, and the topics of our converſation, are " what remain for the ſubject of this epiſtle.

" The moſt eminent perſons of our aſſembly are a " little poet, a little lover, a little politician, and a lit- " tle hero. The firſt of theſe, *Dick Diſtich* by name, " we have elected preſident: not only as he is the

" ſhorteſt

" ſhorteſt of us all, but becauſe he has entertained ſo " juſt a ſenſe of his ſtature, as to go generally in black, " that he may appear yet leſs. Nay, to that perfec- " tion is he arrived, that he ſtoops as he walks. The " figure of the man is odd enough; he is a lively little " creature, with long arms and legs: a ſpider is no ill " emblem of him. He has been taken at a diſtance " for a ſmall windmill. But indeed what principally " moved us in his favour was his talent in poetry, for " he hath promiſed to undertake a long work in ſhort " verſe to celebrate the heroes of our ſize. He has " entertained ſo great a reſpect for Statius, on the ſcore " of that line,

Major in exiguo regnabat corpore virtus,

" that he once deſigned to tranſlate the whole Thebaid, " for the ſake of little Tydeus.

" Tom Tiptoe, a dapper black fellow, is the moſt " gallant lover of the age. He is particularly nice in " his habiliments; and to the end juſtice may be done " him that way, conſtantly employs the ſame artiſt " who makes attire for the neighbouring princes and " ladies of quality at Mr. Powel's. The vivacity of " his temper inclines him ſometimes to boaſt of the " favours of the fair. He was the other night excuſ- " ing his abſence from the club, on account of an aſ- " ſignation with a lady, (and, as he had the vanity to " tell us, a tall one too), who had conſented to the full " accompliſhment of his deſires that evening: but one " of the company, who was his confident, aſſured us " ſhe was a woman of humour, and made the agree- " ment on this condition, that his toe ſhould be tied to " hers.

" Our politician is a perſon of real gravity, and " profeſſed wiſdom: gravity in a man of this ſize, " compared with that of one of ordinary bulk, ap- " pears like the gravity of a cat compared with that " of a lion. This gentleman is accuſtomed to talk " to himſelf, and was once overheard to compare

" his

" his own perſon to a little cabinet, wherein are lock-
" ed up all the ſecrets of ſtate, and refined ſchemes of
" princes. His face is pale and meagre, which pro-
" ceeds from much watching and ſtudying for the wel-
" fare of Europe, which is alſo thought to have ſtint-
" ed his growth: for he hath deſtroyed his own con-
" ſtitution with taking care of that of the nation. He
" is what Monſ. Balzac calls, a great diſtiller of the
" maxims of Tacitus: when he ſpeaks, it is ſlowly,
" and word by word, as one that is loth to enrich
" you too faſt with his obſervations; like a limbec
" that gives you, drop by drop, an extract of the little
" that is in it.

" The laſt I ſhall mention is Tim. Tuck, the hero.
" He is particularly remarkable for the length of his
" ſword, which interſects his perſon in a croſs line,
" and makes him appear not unlike a fly that the boys
" have run a pin through, and ſet a walking. He once
" challenged a tall fellow for giving him a blow on the
" pate with his elbow, as he paſſed along the ſtreet.
" But what he eſpecially values himſelf upon, is, in
" all the campaigns he has made, he never once duck-
" ed at the whizz of a cannon ball. Tim. was full as
" large at fourteen years old as he is now. This we are
" tender of mentioning, your little heroes being gene-
" rally choleric.

" Theſe are the gentlemen that moſt enliven our
" converſation. The diſcourſe generally turns upon
" ſuch accidents, whether fortunate or unfortunate, as
" are daily occaſioned by our ſize; theſe we faithfully
" communicate, either as matter of mirth, or of con-
" ſolation to each other. The preſident had lately an
" unlucky fall, being unable to keep his legs on a
" ſtormy day; whereupon he informed us it was no
" new diſaſter, but the ſame a certain ancient poet had
" been ſubject to; who is recorded to have been ſo
" light, that he was obliged to poiſe himſelf againſt
" the wind, with lead on one ſide, and his own works
" on the other. The lover confeſſed the other night,
" that he had been cured of love to a tall woman, by
" reading over the legend of Ragotine in Scarron,

" with his tea, three mornings ſucceſſively. Our hero " rarely acquaints us with any of his unſucceſsful ad- " ventures: and as for the politician, he declares him- " ſelf an utter enemy to all kinds of burleſque, ſo will " never diſcompoſe the auſterity of his aſpect by laugh- " ing at our adventures, much leſs diſcover any of his " own in this ludicrous light. Whatever he tells of " any accidents that befal him, is by way of complaint, " nor is he ever laughed at but in his *abſence*.

" We are likewiſe particularly careful to communi- " cate in the club all ſuch paſſages of hiſtory, or cha- " racters of illuſtrious perſonages, as any way reflect " honour on little men. Tim. Tuck having but juſt " reading enough for a military man, perpetually en- " tertains us with the ſame ſtories, of little David that " conquered the mighty Goliath, and little Luxem- " bourg that made Lewis XIV. a grand Monarque, " never forgetting little Alexander the Great. Dick " Diſtich celebrates the exceeding humanity of Au- " guſtus, who called Horace *lepidiſſimum homunciolum*; " and is wonderfully pleaſed with Voiture and Scarron, " for having ſo well deſcribed their diminutive forms " to poſterity. He is peremptorily of opinion, againſt " a great reader and all his adherents, that Æſop was " not a jot properer or handſomer than he is repreſent- " ed by the common pictures. But the ſoldier believes " with the learned perſon above-mentioned; for he " thinks none but an impudent tall author could be " guilty of ſuch an unmannerly piece of ſatire on lit- " tle warriors, as his battle of the mouſe and the frog. " The politician is very proud of a certain king of " Egypt called *Bacchor*, who, as Diodorus aſſures us, " was a perſon of a very low ſtature, but far exceeded " all that went before him in diſcretion and politics.

" As I am ſecretary to the club, it is my buſineſs, " whenever we meet, to take minutes of the tranſac- " tions: this has enabled me to ſend you the foregoing " particulars, as I may hereafter other memoirs. We " have ſpies appointed in every quarter of the town, " to give us informations of the miſbehaviour of " ſuch refractory perſons as refuſe to be ſubject

" to

" to our ſtatutes. Whatſoever aſpiring practices any " of theſe our people ſhall be guilty of in their amours, " ſingle combats, or any indirect means to manhood, " we ſhall certainly be acquainted with, and publiſh to " the world, for their puniſhment and reformation. " For the preſident has granted me the ſole propriety " of expoſing and ſhewing to the town all ſuch intract- " able dwarfs, whoſe circumſtances exempt them from " being carried about in boxes; reſerving only to him- " ſelf, as the right of a poet, thoſe ſmart characters " that will ſhine in epigrams. Venerable Neſtor, I " ſalute you in the name of the club.

" BOB SHORT, *Secretary.*"

No. 173. SEPTEMBER 29, 1713.

——Nec ſera comantem
Narciſſum, aut flexi tacuiſſem vimen Acanthi,
Pallenteſque hederas, et amantes littora myrtos. VIRG.

I LATELY took a particular friend of mine to my houſe in the country, not without ſome apprehenſion, that it could afford little entertainment to a man of his polite taſte, particularly in architecture and gardening, who had ſo long been converſant with all that is beautiful and great in either. But it was a pleaſant ſurpriſe to me, to hear him often declare he had found in my little retirement, that beauty which he always thought wanting in the moſt celebrated ſeats (or, if you will, villas) of the nation. This he deſcribed to me in thoſe verſes, with which Martial begins one of his epigrams:

Baiana noſtri villa, Baſſe, Fauſtini,
Non otioſis ordinata myrtetis,
Viduaque platano, tonſilique buxeto,
Ingrata lati ſpatia detinet campi;
Sed rure vero, barbaroque lætatur.

There is certainly ſomething in the amiable ſimplicity of unadorned nature, that ſpreads over the mind a more noble ſort of tranquillity, and a loftier ſenſation of pleaſure, than can be raiſed from the nicer ſcenes of art.

This was the taſte of the ancients in their gardens, as we may diſcover from the deſcriptions extant of them. The two moſt celebrated wits in the world have each of them left us a particular picture of a garden; wherein thoſe great maſters being wholly unconfined, and painting at pleaſure, may be thought to have given a full idea of what they eſteemed moſt excellent in this way. Theſe (one may obſerve) conſiſt entirely of the uſeful part of horticulture, fruit-trees, herbs, water, *&c.* The pieces I am ſpeaking of are Virgil's account of the garden of the old Corycian, and Homer's of that of Alcinous in the ſeventh Odyſſey, to which I refer the reader.

Sir William Temple has remarked, that this garden of Homer contains all the juſteſt rules and proviſions which can go toward compoſing the beſt gardens. Its extent was four acres, which, in thoſe times of ſimplicity, was looked upon as a large one, even for a prince. It was incloſed all around for defence; and for conveniency joined cloſe to the gates of the palace.

He mentions next the trees, which were ſtandards, and ſuffered to grow to their full height. The fine deſcription of the fruits that never failed, and the eternal zephyrs, is only a more noble and poetical way of expreſſing the continual ſucceſſion of one fruit after another throughout the year.

The vineyard ſeems to have been a plantation diſtinct from the garden; as alſo the beds of greens mentioned afterwards at the extremity of the incloſure, in the uſual place of our kitchen-gardens.

The two fountains are diſpoſed very remarkably. They roſe within the incloſures, and were brought in by conduits or ducts; one of them to water all parts of the gardens, and the other underneath the palace into the town, for the ſervice of the public.

How

How contrary to this ſimplicity is the modern practice of gardening? We ſeem to make it our ſtudy to recede from nature, not only in the various tonſure of greens into the moſt regular and formal ſhapes, but even in monſtrous attempts beyond the reach of the art itſelf: we run into ſculpture, and are yet better pleaſed to have our trees in the moſt aukward figures of men and animals, than in the moſt regular of their own.

Hinc et nexilibus videas e frondibus hortos,
Implexos late muros, et mœnia circum
Porrigere, et latas e ramis ſurgere turres;
Deflexam et myrtum in puppes, atque ærea roſtra:
In buxiſque undare fretum, atque e rore rudentes.
Parte alia frondere ſuis tentoria caſtris;
Scutaque, ſpiculaque, et jaculantia citria vallos.

I believe it is no wrong obſervation, that perſons of genius, and thoſe who are moſt capable of art, are always moſt fond of nature; as ſuch are chiefly ſenſible, that all art conſiſts in the imitation and ſtudy of nature; on the contrary, people of the common level of underſtanding are principally delighted with the little niceties and fantaſtical operations of art, and conſtantly think that fineſt which is leaſt natural. A citizen is no ſooner proprietor of a couple of yews, but he entertains thoughts of erecting them into giants, like thoſe of Guildhall. I know an eminent cook, who beautified his country ſeat with a coronation-dinner in greens, where you ſee the Champion flouriſhing on horſeback at one end of the table, and the Queen in perpetual youth at the other.

For the benefit of all my loving countrymen of this curious taſte, I ſhall here publiſh a catalogue of greens to be diſpoſed of by an eminent town-gardener, who has lately applied to me upon this head. He repreſents, that for the advancement of a politer ſort of ornament in the villas and gardens adjacent to this great city, and in order to diſtinguiſh thoſe places from the mere barbarous countries of groſs nature, the world ſtands

much in need of a virtuoſo gardener, who has a turn to ſculpture, and is thereby capable of improving upon the ancients, in the imagery of evergreens. I proceed to his catalogue:

Adam and Eve in yew; Adam, a little ſhattered by the fall of the tree of knowledge in the great ſtorm; Eve and the ſerpent very flouriſhing.

Noah's ark in holly, the ribs a little damaged for want of water.

The tower of Babel, not yet finiſhed.

St. George in box; his arm ſcarce long enough, but will be in a condition to ſtick the dragon by next April.

A green dragon of the ſame, with a tail of ground-ivy for the preſent.

N. B. Thoſe two not to be ſold ſeparately.

Edward the Black Prince in cypreſs.

A Lauruſtine bear in bloſſom, with a juniper-hunter in berries.

A pair of giants, ſtunted, to be ſold cheap.

A Queen Elizabeth in Phyllirea, a little inclining to the green ſickneſs, but of full growth.

Another Queen Elizabeth in myrtle, which was very forward, but miſcarried by being too near a ſavine.

An old maid of honour, in wormwood.

A topping Ben Johnſon in laurel.

Divers eminent modern poets in bays, ſomewhat blighted, to be diſpoſed of, a pennyworth.

A quick-ſet hog ſhot up into a porcupine, by being forgot a week in rainy weather.

A lavender pig, with ſage growing in his belly.

A pair of maiden-heads in fir, in great forwardneſs.

He alſo cutteth family-pieces of men, women, and children, ſo that any gentleman may have his lady's effigy in myrtle, or his own in horn-beam.

Thy wife ſhall be as the fruitful vine, and thy children as olive branches round thy table.

PRE-

PREFACE

TO

HOMER's ILIAD.

HOMER is univerſally allowed to have had the greateſt invention of any writer whatever. The praiſe of judgment Virgil has juſtly conteſted with him, and others may have their pretenſions as to particular excellencies; but his invention remains yet unrivalled. Nor is it a wonder if he has ever been acknowledged the greateſt of poets, who moſt excelled in that which is the very foundation of poetry. It is the invention that in different degrees diſtinguiſhes all great geniuſes: the utmoſt ſtretch of human ſtudy, learning, and induſtry, which maſter every thing beſides, can never attain to this. It furniſhes art with all her materials, and without it, judgment itſelf can at beſt but *ſteal wiſely*: for art is only like a prudent ſteward that lives on managing the riches of nature. Whatever praiſes may be given to works of judgment, there is not even a ſingle beauty in them, to which the invention muſt not contribute. As in the moſt regular gardens, art can only reduce the beauties of nature to more regularity, and ſuch a figure, which the common eye may better take in, and is therefore more entertained with. And perhaps the reaſon why common critics are inclined to prefer a judicious and methodical genius to a great and fruitful one, is, becauſe they find it eaſier for themſelves to purſue their obſervations through an uniform and bounded walk of art, than to comprehend the vaſt and various extent of nature.

Our

Our author's work is a wild paradiſe, where, if we cannot ſee all the beauties ſo diſtinctly as in an ordered garden, it is only becauſe the number of them is infinitely greater. It is like a copious nurſery which contains the ſeeds and firſt productions of every kind, out of which thoſe who followed him have but ſelected ſome particular plants, each according to his fancy, to cultivate and beautify. If ſome things are too luxuriant, it is owing to the richneſs of the ſoil; and if others are not arrived to perfection or maturity, it is only becauſe they are over-run and oppreſſed by thoſe of a ſtronger nature.

It is to the ſtrength of this amazing invention we are to attribute that unequalled fire and rapture, which is ſo forcible in Homer, that no man of a true poetical ſpirit is maſter of himſelf while he reads him. What he writes is of the moſt animated nature imaginable; every thing moves, every thing lives, and is put in action. If a council be called, or a battle fought, you are not coldly informed of what was ſaid or done as from a third perſon; the reader is hurried out of himſelf by the force of the poet's imagination, and turns in one place to a hearer, in another to a ſpectator. The courſe of his verſes reſembles that of the army he deſcribes,

Οἱ δ' ἀΐ ἴσαν, ὡσεί τε πυρὶ χθὼν πᾶσα νέμοιτο.

They pour along like a fire that ſweeps the whole earth before it. It is, however, remarkable, that his fancy, which is every where vigorous, is not diſcovered immediately at the beginning of his poem in its fulleſt ſplendour; it grows in the progreſs both upon himſelf and others, and becomes on fire, like a chariot wheel, by its own rapidity. Exact diſpoſition, juſt thought, correct elocution, poliſhed numbers, may have been found in a thouſand; but this poetical fire, this *vivida vis animi*, in a very few. Even in works where all thoſe are imperfect or neglected, this can overpower criticiſm, and make us admire even while we diſapprove. Nay, where this appears, though attended with abſur-

abſurdities, it brightens all the rubbiſh about it, till we ſee nothing but its own ſplendour. This *fire* is diſcerned in Virgil, but diſcerned as through a glaſs, reflected from Homer, more ſhining than fierce, but every where equal and conſtant: in Lucan and Statius it burſts out in ſudden, ſhort, and interrupted flaſhes: in Milton it glows like a furnace kept up to an uncommon ardour by the force of art: in Shakeſpeare it ſtrikes before we are aware, like an accidental fire from heaven: but in Homer, and in him only, it burns every where clearly, and every where irreſiſtibly.

I ſhall here endeavour to ſhow, how this vaſt *invention* exerts itſelf in a manner ſuperior to that of any poet, through all the main conſtituent parts of his work, as it is the great and material characteriſtic which diſtinguiſhes him from all other authors.

This ſtrong and ruling faculty was like a powerful ſtar, which, in the violence of its courſe, drew all things within its *vortex*. It ſeemed not enough to have taken in the whole circle of arts, and the whole compaſs of nature to ſupply his maxims and reflections; all the inward paſſions and affections of mankind, to furniſh his characters; and all the outward forms and images of things for his deſcriptions; but wanting yet an ampler ſphere to expatiate in, he opened a new and boundleſs walk for his imagination, and created a world for himſelf in the invention of *fable*. That which Ariſtotle calls the *ſoul of poetry* was firſt breathed into it by Homer. I ſhall begin with conſidering him in this part, as it is naturally the firſt, and I ſpeak of it both as it means the deſign of a poem, and as it is taken for fiction.

Fable may be divided into the *probable*, the *allegorical*, and the *marvellous*. The *probable fable* is the recital of ſuch actions, as though they did not happen, yet might, in the common courſe of nature; or of ſuch as though they did, become fables by the additional epiſodes and manner of telling them. Of this ſort is the main ſtory of an epic poem, *the return of Ulyſſes*, *the ſettlement of the Trojans in Italy*, or the like. That

of

of the *Iliad* is the *anger of Achilles*, the moſt ſhort and ſingle ſubject that ever was choſen by any poet. Yet this he has ſupplied with a vaſter variety of incidents and events, and crouded with a greater number of councils, ſpeeches, battles, and epiſodes of all kinds, than are to be found even in thoſe poems whoſe ſchemes are of the utmoſt latitude and irregularity. The action is hurried on with the moſt vehement ſpirit, and its whole duration employs not ſo much as fifty days. Virgil, for want of ſo warm a genius, aided himſelf by taking in a more extenſive ſubject, as well as a greater length of time, and contracting the deſign of both Homer's poems into one, which is yet but a fourth part as large as his. The other epic poets have uſed the ſame practice, but generally carried it ſo far as to ſuperinduce a multiplicity of fables, deſtroy the unity of action, and loſe their readers in an unreaſonable length of time. Nor is it only in the main deſign that they have been unable to add to his invention, but they have followed him in every epiſode and part of ſtory. If he has given a regular *catalogue* of an *army*, they all draw up their forces in the ſame order. If he has funeral games for Patroclus, Virgil has the ſame for Anchiſes, and Statius (rather than omit them) deſtroys the unity of his action for thoſe of Archemorus. If Ulyſſes viſit the ſhades, the Æneas of Virgil and Scipio of Silius are ſent after him. If he be detained from his return by the allurements of Calypſo, ſo is Æneas by Dido, and Rinaldo by Armida. If Achilles be abſent from the army on the ſcore of a quarrel through half the poem, Rinaldo muſt abſent himſelf juſt as long, on the like account. If he gives his hero a ſuit of celeſtial armour, Virgil and Taſſo make the ſame preſent to theirs. Virgil has not only obſerved this cloſe imitation of Homer, but where he had not led the way, ſupplied the want from other Greek authors. Thus the ſtory of Sinon, and the taking of Troy, was copied (ſays Macrobius) almoſt word for word from Piſander, as the loves of Dido and Æneas are taken from thoſe of Medea and

Jaſon

Jaſon in Apollonius, and ſeveral others in the ſame manner.

To proceed to the *allegorical fable:* if we reflect upon thoſe innumerable knowledges, thoſe ſecrets of nature and phyſical philoſophy, which Homer is generally ſuppoſed to have wrapped up in his *allegories*, what a new and ample ſcene of wonder may this conſideration afford us? How fertile will that imagination appear, which was able to clothe all the properties of elements, the qualifications of the mind, the virtues and vices, in forms and perſons; and to introduce them into actions agreeable to the nature of the things they ſhadowed? This is a field in which no ſucceeding poets could diſpute with Homer; and whatever commendations have been allowed them on this head, are by no means for their invention in having enlarged his circle, but for their judgment in having contracted it. For when the mode of learning changed in following ages, and ſcience was delivered in a plainer manner, it then became as reaſonable in the more modern poets to lay it aſide, as it was in Homer to make uſe of it. And perhaps it was no unhappy circumſtance for Virgil, that there was not in his time that demand upon him of ſo great an invention, as might be capable of furniſhing all thoſe allegorical parts of a poem.

The *marvellous fable* includes whatever is ſupernatural, and eſpecially the machines of the gods. He ſeems the firſt who brought them into a ſyſtem of machinery for poetry, and ſuch a one as makes its greateſt importance and dignity. For we find thoſe authors who have been offended at the literal notion of the gods, conſtantly laying their accuſation againſt Homer as the chief ſupport of it. But whatever cauſe there might be to blame his *machines* in a philoſophical or religious view, they are ſo perfect in the poetic, that mankind have been ever ſince contented to follow them: none have been able to enlarge the ſphere of poetry beyond the limits he has ſet: every attempt of this nature has proved unſucceſsful; and, after all the various changes of times and religions, his gods continue to this day the gods of poetry.

We

We come now to the *characters* of his perſons: and here we ſhall find no author has ever drawn ſo many, with ſo viſible and ſurpriſing a variety, or given us ſuch lively and affecting impreſſions of them. Every one has ſomething ſo ſingularly his own, that no painter could have diſtinguiſhed them more by their features than the poet has by their manners. Nothing can be more exact than the diſtinctions he has obſerved in the different degrees of virtues and vices. The ſingle quality of *courage* is wonderfully diverſified in the ſeveral characters of the Iliad. That of Achilles is furious and intractable; that of Diomede forward, yet liſtening to advice, and ſubject to command; that of Ajax is heavy, and ſelf-confiding; of Hector active and vigilant: the courage of Agamemnon is inſpirited by love of empire and ambition, that of Menelaus mixed with ſofineſs and tenderneſs for his people: we find in Idomeneus a plain direct ſoldier, in Sarpedon a gallant and generous one. Nor is this judicious and aſtoniſhing diverſity to be found only in the principal quality which conſtitutes the main of each character, but even in the under parts of it, to which he takes care to give a tincture of that principal one. For example, the main characters of Ulyſſes and Neſtor conſiſt in *wiſdom*; and they are diſtinct in this, that the wiſdom of one is *artificial* and *various*, of the other, *natural*, *open*, and *regular*. But they have, beſides, characters of *courage*; and this quality alſo takes a different turn in each from the difference of his prudence: for one in the war depends ſtill upon *caution*, the other upon *experience*. It would be endleſs to produce inſtances of theſe kinds. The characters of Virgil are far from ſtriking us in this open manner; they lie in a great degree hidden and undiſtinguiſhed, and where they are marked moſt evidently, affect us not in proportion to thoſe of Homer. His characters of valour are much alike; even that of Turnus ſeems no way peculiar, but as it is in a ſuperior degree; and we ſee nothing that differences the courage of Mneſtheus from

from that of Sergeſtus, Cloanthus, or the reſt. In like manner it may be remarked of Statius's heroes, that an air of impetuoſity runs through them all; the ſame horrid and ſavage courage appears in his Capaneus, Tydeus, Hippomedon, *&c.* They have a parity of character, which makes them ſeem brothers of one family. I believe when the reader is led into this tract of reflection, if he will purſue it through the *epic* and *tragic* writers, he will be convinced how infinitely ſuperior in this point the invention of Homer was to that of all others.

The *ſpeeches* are to be conſidered as they flow from the characters, being perfect or defective as they agree or diſagree with the manners of thoſe who utter them. As there is more variety of characters in the *Iliad*, ſo there is of ſpeeches, than in any other poem. *Every thing in it has manners*, (as Ariſtotle expreſſes it), that is, every thing is acted or ſpoken. It is hardly credible in a work of ſuch length, how ſmall a number of lines are employed in narration. In Virgil the dramatic part is leſs in proportion to the narrative; and the ſpeeches often conſiſt of general reflections or thoughts, which might be equally juſt in any perſon's mouth upon the ſame occaſion. As many of his perſons have no apparent characters, ſo many of his ſpeeches eſcape being applied and judged by the rule of propriety. We oftener think of the author himſelf when we read Virgil, than when we are engaged in Homer: all which are the effects of a colder invention, that intereſts us leſs in the action deſcribed: Homer makes us hearers, and Virgil leaves us readers.

If, in the next place, we take a view of the *ſentiments*, the ſame preſiding faculty is eminent in the ſublimity and ſpirit of his thoughts. Longinus has given his opinion, that it was in this part Homer principally excelled. What were alone ſufficient to prove the grandeur and excellence of his ſentiments in general, is, that they have ſo remarkable a parity with thoſe of the ſcripture: Duport, in his Gnomologia Homerica, has

collected innumerable inſtances of this ſort. And it is with juſtice an excellent modern writer allows, that if Virgil has not ſo many thoughts that are low and vulgar, he has not ſo many that are ſublime and noble; and that the Roman author ſeldom riſes into very aſtoniſhing ſentiments where he is not fired by the Iliad.

If we obſerve his *deſcriptions*, *images*, and *ſimiles*, we ſhall find the invention ſtill predominant. To what elſe can we aſcribe that vaſt comprehenſion of images of every ſort, where we ſee each circumſtance of art, and individual of nature ſummoned together, by the extent and fecundity of his imagination; to which all things in their various views, preſented themſelves in an inſtant, and had their impreſſions taken off to perfection at a heat? Nay, he not only gives us the full proſpects of things, but ſeveral unexpected peculiarities and ſide-views, unobſerved by any painter but Homer. Nothing is ſo ſurpriſing as the deſcriptions of his battles, which take up no leſs than half the Iliad, and are ſupplied with ſo vaſt a variety of incidents, that no one bears a likeneſs to another; ſuch different kinds of deaths, that no two heroes are wounded in the ſame manner; and ſuch a profuſion of noble ideas, that every battle riſes above the laſt in greatneſs, horror, and confuſion. It is certain there is not near that number of images and deſcriptions in any epic poet; though every one has aſſiſted himſelf with a great quantity out of him: and it is evident of Virgil eſpecially, that he has ſcarce any compariſons which are not drawn from his maſter.

If we deſcend from hence to the *expreſſion*, we ſee the bright imagination of Homer ſhining out in the moſt enlivened forms of it. We acknowledge him the father of poetical diction, the firſt who taught that *language of the gods* to men. His expreſſion is like the colouring of ſome great maſters, which diſcovers itſelf to be laid on boldly, and executed with rapidity. It is indeed the ſtrongeſt and moſt glowing imaginable, and touched

touched with the greateſt ſpirit. Ariſtotle had reaſon to ſay, He was the only poet who had found out *living words*; there are in him more daring figures and metaphors than in any good author whatever. An arrow is *impatient* to be on the wing, a weapon *thirſts* to drink the blood of an enemy, and the like. Yet his expreſſion is never too big for the ſenſe, but juſtly great in proportion to it. It is the ſentiment that ſwells and fills out the diction, which riſes with it, and forms itſelf about it: and in the ſame degree that a thought is warmer, an expreſſion will be brighter; as that is more ſtrong, this will become more perſpicuous; like glaſs in the furnace, which grows to a greater magnitude and refines to a greater clearneſs, only as the breath within is more powerful, and the heat more intenſe.

To throw his language more out of proſe, Homer ſeems to have affected the *compound epithets*. This was a ſort of compoſition peculiarly proper to poetry, not only as it heightened the *diction*, but as it aſſiſted and filled the *numbers* with greater ſound and pomp, and likewiſe conduced in ſome meaſure to thicken the *images*. On this laſt conſideration, I cannot but attribute theſe alſo to the fruitfulneſs of his invention, ſince (as he has managed them) they are a ſort of ſupernumerary pictures of the perſons or things to which they are joined. We ſee the motion of Hector's plumes in the epithet κορυθαίολος, the landſcape of Mount Neritus in that of εἰνοσίφυλλος, and ſo of others: which particular images could not have been inſiſted upon ſo long as to expreſs them in a deſcription (though but of a ſingle line) without diverting the reader too much from the principal action or figure. As a metaphor is a ſhort ſimile, one of theſe epithets is a ſhort deſcription.

Laſtly, if we conſider his *verſification*, we ſhall be ſenſible what a ſhare of praiſe is due to his invention in that. He was not ſatisfied with his language, as he found it ſettled in any one part of Greece, but

ſearched through its differing *dialects* with this particular view, to beautify and perfect his numbers: he conſidered theſe as they had a greater mixture of vowels or conſonants, and accordingly employed them as the verſe required either a greater ſmoothneſs or ſtrength. What he moſt affected was the *Ionic*, which has a peculiar ſweetneſs from its never uſing contractions, and from its cuſtom of reſolving the diphthongs into two ſyllables; ſo as to make the words open themſelves with a more ſpreading and ſonorous fluency. With this he mingled the *Attic* contractions, the broader *Doric*, and the feebler *Æolic*, which often rejects its aſperate, or takes off its accent; and completed this variety by altering ſome letters with the licence of poetry. Thus his meaſures, inſtead of being fetters to his ſenſe, were always in readineſs to run along with the warmth of his rapture, and even to give a further repreſentation of his notions, in the correſpondence of their ſounds to what they ſignified. Out of all theſe he has derived that harmony, which makes us confeſs he had not only the richeſt head, but the fineſt ear in the world. This is ſo great a truth, that whoever will but conſult the tune of his verſes, even without underſtanding them, (with the ſame ſort of diligence as we daily ſee practiſed in the caſe of Italian operas), will find more ſweetneſs, variety, and majeſty of ſound, than in any other language or poetry. The beauty of his numbers is allowed by the critics to be copied but faintly by Virgil himſelf, though they are ſo juſt to aſcribe it to the nature of the Latin tongue: indeed the Greek has ſome advantages both from the natural *ſound* of its *words*, and the turn and *cadence* of its *verſe*, which agree with the genius of no other language. Virgil was very ſenſible of this, and uſed the utmoſt diligence in working up a more intractable language to whatſoever graces it was capable of; and in particular never failed to bring the ſound of his line to a beautiful agreement with its ſenſe. If the Grecian poet has not been ſo frequently celebrated on this account as the Roman, the only reaſon is, that

fewer

fewer critics have underſtood one language than the other. Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus has pointed out many of our author's beauties in this kind, in his treatiſe of the *Compoſition of words*, and others will be taken notice of in the courſe of my notes. It ſuffices at preſent to obſerve of his numbers, that they flow with ſo much eaſe, as to make one imagine Homer had no other care than to tranſcribe as faſt as the *Muſes* dictated; and at the ſame time with ſo much force and inſpiring vigour, that they awaken and raiſe us like the ſound of a trumpet. They roll along as a plentiful river, always in motion, and always full; while we are borne away by a tide of verſe, the moſt rapid, and yet the moſt ſmooth imaginable.

Thus, on whatever ſide we contemplate Homer, what principally ſtrikes us is his *invention*. It is that which forms the character of each part of his work; and accordingly we find it to have made his fable more *extenſive* and *copious* than any other, his manners more *lively* and *ſtrongly marked*, his ſpeeches more *affecting* and *tranſported*, his ſentiments more *warm* and *ſublime*, his images and deſcriptions more *full* and *animated*, his expreſſion more *raiſed* and *daring*, and his numbers more *rapid* and *various*. I hope, in what has been ſaid of Virgil, with regard to any of theſe heads, I have no way derogated from his character. Nothing is more abſurd or endleſs, than the common method of comparing eminent writers by an oppoſition of particular paſſages in them, and forming a judgment from thence of their merit upon the whole. We ought to have a certain knowledge of the principal character and diſtinguiſhing excellence of each: it is in *that* we are to conſider him, and in proportion to his degree in *that* we are to admire him. No author or man ever excelled all the world in more than one faculty; and as Homer has done this in *invention*, Virgil has in *judgment*. Not that we are to think Homer wanted judgment, becauſe Virgil had it in a more eminent degree; or that Virgil wanted invention, becauſe Homer poſſeſſed a larger ſhare of it; each of theſe great authors

had more of both than perhaps any man beſides, and are only ſaid to have leſs in compariſon with one another. Homer was the greater genius, Virgil the better artiſt. In one we moſt admire the man, in the other the work. Homer hurries and tranſports us with a commanding impetuoſity; Virgil leads us with an attractive majeſty: Homer ſcatters with a generous profuſion, Virgil beſtows with a careful magnificence: Homer, like the Nile, pours out his riches with a boundleſs overflow; Virgil, like a river in its banks, with a gentle and conſtant ſtream. When we behold their battles, methinks the two poets reſemble the heroes they celebrate: Homer, boundleſs and irreſiſtible as Achilles, bears all before him, and ſhines more and more as the tumult increaſes; Virgil, calmly daring like Æneas, appears undiſturbed in the midſt of the action; diſpoſes all about him, and conquers with tranquillity. And when we look upon their machines, Homer ſeems like his own Jupiter in his terrors, ſhaking Olympus, ſcattering the lightnings, and firing the heavens; Virgil, like the ſame power in his benevolence, counſelling with the gods, laying plans for empires, and regularly ordering his whole creation.

But, after all, it is with great parts as with great virtues, they naturally border on ſome imperfection; and it is often hard to diſtinguiſh exactly where the virtue ends, or the fault begins. As prudence may ſometimes ſink to ſuſpicion, ſo may a great judgment decline to coldneſs; and as magnanimity may run up to profuſion or extravagance, ſo may a great invention to redundancy or wildneſs. If we look upon Homer in this view, we ſhall perceive the chief *objections* againſt him to proceed from ſo noble a cauſe as the exceſs of this faculty.

Among theſe we may reckon ſome of his *marvellous fictions*, upon which ſo much criticiſm has been ſpent, as ſurpaſſing all the bounds of probability. Perhaps it may be with great and ſuperior ſouls, as with gigantic bodies, which, exerting themſelves with unuſual ſtrength, exceed what is commonly thought the due

proportion

proportion of parts, to become miracles in the whole; and like the old heroes of that make, commit ſomething near extravagance, amidſt a ſeries of glorious and inimitable performances. Thus Homer has his *ſpeaking horſes*, and Virgil his *myrtles diſtilling blood*, where the latter has not ſo much as contrived the eaſy intervention of a Deity to ſave the probability.

It is owing to the ſame vaſt invention, that his *ſimiles* have been thought too exuberant and full of circumſtances. The force of this faculty is ſeen in nothing more, than in its inability to confine itſelf to that ſingle circumſtance upon which the compariſon is grounded: it runs out into embelliſhments of additional images, which, however, are ſo managed, as not to overpower the main one. His ſimiles are like pictures, where the principal figure has not only its proportion given agreeable to the original, but is alſo ſet off with occaſional ornaments and proſpects. The ſame will account for his manner of heaping a number of compariſons together in one breath, when his fancy ſuggeſted to him at once ſo many various and correſpondent images. The reader will eaſily extend this obſervation to more objections of the ſame kind.

If there are others which ſeem rather to charge him with a defect or narrowneſs of genius, than an exceſs of it; thoſe ſeeming defects will be found upon examination to proceed wholly from the nature of the times he lived in. Such are his *groſſer repreſentations* of the *gods*, and the vicious and *imperfect manners* of his *heroes*, which will be treated of in the following * *eſſay*: but I muſt here ſpeak a word of the latter, as it is a point generally carried into extremes, both by the cenſurers and defenders of Homer. It muſt be a ſtrange partiality to antiquity, to think with Madam Dacier, "that † thoſe times and manners are ſo "much the more excellent, as they are more con-

* See the articles of theology and morality, in the third part of the eſſay.

† Preface to her Homer.

"trary,

" trary to ours." Who can be ſo prejudiced in their favour as to magnify the felicity of thoſe ages, when a ſpirit of revenge and cruelty, joined with the practice of rapine and robbery, reigned through the world; when no mercy was ſhown but for the ſake of lucre, when the greateſt princes were put to the ſword, and their wives and daughters made ſlaves and concubines? On the other ſide, I would not be ſo delicate as thoſe modern critics, who are ſhocked at the *ſervile offices*, and mean employments in which we ſometimes ſee the heroes of Homer engaged. There is a pleaſure in taking a view of that ſimplicity in oppoſition to the luxury of ſucceeding ages, in beholding monarchs without their guards, princes tending their flocks, and princeſſes drawing water from the ſprings. When we read Homer, we ought to reflect that we are reading the moſt ancient author in the heathen world; and thoſe who conſider him in this light, will double their areaſure in the peruſal of him. Let them think they are growing acquainted with nations and people that are now no more; that they are ſtepping almoſt three thonſand years back into the remoteſt antiquity, and entertaining themſelves with a clear and ſurpriſing viſion of things no where elſe to be found, the only true mirror of that ancient world. By this means alone their greateſt obſtacles will vaniſh; and what uſually creates their diſlike, will become a ſatisfaction.

This conſideration may further ſerve to anſwer for the conſtant uſe of the ſame *epithets* to his gods and heroes, ſuch as the *far-darting* Phœbus, the *blue-eyed* Pallas, the *ſwift-footed* Achilles, *&c.* which ſome have cenſured as impertinent and tediouſly repeated. Thoſe of the gods depended upon the powers and offices then believed to belong to them, and had contracted a weight and veneration from the rites and ſolemn devotions in which they were uſed: they were a ſort of attributes with which it was a matter of religion to ſalute them on all occaſions, and which it was an irreverence to omit. As for the epithets of great men, Monſ. Boileau is of opinion, that they were in the nature

ture of *ſurnames*, and repeated as ſuch; for the Greeks having no names derived from their fathers, were obliged to add ſome other diſtinction of each perſon; either naming his parents expreſsly, or his place of birth, profeſſion, or the like: as Alexander the ſon of Philip, Herodotus of Halicarnaſſus, Diogenes the Cynic, *&c.* Homer therefore complying with the cuſtom of his country, uſed ſuch diſtinctive additions as better agreed with poetry. And indeed we have ſomething parallel to thoſe in modern times, ſuch as the names of Harold Harefoot, Edmund Ironſide, Edward Longſhanks, Edward the Black Prince, *&c.* If yet this be thought to account better for the propriety than for the repetition, I ſhall add a further conjecture. Heſiod, dividing the world into different ages, has placed a fourth age between the brazen and the iron one, of *heroes diſtinct from other men: a divine race, who fought at Thebes and Troy, are called demi-gods, and live by the care of Jupiter in the iſlands of the bleſſed* *. Now, among the divine honours which were paid them, they might have this alſo in common with the gods, not to be mentioned without the ſolemnity of an epithet, and ſuch as might be acceptable to them by its celebrating their families, actions, or qualities.

What other cavils have been raiſed againſt Homer are ſuch as hardly deſerve a reply, but will yet be taken notice of as they occur in the courſe of the work. Many have been occaſioned by an injudicious endeavour to exalt Virgil; which is much the ſame as if one ſhould think to raiſe the ſuperſtructure by undermining the foundation. One would imagine, by the whole courſe of their parallels, that theſe critics never ſo much as heard of Homer's having written firſt, a conſideration which whoever compares theſe two poets, ought to have always in his eye. Some accuſe him for the ſame things which they overlook or praiſe in the other; as when they prefer the fable and moral of the Æneis to thoſe of the Iliad, for the ſame reaſons which

* Heſiod, Op. et. Dier. lib. i. ver. 155, &c.

might

might ſet the Odyſſey above the Æneis; as that the hero is a wiſer man, and the action of the one more beneficial to his country than that of the other: or elſe they blame him for not doing what he never deſigned; as becauſe Achilles is not as good and perfect a prince as Æneas, when the very moral of his poem required a contrary character. It is thus that Rapin judges in his compariſon of Homer and Virgil. Others ſelect thoſe particular paſſages of Homer, which are not ſo laboured as ſome that Virgil drew out of them; this is the whole management of Scaliger in his Poetics. Others quarrel with what they take for low and mean expreſſions, ſometimes through a falſe delicacy and refinement, oftener from an ignorance of the graces of the original; and then triumph in the aukwardneſs of their own tranſlations: this is the conduct of Perault in his parallels. Laſtly, there are others, who pretending to a fairer proceeding, diſtinguiſh between the perſonal merit of Homer and that of his *work*; but when they come to aſſign the cauſes of the great reputation of the Iliad, they found it upon the ignorance of his times, and the prejudice of thoſe that followed; and, in purſuance of this principle, they make thoſe accidents (ſuch as the contention of the cities, *&c.*) to be the cauſes of his fame, which were in reality the conſequences of his merit. The ſame might as well be ſaid of Virgil, or any great author, whoſe general character will infallibly raiſe many caſual additions to their reputation. This is the method of M. de la Motte; who yet confeſſes upon the whole, that in whatever age Homer had lived, he muſt have been the greateſt poet of his nation, and that he may be ſaid in this ſenſe to be the maſter even of thoſe who ſurpaſſed him.

In all theſe objections we ſee nothing that contradicts his title to the honour of the chief *invention*; and as long as this (which is indeed the characteriſtic of poetry itſelf) remains unequalled by his followers, he ſtill continues ſuperior to them. A cooler judgment may commit fewer faults, and be more approved in the eyes

eyes of *one ſort* of critics; but that warmth of fancy will carry the loudeſt and moſt univerſal applauſes, which holds the heart of a reader under the ſtrongeſt inchantment. Homer not only appears the inventor of poetry, but excels all the inventors of other arts in this, that he has ſwallowed up the honour of thoſe who ſucceeded him. What he has done admitted no increaſe, it only left room for contraction or regulation. He ſhewed all the ſtretch of fancy at once; and if he has failed in ſome of his flights, it was but becauſe he attempted every thing. A work of this kind ſeems like a mighty tree which riſes from the moſt vigorous ſeed, is improved with induſtry, flouriſhes and produces the fineſt fruit; nature and art conſpire to raiſe it; pleaſure and profit join to make it valuable: and they who find the juſteſt faults, have only ſaid, that a few branches (which run luxuriant through a richneſs of nature) might be lopped into form to give it a more regular appearance.

Having now ſpoken of the beauties and defects of the original, it remains to treat of the tranſlation, with the ſame view to the chief characteriſtic. As far as *that* is ſeen in the main parts of the poem, ſuch as the fable, manners, and ſentiments, no tranſlator can prejudice it but by wilful omiſſions or contradictions. As it alſo breaks out in every particular image, deſcription, and ſimile; whoever leſſens or too much ſoftens thoſe, takes off from this chief character. It is the firſt grand duty of an interpreter to give his author entire and unmaimed, and for the reſt, the diction and verſification only are his proper province; ſince theſe muſt be his own, but the others he is to take as he finds them.

It ſhould then be conſidered what methods may afford ſome equivalent in our language for the graces of theſe in the Greek. It is certain no literal tranſlation can be juſt to an excellent original in a ſuperior language: but it is a great miſtake to imagine (as many have done) that a raſh paraphraſe can make amends for this general defect; which is no leſs in danger to loſe the ſpirit of an ancient, by deviating into the modern

dern manners of expreſſion. If there be ſometimes a darkneſs, there is often a light in antiquity, which nothing better preſerves than a verſion almoſt literal. I know no liberties one ought to take but thoſe which are neceſſary for transfuſing the ſpirit of the original, and ſupporting the poetical ſtyle of the tranſlation: and I will venture to ſay, there have not been more men miſled in former times by a ſervile dull adherence to the latter, than have been deluded in ours by a chimerical inſolent hope of raiſing and improving their author. It is not to be doubted that the *fire* of the poem is what a tranſlator ſhould principally regard, as it is moſt likely to expire in his managing: however, it is his ſafeſt way to be content with preſerving this to his utmoſt in the whole, without endeavouring to be more than he finds his author is, in any particular place. It is a great ſecret in writing to know when to be plain, and when poetical and figurative; and it is what Homer will teach us, if we but follow modeſtly in his footſteps. Where his diction is bold and lofty, let us raiſe ours as high as we can; but where his is plain and humble, we ought not to be deterred from imitating him by the fear of incurring the cenſure of a mere Engliſh critic. Nothing that belongs to Homer ſeems to have been more commonly miſtaken than the juſt pitch of his ſtyle: ſome of his tranſlators having ſwelled into fuſtian in a proud confidence of the *ſublime*; others ſunk into flatneſs in a cold and timorous notion of *ſimplicity*. Methinks I ſee theſe different followers of Homer, ſome ſweating and ſtraining after him by violent leaps and bounds, (the certain ſigns of falſe mettle), others ſlowly and ſervilely creeping in his train, while the poet himſelf is all the time proceeding with an unaffected and equal majeſty before them. However, of the two extremes, one could ſooner pardon frenzy than frigidity: no author is to be envied for ſuch commendations as he may gain by that character of ſtyle, which his friends muſt agree together to call *ſimplicity*, and the reſt of the world will call *dulneſs*. There is a graceful and dignified ſimplicity,

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as well as a bald and ſordid one, which differ as much from each other as the air of a plain man from that of a ſloven; it is one thing to be tricked up, and another not to be dreſſed at all. Simplicity is the mean between oſtentation and ruſticity.

This pure and noble ſimplicity is no where in ſuch perfection as in the *Scripture* and our author. One may affirm, with all reſpect to the inſpired writings, that the *divine Spirit* made uſe of no other words but what were intelligible and common to men at that time, and in that part of the world; and as Homer is the author neareſt to thoſe, his ſtyle muſt of courſe bear a greater reſemblance to the ſacred books than that of any other writer. This conſideration (together with what has been obſerved of the parity of ſome of his thoughts), may, methinks, induce a tranſlator, on the one hand, to give into ſeveral of thoſe general phraſes and manners of expreſſion, which have attained a veneration even in our language from being uſed in the Old Teſtament; as, on the other, to avoid thoſe which have been appropriated to the Divinity, and in a manner conſigned to myſtery and religion.

For a further preſervation of this air of ſimplicity, a particular care ſhould be taken to expreſs, with all plainneſs, thoſe *moral ſentences* and *proverbial ſpeeches* which are ſo numerous in this poet. They have ſomething venerable, and, as I may ſay, oracular, in that unadorned gravity and ſhortneſs with which they are delivered: a grace which would be utterly loſt by endeavouring to give them what we call a more ingenious (that is, a more modern) turn in the paraphraſe.

Perhaps the mixture of ſome Greciſms and old words after the manner of Milton, if done without too much affectation, might not have an ill effect in a verſion of this particular work, which moſt of any other ſeems to require a venerable antique caſt. But certainly the uſe of modern terms of war and government, ſuch as *platoon*, *campaign*, *junto*, or the like, (into which ſome of his tranſlators have fallen), cannot be allowable; thoſe only excepted, without which it is impoſſible to treat the ſubjects in any living language.

There are two peculiarities in Homer's diction, which are a ſort of *marks* or *moles* by which every common eye diſtinguiſhes him at firſt ſight: thoſe who are not his greateſt admirers, look upon them as defects; and thoſe who are, ſeem pleaſed with them as beauties. I ſpeak of his *compound epithets*, and of his *repetitions*. Many of the former cannot be done literally into Engliſh without deſtroying the purity of our language. I believe ſuch ſhould be retained as ſlide eaſily of themſelves into an Engliſh compound, without violence to the ear, or to the received rules of compoſition; as well as thoſe which have received a ſanction from the authority of our beſt poets, and are become familiar through their uſe of them; ſuch as the *cloud-compelling* Jove, *&c.* As for the reſt, whenever any can be as fully and ſignificantly expreſſed in a ſingle word as in a compounded one, the courſe to be taken is obvious.

Some that cannot be ſo turned as to preſerve their full image by one or two words, may have juſtice done them by circumlocution; as the epithet σειοσίφυλλος to a mountain, would appear little or ridiculous tranſlated literally *leaf-ſhaking*, but affords a majeſtic idea in the *periphraſis*: *the lofty mountain ſhakes his waving woods*. Others that admit of different ſignifications, may receive an advantage by a judicious variation, according to the occaſions on which they are introduced. For example, the epithet of Apollo, ἑκηβόλος, or *far-ſhooting*, is capable of two explications: one literal in reſpect of the darts and bow, the enſigns of that god; the other allegorical, with regard to the rays of the ſun: therefore, in ſuch places where Apollo is repreſented as a god in perſon, I would uſe the former interpretation; and where the effects of the ſun are deſcribed, I would make choice of the latter. Upon the whole, it will be neceſſary to avoid that perpetual repetition of the ſame epithets which we find in Homer, and which, though it might be accommodated (as has been already ſhewn) to the ear of thoſe times, is by no means ſo to ours: but one may wait for opportuni-

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ties of placing them, where they derive an additional beauty from the occaſions on which they are employed; and in doing this properly, a tranſlator may at once ſhew his fancy and judgment.

As for Homer's *repetitions*, we may divide them into three ſorts; of whole narrations and ſpeeches, of ſingle ſentences, and of one verſe or hemiſtich. I hope it is not impoſſible to have ſuch a regard to theſe, as neither to loſe ſo known a mark of the author on the one hand, nor to offend the reader too much on the other. The repetition is not ungraceful in thoſe ſpeeches where the dignity of the ſpeaker renders it a ſort of inſolence to alter his words; as in the meſſages from gods to men, or from higher powers to inferiors in concerns of ſtate, or where the ceremonial of religion ſeems to require it, in the ſolemn forms of prayers, oaths, or the like. In other caſes, I believe the beſt rule is to be guided by the nearneſs, or diſtance, at which the repetitions are placed in the original. When they follow too cloſe, one may vary the expreſſion, but it is a queſtion whether a profeſſed tranſlator be authoriſed to omit any: if they be tedious, the author is to anſwer for it.

It only remains to ſpeak of the *verſification*. Homer (as has been ſaid) is perpetually applying the ſound to the ſenſe, and varying it on every new ſubject. This is indeed one of the moſt exquiſite beauties of poetry, and attainable by very few: I know only of Homer eminent for it in the Greek, and Virgil in Latin. I am ſenſible it is what may ſometimes happen by chance, when a writer is warm, and fully poſſeſſed of his image; however, it may be reaſonably believed they deſigned this, in whoſe verſe it ſo manifeſtly appears in a ſuperior degree to all others. Few readers have the ear to be judges of it; but thoſe who have, will ſee I have endeavoured at this beauty.

Upon the whole, I muſt confeſs myſelf utterly incapable of doing juſtice to Homer. I attempt him in no other hope but that which one may entertain without much vanity, of giving a more tolerable copy of him than any entire tranſlation in verſe has yet done.

We have only thoſe of Chapman, Hobbes, and Ogilby. Chapman has taken the advantage of an unmeaſurable length of verſe, notwithſtanding which, there is ſcarce any paraphraſe more looſe and rambling than his. He has frequent interpolations of four or ſix lines, and I remember one in the thirteenth book of the Odyſſey, ver. 312. where he has ſpun twenty verſes out of two. He is often miſtaken in ſo bold a manner, that one might think he deviated on purpoſe, if he did not in other places of his notes inſiſt ſo much upon verbal trifles. He appears to have had a ſtrong affectation of extracting new meanings out of his author, in ſo much as to promiſe, in his rhyming preface, a poem of the myſteries he had revealed in Homer; and perhaps he endeavoured to ſtrain the obvious ſenſe to this end. His expreſſion is involved in fuſtian, a fault for which he was remarkable in his original writings, as in the tragedy of Buſſy d'Amboiſe, *&c.* In a word, the nature of the man may account for his whole performance; for he appears, from his preface and remarks, to have been of an arrogant turn, and an enthuſiaſt in poetry. His own boaſt of having finiſhed half the Iliad in leſs than fifteen weeks, ſhews with what negligence his verſion was performed. But that which is to be allowed him, and which very much contributed to cover his defects, is a daring fiery ſpirit that animates his tranſlation, which is ſomething like what one might imagine Homer himſelf would have writ before he arrived at years of diſcretion.

Hobbes has given us a correct explanation of the ſenſe in general, but for particulars and circumſtances he continually lops them, and often omits the moſt beautiful. As for its having been eſteemed a cloſe tranſlation, I doubt not many have been led into that error by the ſhortneſs of it, which proceeds not from its following the original line by line, but from the contractions abovementioned. He ſometimes omits whole ſimiles and ſentences, and is now and then guilty of miſtakes into which no writer of his learning could have fallen, but through careleſſneſs. His poetry, as well as Ogilby's, is too mean for criticiſm.

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It is a great loſs to the poetical world that Mr. Dryden did not live to tranſlate the Iliad. He has left us only the firſt book, and a ſmall part of the ſixth; in which, if he has in ſome places not truly interpreted the ſenſe, or preſerved the antiquities, it ought to be excuſed on account of the haſte he was obliged to write in. He ſeems to have had too much regard to Chapman, whoſe words he ſometimes copies, and has unhappily followed him in paſſages where he wanders from the original. However, had he tranſlated the whole work, I would no more have attempted Homer after him than Virgil, his verſion of whom (notwithſtanding ſome human errors) is the moſt noble and ſpirited tranſlation I know in any language. But the fate of great geniuſes is like that of great miniſters, though they are confeſſedly the firſt in the commonwealth of letters, they muſt be envied and calumniated only for being at the head of it.

That which, in my opinion, ought to be the endeavour of any one who tranſlates Homer, is, above all things, to keep alive that ſpirit and fire which makes his chief character: in particular places, where the ſenſe can bear any doubt, to follow the ſtrongeſt and moſt poetical, as moſt agreeing with that character: to copy him in all the variations of his ſtyle, and the different modulations of his numbers; to preſerve, in the more active or deſcriptive parts, a warmth and elevation; in the more ſedate or narrative, a plainneſs and ſolemnity; in the ſpeeches, a fulneſs and perſpicuity; in the ſentences, a ſhortneſs and gravity; not to neglect even the little figures and turns on the words, nor ſometimes the very caſt of the periods; neither to omit nor confound any rites or cuſtoms of antiquity: perhaps, too, he ought to include the whole in a ſhorter compaſs than has hitherto been done, by any tranſlator who has tolerably preſerved either the ſenſe or poetry. What I would further recommend to him, is, to ſtudy his author rather from his own text than from any commentators, how learned ſoever, or whatever, figure they may make in the eſtimation of the world;

to conſider him attentively in compariſon with Virgil above all the ancients, and with Milton above all the moderns. Next theſe, the Archbiſhop of Cambray's Telemachus may give him the trueſt idea of the ſpirit and turn of our author, and Boſſu's admirable Treatiſe of the Epic poem, the juſteſt notion of his deſign and conduct. But after all, with whatever judgment and ſtudy a man may proceed, or with whatever happineſs he may perform ſuch a work, he muſt hope to pleaſe but a few; thoſe only who have at once a taſte of poetry, and competent learning. For to ſatisfy ſuch as want either, is not in the nature of this undertaking; ſince a mere modern wit can like nothing that is not *modern*, and a pedant nothing that is not *Greek*.

What I have done is ſubmitted to the public, from whoſe opinions I am prepared to learn; though I fear no judges ſo little as our beſt poets, who are moſt ſenſible of the weight of this taſk. As for the worſt, whatever they ſhall pleaſe to ſay, they may give me ſome concern as they are unhappy men, but none as they are malignant writers. I was guided in this tranſlation by judgments very different from theirs, and by perſons for whom they can have no kindneſs, if an old obſervation be true, that the ſtrongeſt antipathy in the world, is that of fools to men of wit. Mr. Addiſon was the firſt whoſe advice determined me to undertake this taſk, who was pleaſed to write to me upon that occaſion, in ſuch terms as I cannot repeat without vanity. I was obliged to Sir Richard Steele for a very early recommendation of my undertaking to the public. Dr. Swift promoted my intereſt with that warmth with which he always ſerves his friend. The humanity and frankneſs of Sir Samuel Garth are what I never knew wanting on any occaſion. I muſt alſo acknowledge, with infinite pleaſure, the many friendly offices, as well as ſincere criticiſms, of Mr. Congreve, who had led me the way in tranſlating ſome parts of Homer. I muſt add the names of Mr. Rowe and Dr. Parnell, though I ſhall take a further opportunity of doing juſtice to the laſt, whoſe good-nature (to give it a great

panegyric)

panegyric) is no leſs extenſive than his learning. The favour of theſe gentlemen is not entirely undeſerved by one who bears them ſo true an affection. But what can I ſay of the honour ſo many of the *great* have done me, while the *firſt names* of the age appear as my ſubſcribers, and the moſt diſtinguiſhed patrons and ornaments of learning as my chief encouragers? Among theſe it is a particular pleaſure to me to find, that my higheſt obligations are to ſuch who have done moſt honour to the name of poet: that his Grace the Duke of Buckingham was not diſpleaſed I ſhould undertake the author to whom he has given (in his excellent *eſſay*) ſo complete a praiſe:

Read Homer once, *and you can read no more:*
For all books elſe appear ſo mean, ſo poor,
Verſe will ſeem proſe; but ſtill perſiſt to read,
And Homer *will be all the books you need.*

That the Earl of Halifax was one of the firſt to favour me, of whom it is hard to ſay whether the advancement of the polite arts is more owing to his generoſity or his example. That ſuch a genius as my Lord Bolingbroke, not more diſtinguiſhed in the great ſcenes of buſineſs, than in all the uſeful and entertaining parts of learning, has not refuſed to be the critic of theſe ſheets, and the patron of their writer. And that the noble author of the tragedy of *Heroic Love*, has continued his partiality to me, from my writing paſtorals, to my attempting the Iliad. I cannot deny myſelf the pride of confeſſing, that I have had the advantage not only of their advice for the conduct in general, but their correction of ſeveral particulars of this tranſlation.

I could ſay a great deal of the pleaſure of being diſtinguiſhed by the Earl of Carnarvon, but it is almoſt abſurd to particulariſe any one generous action in a perſon whoſe whole life is a continued ſeries of them. Mr. Stanhope, the preſent ſecretary of ſtate, will pardon my deſire of having it known that he was pleaſed to promote this affair. The particular zeal of Mr. Harcourt (the ſon of the late Lord Chancellor) gave me

me a proof how much I am honoured in a ſhare of his friendſhip. I muſt attribute to the ſame motive that of ſeveral others of my friends, to whom all acknowledgements are rendered unneceſſary by the privileges of a familiar correſpondence: and I am ſatisfied I can no way better oblige men of their turn than by my ſilence.

In ſhort, I have found more patrons than ever Homer wanted. He would have thought himſelf happy to have met the ſame favour at Athens that has been ſhewn me by its learned rival, the univerſity of Oxford. And I can hardly envy him thoſe pompous honours he received after death, when I reflect on the enjoyment of ſo many agreeable obligations, and eaſy friendſhips, which make the ſatisfaction of life. This diſtinction is the more to be acknowledged, as it is ſhewn to one whoſe pen has never gratified the prejudices of particular *parties*, or the vanities of particular *men*. Whatever the ſucceſs may prove, I ſhall never repent of an undertaking in which I have experienced the candour and friendſhip of ſo many perſons of merit; and in which I hope to paſs ſome of thoſe years of youth that are generally loſt in a circle of follies, after a manner neither wholly unuſeful to others, nor diſagreeable to myſelf.

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PREFACE

TO THE

WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE.

IT is not my deſign to enter into a criticiſm upon this author; though to do it effectually, and not ſuperficially, would be the beſt occaſion that any juſt writer could take, to form the judgment and taſte of our nation. For of all Engliſh poets Shakeſpeare muſt be confeſſed to be the faireſt and fulleſt ſubject for criticiſm, and to afford the moſt numerous, as well as moſt conſpicuous inſtances, both of beauties and faults of all ſorts. But this far exceeds the bounds of a Preface, the buſineſs of which is only to give an account of the fate of his works, and the diſadvantages under which they have been tranſmitted to us. We ſhall hereby extenuate many faults which are his, and clear him from the imputation of many which are not. A deſign, which, though it can be no guide to future critics to do him juſtice in one way, will at leaſt be ſufficient to prevent their doing him an injuſtice in the other.

I cannot however but mention ſome of his principal and characteriſtic excellencies, for which (notwithſtanding his defects) he is juſtly and univerſally elevated above all other dramatic writers. Not that this is the proper place of praiſing him, but becauſe I would not omit any occaſion of doing it.

If ever any author deſerved the name of an *original*, it was Shakeſpeare. Homer himſelf drew not his art ſo immediately from the fountains of Nature; it proceeded through Egyptian ſtrainers and channels, and came to him not without ſome tincture of the learning, or ſome caſt of the models, of thoſe before him. The poetry of Shakeſpeare was inſpiration indeed: he is not

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ſo much an imitator, as an inſtrument of Nature; and it is not ſo juſt to ſay that he ſpeaks from her, as that ſhe ſpeaks through him.

His *characters* are ſo much Nature herſelf, that it is a ſort of injury to call them by ſo diſtant a name as copies of her. Thoſe of other poets have a conſtant reſemblance, which ſhews that they received them from one another, and were but multipliers of the ſame image; each picture, like a mock rainbow, is but the reflection of a reflection. But every ſingle character in Shakeſpeare is as much an individual, as thoſe in life itſelf; as it is impoſſible to find any two alike; and ſuch as from their relation or affinity in any reſpect appear moſt to be twins, will, upon compariſon, be found remarkably diſtinct. To this life and variety of character, we muſt add the wonderful preſervation of it; which is ſuch throughout his plays, that had all the ſpeeches been printed without the very names of the perſons, I believe one might have applied them with certainty to every ſpeaker.

The *power* over our *paſſions* was never poſſeſſed in a more eminent degree, or diſplayed in ſo different inſtances. Yet all along there is ſeen no labour, no pains to raiſe them; no preparation to guide our gueſs to the effect, or be perceived to lead toward it: but the heart ſwells, and the tears burſt out, juſt at the proper places: we are ſurpriſed the moment we weep; and yet upon reflection find the paſſion ſo juſt, that we ſhould be ſurpriſed if we had not wept, and wept at that very moment.

How aſtoniſhing is it again, that the paſſions directly oppoſite to theſe, laughter and ſpleen, are no leſs at his command! that he is not more a maſter of the *great* than of the *ridiculous* in human nature; of our nobleſt tenderneſſes, than of our vaineſt foibles: of our ſtrongeſt emotions, than of our idleſt ſenſations!

Nor does he only excel in the paſſions: in the coolneſs of reflection and reaſoning he is full as admirable. His *ſentiments* are not only in general the moſt pertinent and judicious upon every ſubject, but, by a talent very peculiar, ſomething between penetration and

and felicity, he hits upon that particular point on which the bent of each argument turns, or the force of each motive depends. This is perfectly amazing, from a man of no education or experience in thoſe great and public ſcenes of life which are uſually the ſubject of his thoughts: ſo that he ſeems to have known the world by intuition, to have looked through human nature at one glance, and to be the only author that gives ground for a very new opinion, That the philoſopher, and even the man of the world, may be *born*, as well as the poet.

It muſt be owned, that, with all theſe great excellencies, he has almoſt as great defects; and that as he has certainly written better, ſo he has perhaps written worſe than any other. But I think I can in ſome meaſure account for theſe defects, from ſeveral cauſes and accidents; without which it is hard to imagine that ſo large and ſo enlightened a mind could ever have been ſuſceptible of them. That all theſe contingencies ſhould unite to his diſadvantage, ſeems to me almoſt as ſingularly unlucky, as that ſo many various (nay, contrary) talents ſhould meet in one man, was happy and extraordinary.

It muſt be allowed that ſtage-poetry, of all other, is more particularly levelled to pleaſe the *populace*, and its ſucceſs more immediately depending upon the *common ſuffrage*. One cannot therefore wonder, if Shakeſpeare, having at his firſt appearance no other aim in his writings than to procure a ſubſiſtence, directed his endeavours ſolely to hit the taſte and humour that then prevailed. The audience was generally compoſed of the meaner ſort of people; and therefore the images of life were to be drawn from thoſe of their own rank; accordingly we find, that not our author's only, but almoſt all the old comedies, have their ſcene among *tradeſmen* and *mechanics*: and even their hiſtorical plays ſtrictly follow the common *old ſtories* or *vulgar traditions* of that kind of people. In tragedy, nothing was ſo ſure to *ſurpriſe* and cauſe *admiration*, as the

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moſt ſtrange, unexpected, and conſequently moſt unnatural events and incidents; the moſt exaggerated thoughts; the moſt verboſe and bombaſt expreſſion; the moſt pompous rhymes, and thundering verſification. In comedy, nothing was ſo ſure to *pleaſe*, as mean buffoonry, vile ribaldry, and unmannerly jeſts of fools and clowns. Yet even in theſe, our author's wit buoys up, and is borne above his ſubject: his genius in thoſe low parts is like ſome prince of a romance in the diſguiſe of a ſhepherd or peaſant; a certain greatneſs and ſpirit now and then break out, which manifeſt his higher extraction and qualities.

It may be added, that not only the common audience had no notion of the rules of writing, but few even of the better ſort piqued themſelves upon any great degree of knowledge or nicety that way, till Ben Johnſon, getting poſſeſſion of the ſtage, brought critical learning into vogue: and that this was not done without difficulty, may appear from thoſe frequent leſſons (and indeed almoſt declamations) which he was forced to prefix to his firſt plays, and put into the mouths of his actors, the *grex*, *chorus*, &c. to remove the prejudices, and inform the judgment of his hearers. Till then, our authors had no thoughts of writing on the model of the ancients: their tragedies were only hiſtories in dialogue; and their comedies followed the thread of any novel as they found it, no leſs implicitly than if it had been true hiſtory.

To judge therefore of Shakeſpeare by Ariſtotle's rules, is like trying a man by the laws of one country, who acted under thoſe of another. He writ to the *people*; and writ at firſt without patronage from the better ſort, and therefore without aims of pleaſing them: without aſſiſtance or advice from the learned, as without the advantage of education or acquaintance among them: without that knowledge of the beſt models, the ancients, to inſpire him with an emulation of them: in a word, without any views of reputation, and of what poets are pleaſed to call

call immortality: ſome or all of which have encouraged the vanity, or animated the ambition of other writers.

Yet it muſt be obſerved, that when his performances had merited the protection of his prince, and when the encouragement of the court had ſucceeded to that of the town; the works of his riper years are manifeſtly raiſed above thoſe of his former. The dates of his plays ſufficiently evidence that his productions improved, in proportion to the reſpect he had for his auditors. And I make do doubt this obſervation would be found true in every inſtance, were but editions extant from which we might learn the exact time when every piece was compoſed, and whether writ for the town or the court.

Another cauſe (and no leſs ſtrong than the former) may be deduced from our author's being a *player*, and forming himſelf firſt upon the judgments of that body of men whereof he was a member. They have ever had a ſtandard to themſelves, upon other principles than thoſe of Ariſtotle. As they live by the majority, they know no rule but that of pleaſing the preſent humour, and complying with the wit in faſhion; a conſideration which brings all their judgment to a ſhort point. Players are juſt ſuch judges of what is *right*, as tailors are of what is *graceful*. And in this view it will be but fair to allow, that moſt of our author's faults are leſs to be aſcribed to his wrong judgment as a poet, than to his right judgment as a player.

By theſe men it was thought a praiſe to Shakeſpeare, that he ſcarce ever *blotted a line*. This they induſtriouſly propagated, as appears from what we are told by Ben Johnſon in his *Diſcoveries*, and from the preface of Heminges and Condell to the firſt folio edition. But in reality (however it has prevailed) there never was a more groundleſs report, or to the contrary of which there are more undeniable evidences. As the comedy of the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, which he entirely new writ; the *Hiſtory of Henry* VI. which was firſt publiſhed under the title of *The Contention of York*

and Lancaſter; and that of *Henry* V. extremely improved; that of *Hamlet* enlarged to almoſt as much again as at firſt, and many others. I believe the common opinion of his want of learning proceeded from no better ground. This too might be thought a praiſe by ſome, and to this his errors have as injudiciouſly been aſcribed by others. For it is certain, were it true, it could concern but a ſmall part of them; the moſt are ſuch as are not properly defects; but ſuperfœtations; and ariſe not from want of learning or reading, but for want of thinking or judging; or rather (to be more juſt to our author) from a compliance to thoſe wants in others. As to a wrong choice of the ſubject, a wrong conduct of the incidents, falſe thoughts, forced expreſſions, *&c.* if theſe are not to be aſcribed to the aforeſaid accidental reaſons, they muſt be charged upon the poet himſelf, and there is no help for it. But I think the two diſadvantages which I have mentioned, (to be obliged to pleaſe the loweſt of the people, and to keep the worſt of company), if the conſideration be extended as far as it reaſonably may, will appear ſufficient to miſlead and depreſs the greateſt genius upon earth. Nay, the more modeſty with which ſuch a one is endued, the more he is in danger of ſubmitting and conforming to others, againſt his own better judgment.

But as to his *want of learning*, it may be neceſſary to ſay ſomething more: there is certainly a vaſt difference between *learning* and *languages*. How far he was ignorant of the latter, I cannot determine: but it is plain he had much reading at leaſt, if they will not call it learning. Nor is it any great matter, if a man has knowledge, whether he has it from one language or from another. Nothing is more evident than that he had a taſte of natural philoſophy, mechanics, ancient and modern hiſtory, poetical learning and mythology. We find him very knowing in the cuſtoms, rites, and manners of antiquity. In *Coriolanus* and *Julius Cæſar*, not only the ſpirit, but manners, of the Romans are exactly drawn; and ſtill a nicer diſtinction

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is ſhown, between the manners of the Romans in the time of the former, and of the latter. His reading in the ancient hiſtorians is no leſs conſpicuous, in many references to particular paſſages: and the ſpeeches copied from Plutarch in *Coriolanus*, may, I think, as well be made an inſtance of his learning, as thoſe copied from Cicero in *Catiline*, of Ben Johnſon's. The manners of other nations in general, the Egyptians, Venetians, French, *&c.* are drawn with equal propriety. Whatever object of nature, or branch of ſcience, he either ſpeaks of, or deſcribes, it is always with competent, if not extenſive knowledge: his deſcriptions are ſtill exact; all his metaphors appropriated, and remarkably drawn from the true nature and inherent qualities of each ſubject. When he treats of ethic or politic, we may conſtantly obſerve a wonderful juſtneſs of diſtinction, as well as extent of comprehenſion. No one is more a maſter of the poetical ſtory, or has more frequent alluſions to the various parts of it: Mr. Waller (who has been celebrated for this laſt particular) has not ſhewn more learning this way than Shakeſpeare. We have tranſlations from Ovid publiſhed in his name, among thoſe poems which paſs for his, and for ſome of which we have undoubted authority, (being publiſhed by himſelf, and dedicated to his noble patron the Earl of Southampton). He appears alſo to have been converſant in Plautus, from whom he has taken the plot of one of his plays: he follows the Greek authors, and particularly Dares Phrygius, in another: (although I will not pretend to ſay in what language he read them.) The modern Italian writers of novels he was manifeſtly acquainted with: and we may conclude him to be no leſs converſant with the ancients of his own country, from the uſe he has made of Chaucer in *Troilus and Creſſida*, and in the *Two noble Kinſmen*, if that play be his, as there goes a tradition it was; (and indeed it has little reſemblance of Fletcher, and more of our author than ſome of thoſe which have been received as genuine).

I am inclined to think, this opinion proceeded originally from the zeal of the partiſans of our author and Ben Johnſon; as they endeavoured to exalt the one at the expence of the other. It is ever the nature of parties to be in extremes; and nothing is ſo probable, as that becauſe Ben Johnſon had much the more learning, it was ſaid on the one hand that Shakeſpeare had none at all; and becauſe Shakeſpeare had much the moſt wit and fancy, it was retorted on the other, that Johnſon wanted both. Becauſe Shakeſpeare borrowed nothing, it was ſaid that Ben Johnſon borrowed every thing. Becauſe Johnſon did not write extempore, he was reproached with being a year about every piece: and becauſe Shakeſpeare wrote with eaſe and rapidity, they cried, he never once made a blot. Nay, the ſpirit of oppoſition ran ſo high, that whatever thoſe of the one ſide objected to the other, was taken at the rebound, and turned into praiſes; as injudiciouſly as their antagoniſts before had made them objections.

Poets are always afraid of envy; but ſure they have as much reaſon to be afraid of admiration. They are the Scylla and Charybdis of authors; thoſe who eſcape one, often fall by the other. *Peſſimum genus inimicorum laudantes*, ſays Tacitus; and Virgil deſires to wear a charm againſt thoſe who praiſe a poet without rule or reaſon.

Si ultra placitum laudârit, baccare frontem
Cingite, ne vati noceat.

But however this contention might be carried on by the partiſans on either ſide, I cannot help thinking theſe two great poets were good friends, and lived on amicable terms, and in offices of ſociety with each other. It is an acknowledged fact, that Ben Johnſon was introduced upon the ſtage, and his firſt works encouraged, by Shakeſpeare. And, after his death, that author writes, *To the memory of his beloved Mr. William Shakeſpeare*, which ſhews as if the friendſhip had continued

tinued through life. I cannot for my own part find any thing *invidious* or *ſparing* in thoſe verſes, but wonder Mr. Dryden was of that opinion. He exalts him not only above all his contemporaries, but above Chaucer and Spenſer, whom he will not allow to be great enough to be ranked with him; and challenges the names of Sophocles, Euripides, and Æſchylus, nay, all Greece and Rome at once, to equal him; and (which is very particular), expreſsly vindicates him from the imputation of wanting *art*, not enduring that all his excellencies ſhould be attributed to *nature*. It is remarkable too, that the praiſe he gives him in his *Diſcoveries* ſeems to proceed from a *perſonal kindneſs*: he tells us that he loved the man, as well as honoured his memory; celebrates the honeſty, openneſs, and frankneſs of his temper; and only diſtinguiſhes, as he reaſonably ought, between the real merit of the author, and the ſilly and derogatory applauſes of the players. Ben Johnſon might indeed be ſparing in his commendations, (though certainly he is not ſo in this inſtance), partly from his own nature, and partly from judgment. For men of judgment think they do any man more ſervice in praiſing him juſtly, than laviſhly. I ſay, I would fain believe they were friends, though the violence and ill-breeding of their followers and flatterers were enough to give riſe to the contrary report. I would hope that it may be with *parties*, both in wit and ſtate, as with thoſe monſters deſcribed by the poets; and that their heads at leaſt may have ſomething human, though their *bodies* and *tails* are wild beaſts and ſerpents.

As I believe that what I have mentioned gave riſe to the opinion of Shakeſpeare's want of learning; ſo what has continued it down to us may have been the many blunders and illiteracies of the firſt publiſhers of his works. In theſe editions their ignorance ſhines in almoſt every page; nothing is more common than *actus tertia*. *Exit omnes*. *Enter three witches ſolus*. Their French is as bad as their Latin, both in conſtruction and ſpelling: their very Welſh is falſe. Nothing is more likely than that thoſe palpable blunders of

Hector's quoting Ariſtotle, with others of that groſs kind, ſprung from the ſame root; it not being at all credible that theſe could be the errors of any man who had the leaſt tincture of a ſchool, or the leaſt converſation with ſuch as had. Ben Johnſon (whom they will not think partial to him) allows him at leaſt to have had *ſome* Latin; which is utterly inconſiſtent with miſtakes like theſe. Nay the conſtant blunders in proper names of perſons and places, are ſuch as muſt have proceeded from a man, who had not ſo much as read any hiſtory, in any language: ſo could not be Shakeſpeare's.

I ſhall now lay before the reader ſome of thoſe almoſt innumerable errors, which have riſen from one ſource, the ignorance of the players, both as his actors, and as his editors. When the nature and kinds of theſe are enumerated and conſidered, I dare to ſay, that not Shakeſpeare only, but Ariſtotle or Cicero, had their works undergone the ſame fate, might have appeared to want ſenſe as well as learning.

It is not certain that any one of his plays was publiſhed by himſelf. During the time of his employment in the theatre, ſeveral of his pieces were printed ſeparately in quarto. What makes me think that moſt of theſe were not publiſhed by him, is the exceſſive careleſſneſs of the preſs: every page is ſo ſcandalouſly falſe ſpelled, and almoſt all the learned or unuſual words ſo intolerably mangled, that it is plain there either was no corrector to the preſs at all, or one totally illiterate. If any were ſuperviſed by himſelf, I ſhould fancy the two parts of *Henry* IV. and *Midſummer Night's Dream* might have been ſo; becauſe I find no other printed with any exactneſs; and (contrary to the reſt) there is very little variation in all the ſubſequent editions of them. There are extant two prefaces, to the firſt quarto edition of *Troilus and Creſſida* in 1609, and that of *Othello;* by which it appears, that the firſt was publiſhed without his knowledge or conſent, and even before it was acted ſo late as ſeven or eight years before he died; and that the latter was not printed till after his death. The whole number of genuine

nuine plays which we have been able to find printed in his lifetime, amounts but to eleven. And of ſome of theſe, we meet with two or more editions by different printers, each of which has whole heaps of traſh different from the other; which I ſhould fancy was occaſioned by their being taken from different copies, belonging to different playhouſes.

The folio edition (in which all the plays we now receive as his were firſt collected) was publiſhed by two players, Heminges and Condell, in 1623, ſeven years after his deceaſe. They declare, that all the other editions were ſtolen and ſurreptitious, and affirm theirs to be purged from the errors of the former. This is true as to the literal errors, and no other; for in all reſpects elſe it is far worſe than the quartos.

Firſt, becauſe the additions of trifling and bombaſt paſſages are in this edition far more numerous. For whatever had been added, ſince thoſe quartos, by the actors, or had ſtolen from their mouths into the written parts, were from thence conveyed into the printed text, and all ſtand charged upon the author. He himſelf complained of this uſage in *Hamlet*, where he wiſhes that *thoſe who play the clowns would ſpeak no more than is ſet down for them.* (Act iii. Sc. 4.) But as a proof that he could not eſcape it, in the old editions of *Romeo* and *Juliet* there is no hint of a great number of the mean conceits and ribaldries now to be found there. In others, the low ſcenes of mobs, plebeians, and clowns, are vaſtly ſhorter than at preſent; and I have ſeen one in particular (which ſeems to have belonged to the playhouſe, by having the parts divided with lines, and the actors names in the margin) where ſeveral of thoſe very paſſages were added in a written hand, which are ſince to be found in the folio.

In the next place, a number of beautiful paſſages, which are extant in the firſt ſingle editions, are omitted in this: as it ſeems without any other reaſon, than their willingneſs to ſhorten ſome ſcenes: theſe men (as it was ſaid of Procruſtes) either lopping, or ſtretching an author, to make him juſt fit for their ſtage.

This

This addition is ſaid to be printed from the *original copies*. I believe they meant thoſe which had lain ever ſince the author's days in the playhouſe, and had from time to time been cut, or added to arbitrarily. It appears that this edition, as well as the quartos, was printed (at leaſt partly) from no better copies than the *prompter's book*, or *piecemeal parts* written out for the uſe of the actors: for in ſome places their very * names are through careleſſneſs ſet down inſtead of the *perſonæ dramatis*: and in others the notes of direction to the *property-men* for their *moveables*, and to the *players* for their *entries*, are inſerted into the text, through the ignorance of the tranſcribers.

The plays not having been before ſo much as diſtinguiſhed by *acts* and *ſcenes*, they are in this edition divided according as they played them; often where there is no pauſe in the action, or where they thought fit to make a breach in it, for the ſake of muſic, maſks, or monſters.

Sometimes the ſcenes are tranſpoſed and ſhuffled backward and forward, a thing which could no otherwiſe happen, but by their being taken from ſeparate and piecemeal written parts.

Many verſes are omitted entirely, and others tranſpoſed; from whence invincible obſcurities have ariſen, paſt the gueſs of any commentator to clear up, but juſt where the accidental glimpſe of an old edition enlightens us.

Some characters were confounded and mixed, or two put into one, for want of a competent number of actors. Thus in the quarto edition of *Midſummer Night's Dream*, Act v. Shakeſpeare introduces a kind of maſter of the revels called *Philoſtrate*; all whoſe part is given to another character (that of Egeus) in the ſubſequent editions: ſo alſo in *Hamlet* and *King Lear*. This too

* *Much ado about Nothing*, Act 2. Enter Prince Leonato, Claudio, and *Jack Wilſon*, inſtead of Balthazer. And in Act iv. *Cowley* and *Kemp* conſtantly through a whole ſcene.
Edit. fol. 1623, *and* 1632.

makes

makes it probable, that the prompter's books were what they called the original copies.

From liberties of this kind, many ſpeeches alſo were put into the mouths of wrong perſons, where the author now ſeems chargeable with making them ſpeak out of character: or ſometimes perhaps for no better reaſon, than that a governing player, to have the mouthing of ſome favourite ſpeech himſelf, would ſnatch it from the unworthy lips of an underling.

Proſe from verſe they did not know, and they accordingly printed one for the other throughout the volume.

Having been forced ſo ſay ſo much of the players, I think I ought in juſtice to remark, that the judgment, as well as condition of that claſs of people was then far inferior to what it is in our days. As then the beſt playhouſes were inns and taverns, (the Globe, the Hope, the Red Bull, the Fortune, *&c.*); ſo the top of the profeſſion were then mere players, not gentlemen of the ſtage; they were led into the buttery by the ſteward, not placed at the lord's table, or lady's toilette; and conſequently were entirely deprived of thoſe advantages they now enjoy, in the familiar converſation of our nobility, and an intimacy (not to ſay dearneſs) with people of the firſt condition.

From what has been ſaid, there can be no queſtion but had Shakeſpeare publiſhed his works himſelf, (eſpecially in his latter time, and after his retreat from the ſtage), we ſhould not only be certain which are genuine; but ſhould find in thoſe that are, the errors leſſened by ſome thouſands. If I may judge from all the diſtinguiſhing marks of his ſtyle, and his manner of thinking and writing, I make no doubt to declare, that thoſe wretched plays, *Pericles*, *Locrine*, *Sir John Oldcaſtle*, *Yorkſhire Tragedy*, *Lord Cromwell*, *The Puritan*, and *London Prodigal*, cannot be admitted as his. And I ſhould conjecture of ſome of the others, (particularly *Love's Labour Loſt*, *The Winter's Tale*; and *Titus Andronicus*), that only ſome characters, ſingle ſcenes, or perhaps a few particular paſſages were of his hand. It

is very probable, what occaſioned ſome plays to be ſuppoſed Shakeſpeare's was only this; that they were pieces produced by unknown authors, or fitted up for the theatre while it was under his adminiſtration; and no owner claiming them, they were adjudged to him, as they give ſtrays to the lord of the manor: a miſtake which (one may alſo obſerve) it was not for the intereſt of the houſe to remove. Yet the players themſelves, Heminges and Condell, afterwards did Shakeſpeare the juſtice to reject thoſe eight plays in their edition; though they were then printed in his name, in every body's hands, and acted with ſome applauſe; (as we learn from what Ben Johnſon ſays of *Pericles* in his Ode on the *New Inn*). That *Titus Andronicus* is one of this claſs, I am the rather induced to believe, by finding the ſame author openly expreſs his contempt of it in the *Induction* to *Bartholomew-fair*, in the year 1614, when Shakeſpeare was yet living. And there is no better authority for thoſe latter ſort, than for the former, which were equally publiſhed in his lifetime.

If we give into this opinion, how many low and vicious parts and paſſages might no longer reflect upon this great genius, but appear unworthily charged upon him? And even in thoſe which are really his, how many faults may have been unjuſtly laid to his account from arbitrary additions, expunctions, tranſpoſitions of ſcenes and lines, confuſion of characters and perſons, wrong application of ſpeeches, corruptions of innumerable paſſages by the ignorance, and wrong corrections of them again by the impertinence of his firſt editors? From one or other of theſe conſiderations, I am verily perſuaded, that the greateſt and the groſſeſt part of what are thought his errors would vaniſh, and leave his character in a light very different from that diſadvantageous one in which it now appears to us.

This is the ſtate in which Shakeſpeare's writings lie at preſent; for ſince the above-mentioned folio edition, all the reſt have implicitly followed it, without having recourſe to any of the former, or ever making the compariſon between them. It is impoſſible to repair

the

the injuries already done him; too much time has elapſed, and the materials are too few. In what I have done I have rather given a proof of my willingneſs and deſire, than of my ability to do him juſtice. I have diſcharged the dull duty of an editor, to my beſt judgment, with more labour than I expect thanks, with a religious abhorrence of all innovation, and without any indulgence to my private ſenſe or conjecture. The method taken in this edition will ſhew itſelf. The various readings are fairly put in the margin, ſo that every one may compare them; and thoſe I have preferred into the text are conſtantly *ex fide codicum*, upon authority. The alterations or additions which Shakeſpeare himſelf made, are taken notice of as they occur. Some ſuſpected paſſages which are exceſſively bad (and which ſeem interpolations, by being ſo inſerted that one can entirely omit them without any chaſm or deficience in the context) are degraded to the bottom of the page, with an aſteriſk referring to the places of their inſertion. The ſcenes are marked ſo diſtinctly that every removal of place is ſpecified; which is more neceſſary in this author than any other, ſince he ſhifts them more frequently; and ſometimes without attending to this particular, the reader would have met with obſcurities. The more obſolete or unuſual words are explained. Some of the moſt ſhining paſſages are diſtinguiſhed by commas in the margin; and where the beauty lay not in particulars but in the whole, a ſtar is prefixed to the ſcene. This ſeems to me a ſhorter and leſs oſtentatious method of performing the better half of criticiſm, (namely, the pointing out an author's excellencies), than to fill a whole paper with citations of fine paſſages, with *general applauſes*, or *empty exclamations* at the tail of them. There is alſo ſubjoined a catalogue of thoſe firſt editions, by which the greater part of the various readings and of the corrected paſſages are authoriſed, (moſt of which are ſuch as carry their own evidence along with them). Theſe editions now hold the place of originals, and are the only materials left to repair the deficiences, or reſtore the corrupted ſenſe of the author:

author: I can only wiſh that a greater number of them (if a greater were ever publiſhed) may yet be found, by a ſearch more ſucceſsful than mine, for the better accompliſhment of this end.

I will conclude by ſaying of Shakeſpeare, that with all his faults, and with all the irregularity of his *drama*, one may look upon his works, in compariſon of thoſe that are more finiſhed and regular, as upon an ancient majeſtic piece of Gothic architecture, compared with a neat modern building: the latter is more elegant and glaring, but the former is more ſtrong and more ſolemn. It muſt be allowed, that in one of theſe there are materials enough to make many of the other. It has much the greater variety, and much the nobler apartments; though we are often conducted to them by dark, odd, and uncouth paſſages. Nor does the whole fail to ſtrike us with greater reverence, though many of the parts are childiſh, ill-placed, and unequal to its grandeur.

LETTERS

LETTERS

OF

MR. POPE,

AND

SEVERAL OF HIS FRIENDS.

Quo desiderio veteres revocamus Amores,
Atque olim amissas flemus Amicitias!

CATULL.

PREFACE

OF THE

PUBLISHER of the Surreptitious Edition.

M,DCC,XXXV.

WE preſume we want no apology to the reader for this publication, but ſome may be thought needful to Mr. Pope: however, he cannot think our offence ſo great as theirs, who firſt ſeparately publiſhed what we have here but collected in a better form and order. As for the letters we have procured to be added, they ſerve but to complete, explain, and ſometimes ſet in a true light, thoſe others, which it was not in the writers, or our power to recal.

This collection hath been owing to ſeveral cabinets: ſome drawn from thence by accidents, and others (even of thoſe to ladies) voluntarily given. It is to one of that ſex we are beholden for the whole correſpondence with H. C. *Eſq; which letters being lent her by that gentleman, ſhe took the liberty to print, as appears by the following, which we ſhall give at length, both as it is ſomething curious, and as it may ſerve for an apology for ourſelves.*

To HENRY CROMWELL, Eſq;

June 27, 1727.

AFTER ſo long a ſilence as the many and great oppreſſions I have ſighed under have occaſioned, one is at a loſs how to begin a letter to ſo kind a friend as yourſelf. But as it was always my reſolution, if I muſt ſink, to do it as decently (that is, as ſilently) as I could; ſo when I found myſelf plunged into unforeſeen and unavoidable ruin, I retreated from the world,

and in a manner buried myſelf in a diſmal place, where I knew none, and none knew me. In this dull unthinking way I have protracted a lingering death (for life it cannot be called) ever ſince you ſaw me, ſequeſtered from company, deprived of my books, and nothing left to converſe with but the letters of my dead or abſent friends; among which latter I always placed yours and Mr. Pope's in the firſt rank. I lent ſome of them indeed to an ingenious perſon, who was ſo delighted with the ſpecimen, that he importuned me for a ſight of the reſt, which, having obtained, he conveyed them to the preſs, I muſt not ſay altogether with my conſent, nor wholly without it. I thought them too good to be loſt in oblivion, and had no cauſe to apprehend the diſobliging of any. The public, *viz.* all perſons of taſte and judgment, would be pleaſed with ſo agreeable an amuſement; Mr. Cromwell could not be angry, ſince it was but juſtice to his merit, to publiſh the ſolemn and private profeſſions of love, gratitude, and veneration, made him by ſo celebrated an author; and ſincerely Mr. Pope ought not to reſent the publication, ſince the early pregnancy of his genius was no diſhonour to his character. And yet had either of you been aſked, common modeſty would have obliged you to refuſe, what you would not be diſpleaſed with, if done without your knowledge. And beſides, to end all diſpute, you had been pleaſed to make me a free gift of them, to do what I pleaſed with them; and every one knows, that the perſon to whom a letter is addreſſed, has the ſame right to diſpoſe of it, as he has of goods purchaſed with his money. I doubt not but your generoſity and honour will do me the right, of owning by a line that I came honeſtly by them. I flatter myſelf, in a few months, I ſhall again be viſible to the world; and whenever, through good Providence, that turn ſhall happen, I ſhall joyfully acquaint you with it, there being none more truly your obliged ſervant than, Sir,

Your faithful, and moſt humble ſervant,

E. THOMAS.

P. S.

P. S. A letter, Sir, directed to Mrs. Thomas, to be left at my houſe, will be ſafely tranſmitted to her, by,

Yours, *&c.*

E. Curl.

To Mr. POPE.

Epſom, July 6, 1727.

WHEN theſe letters were firſt printed, I wondered how Curl could come by them, and could not but laugh at the pompous title; ſince whatever you wrote to me was humour and familiar raillery. As ſoon as I came from Epſom, I heard you had been to ſee me, and I writ you a ſhort letter from Will's, that I longed to ſee you. Mr. D——s, about that time, charged me with giving them to a miſtreſs, which I poſitively denied: not in the leaſt at that time thinking of it; but ſome time after, finding in the news-papers letters from Lady Packington, Lady Chudleigh, and Mr. Norris, to the ſame Sappho, or E. T. I began to fear that I was guilty. I have never ſeen theſe letters of Curl's, nor would go to his ſhop about them; I have not ſeen this Sappho, *alias* E. T. theſe ſeven years. Her writing, *That I gave her 'em, to do what ſhe would with 'em*, is ſtraining the point too far. I thought not of it, nor do I think ſhe did then; but ſevere neceſſity, which catches hold of a twig, has produced all this, which has lain hid and forgot by me ſo many years. Curl ſent me a letter laſt week, deſiring a poſitive anſwer about this matter, but finding I would give him none, he went to E. T. and writ a poſtſcript in her long romantic letter, to direct my anſwer to his houſe; but they not expecting an anſwer, ſent a young man to me, whoſe name, it ſeems, is *Pattiſon*. I told him I ſhould not write any thing, but I believed it might be ſo as ſhe writ in her letter. I am extremely

concerned that my former indiſcretion in putting them into the hands of this *pretieuſe*, ſhould have given you ſo much diſturbance; for the laſt thing I ſhould do would be to diſoblige you, for whom I have ever preſerved the greateſt eſteem, and ſhall ever be, Sir,

Your faithful friend, and
moſt humble ſervant,
HENRY CROMWELL.

To Mr. POPE.

Auguſt 1, 1727.

THOUGH I writ my long narrative from Epſom till I was tired, yet was I not ſatisfied, leſt any doubt ſhould reſt upon your mind. I could not make proteſtations of my innocence of a grievous crime; but I was impatient till I came to town, that I might ſend you thoſe letters, as a clear evidence that I was a perfect ſtranger to all their proceeding. Should I have proteſted againſt it, after the printing, it might have been taken for an attempt to decry its purchaſe; and as the little exception you have taken has ſerved him to play his game upon us for theſe two years, a new incident from me might enable him to play it on for two more.—The great value ſhe expreſſes for all you write, and her paſſion for having them, I believe, was what prevailed upon me to let her keep them. By the interval of twelve years at leaſt, from her poſſeſſion to the time of printing them, it is manifeſt, that I had not the leaſt ground to apprehend ſuch a deſign: but as people in great ſtraits bring forth their hoards of old gold and moſt valued jewels, ſo Sappho had recourſe to her hid treaſure of letters, and played off not only yours to me, but all thoſe to herſelf (as the lady's laſt ſtake) into the preſs.—As for me, I hope, when you ſhall coolly conſider the many thouſand inſtances

ſtances of our being deluded by the females, ſince that great original of Adam by Eve, you will have a more favourable thought of the undeſigning error of

Your faithful friend,
and humble ſervant,
HENRY CROMWELL.

Now, ſhould our apology for this publication be as ill received, as the lady's ſeems to have been by the gentlemen concerned, we ſhall at leaſt have her comfort, *of being thanked by the reſt of the world. Nor has Mr. P. himſelf any great cauſe to think it much offence to his modeſty, or reflection on his judgment; when we take care to inform the public, that there are few letters of his in this collection, which were not written under twenty years of age: on the other hand, we doubt not the reader will be much more ſurpriſed to find, at that early period, ſo much variety of ſtyle, affecting ſentiment, and juſtneſs of criticiſm, in pieces which muſt have been writ in haſte, very few perhaps ever reviewed, and none intended for the eye of the public.*

A CATA-

A

CATALOGUE

OF THE

Surreptitious and Incorrect Editions of Mr. Pope's Letters.

I. FAMILIAR letters to Henry Cromwell, Esq; by Mr. Pope, 12mo. Printed for Edmund Curl, 1727.

[In this are *verses*, &c. ascribed to Mr. P. which were *not his*.]

II. Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence for thirty years; from 1704 to 1734. Being a collection of letters which passed between him and several eminent persons. Printed for E. Curl, 8vo. 1735. Two editions.

——The same in 12mo, with cuts. The third edit.

[These contain several letters *not genuine*.]

III. Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence, Vol. II. printed for the same, 8vo, 1735. [In this volume are *no* letters of Mr. Pope's, but a few of those to Mr. Cromwell *reprinted*: nor any to him, but one said to be Bishop Atterbury's, and another in that Bishop's name, certainly not his. One or two letters from St. Omer's, advertised of Mr. Pope, but which proved to be only *concerning* him; some scandalous reflections of one Le Neve on the legislature, courts of justice, and Church of England, *p.* 116, 117. and the divinity of Christ expressly denied, in *p.* 123, 124. With some scandalous anecdotes, and a narrative.]

——The same in duodecimo.

IV. Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence, Vol. III. Printed for E. Curl, 8vo, 1735. [In this is *only one letter* by Mr. Pope to the Duchess of Buckingham, which the publisher someway procured and printed

printed againſt her order. It alſo contains four letters, intitled, *Mr. Pope's to Miſs Blount*, which are literally taken from an old tranſlation of Voiture's to Madam Rambouillet.]

——The ſame in duodecimo.

V. Mr. Pope's Literary Correſpondence, Vol. IV. printed by the ſame, contains *not one letter* of this author.

——The ſame in duodecimo.

VI. Mr. Pope's Literary Correſpondence, Vol. V. containing *only one* letter of Mr. P. and another of the Lord B. with a ſcandalous Preface of Curl's, how he could come at more of their letters, 8vo. Printed for the ſame, 1736.

VII. Letters of Mr. P. and ſeveral eminent perſons, Vol. I. from 1705 to 1711. Printed and ſold by the bookſellers of London and Weſtminſter, 8vo, 1735.

——The ſame, Vol. II. from 1711, *&c.* Printed and ſold by the bookſellers of London and Weſtminſter, 8vo, 1735.——The ſame in 12mo, with a narrative.

VIII. Letters of Mr. Pope and ſeveral eminent perſons, from 1705 to 1735. Printed and ſold by the bookſellers of London and Weſtminſter, 12mo, 1735.

[This edition is ſaid in the title to contain *more letters* than any other, but contains only *two*, ſaid to be the Biſhop of Rocheſter's, and printed before by Curl.]

IX. Letters of Mr. Pope and ſeveral eminent perſons, from the year 1705 to 1735. Vol. I. and Vol. II. Printed for T. Cooper, at the Globe in Pater-noſter-row, 1735, 12mo.

[In this was inſerted the *forged letter* from the Biſhop of Rocheſter, and ſome other things unknown to Mr. Pope.]

PRE-

PREFACE

Prefixed to the firſt Genuine Edition, in Quarto, 1737.

IF what is here offered the reader, ſhould happen in any degree to pleaſe him, the thanks are not due to the author, but partly to his friends, and partly to his enemies: it was wholly owing to the affection of the former, that ſo many letters, of which he never kept copies, were preſerved; and to the malice of the latter, that they were produced in this manner.

He had been very diſagreeably uſed in the publication of ſome letters written in his youth, which fell into the hands of a woman, who printed them, without his or his correſpondent's conſent, 1727. This treatment, and the apprehenſion of more of the ſame kind, put him upon recalling as many as he could from thoſe who he imagined had kept any. He was ſorry to find the number ſo great, but immediately leſſened it by burning three parts in four of them: the reſt he ſpared, not in any preference of their ſtyle or writing, but merely as they preſerved the memory of ſome friendſhips which will ever be dear to him, or ſet in a true light ſome matters of fact, from which the ſcribblers of the times had taken occaſion to aſperſe either his friends or himſelf. He therefore laid by the originals, together with thoſe of his correſpondents, and cauſed a copy to be taken to depoſit in the library of a noble friend; that, in caſe either of the revival of ſlanders, or the publication of ſurreptitious letters, during his life, or after, a proper uſe might be made of them.

The next year, the poſthumous works of Mr. Wycherley were printed, in a way diſreputable enough to his memory. It was thought a juſtice due to him, to ſhew the world his better judgment; and that it was his laſt reſolution to have ſuppreſſed thoſe poems. As ſome of the letters which had paſſed between him and

our

our author cleared that point, they were publiſhed in 1729, with a few marginal notes added by a friend.

If in theſe letters, and in thoſe which were printed without his conſent, there appear too much of a juvenile ambition of wit, or affectation of gaiety, he may reaſonably hope it will be conſidered to *whom*, and at *what age* he was guilty of it, as well as how ſoon it was over. The reſt, every judge of writing will ſee, were by no means efforts of the genius, but emanations of the heart: and this alone may induce any candid reader to believe their publication an act of neceſſity rather than of vanity.

It is notorious, how many volumes have been publiſhed under the title of his correſpondence, with promiſes ſtill of more, and open and repeated offers of encouragement to all perſons who ſhould ſend any letters of his for the preſs. It is as notorious what methods were taken to procure them, even from the publiſher's own accounts in his prefaces, *viz.* by tranſacting with people in neceſſities *, or of abandoned characters †, or ſuch as dealt without names in the dark ‡. Upon a quarrel with one of theſe laſt, he betrayed himſelf ſo far, as to appeal to the public in narratives and advertiſements: like that Iriſh highwayman a few years before, who preferred a bill againſt his companion, for not ſharing equally in the money, rings, and watches, they had traded for in partnerſhip upon Hounſlow-heath.

Several have been printed in his name which he never writ, and addreſſed to perſons to whom they never were written ‖; counterfeited as from Biſhop Atterbury to him, which neither that Biſhop nor he ever ſaw**; and advertiſed even that period, when it was made felony to correſpond with him.

I know not how it has been this author's fate, whom

* See the Preface to Vol. I. of a book called *Mr. Pope's Literary Correſpondence.*

† Poſtſcript to the Preface to Vol. IV.

‡ Narrative and anecdotes before Vol. II.

‖ In Vol. III. Letters from Mr. Pope to Mrs. Blount, *&c.*

** Vol. II. of the ſame, 8vo, p. 20, and at the end of the edition of his letters in 12mo, by the bookſellers of London and Weſtminſter; and of the laſt edition in 12mo, printed for T. Cooper, 1735.

both

both his ſituation and his temper have all his life excluded from rivalling any man, in any pretenſion, (except that of pleaſing by poetry), to have been as much aſperſed and written at, as any firſt miniſter of his time: pamphlets and news-papers have been full of him, nor was it *there only* that a private man, who never troubled either the world or common converſation with his opinions of religion or government, has been repreſented as a dangerous member of ſociety, a bigotted Papiſt, and an enemy to the eſtabliſhment. The unwarrantable publication of his letters hath at laſt done him this ſervice, to ſhew he has conſtantly enjoyed the friendſhip of worthy men; and that if a catalogue were to be taken of his friends and his enemies, he needs not to bluſh at either. Many of them having been written on the moſt trying occurrences, and all in the openneſs of friendſhip, are a proof what were his real ſentiments, as they flowed warm from the heart, and freſh from the occaſion, without the leaſt thought that ever the world ſhould be witneſs to them. Had he ſat down with a deſign to draw his own picture, he could not have had done it ſo truly; for whoever ſits for it, (whether to himſelf or another), will inevitably find the features more compoſed than his appear in theſe letters. But if an author's hand, like a painter's, be more diſtinguiſhable in a ſlight ſketch than in a finiſhed picture, this very careleſſneſs will make them the better known from ſuch counterfeits as have been, and may be imputed to him, either through a mercenary or a malicious deſign.

We hope it is needleſs to ſay, he is not accountable for ſeveral paſſages in the ſurreptitious editions of thoſe letters, which are ſuch as no man of common ſenſe would have publiſhed himſelf. The errors of the preſs were almoſt innumerable, and could not but be extremely multiplied in ſo many repeated editions, by the avarice and negligence of piratical printers, to not one of whom he ever gave the leaſt title, or any other encouragement than that of not proſecuting them.

For the *chaſms* in the correſpondence, we had not

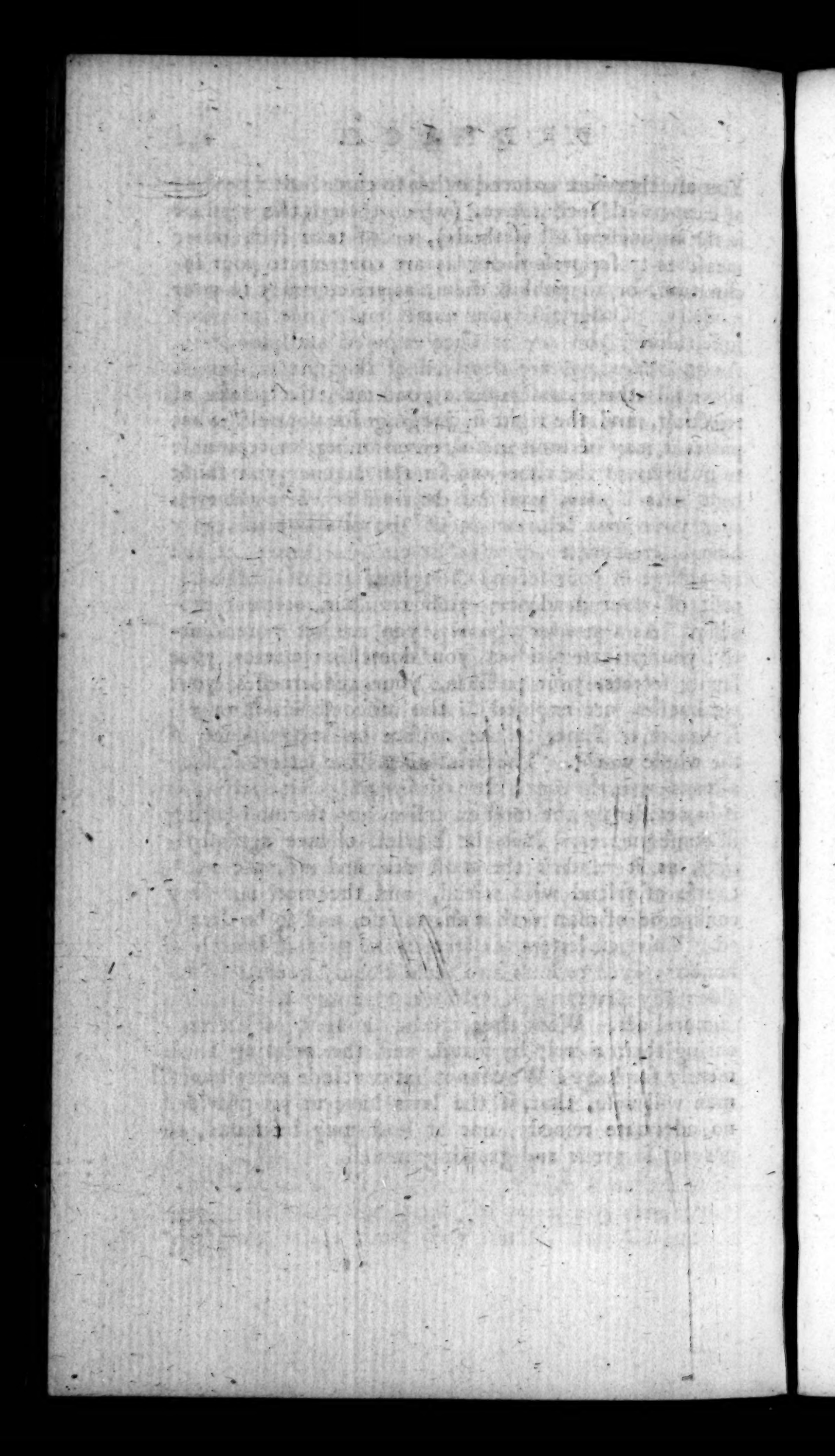
the means to ſupply them, the author having deſtroyed too many letters to preſerve any ſeries. Nor would he go about to amend them, except by the omiſſion of ſome paſſages, improper, or at leaſt impertinent, to be divulged to the public; or of ſuch entire letters, as were either not his, or not approved of by him.

He has been very ſparing of thoſe of his friends, and thought it a reſpect ſhown to their memory, to ſuppreſs in particular ſuch as were moſt in his favour. As it is not to *vanity* but to *friendſhip* that he intends this monument, he would ſave his enemies the mortification of ſhowing any further how well their betters have thought of him: and at the ſame time ſecure from their cenſure his living friends, who (he promiſes them) ſhall never be put to the bluſh, this way at leaſt, for their partiality to him.

But however this collection may be received, we cannot but lament the *cauſe* and the *neceſſity* of ſuch a publication, and heartily wiſh no honeſt man may be reduced to the ſame. To ſtate the caſe fairly in the preſent ſituation. A bookſeller advertiſes his intention to publiſh your letters: he openly promiſes encouragement, or even pecuniary rewards, to thoſe who will help him to any; and engages to inſert whatever they ſhall ſend. Any ſcandal is ſure of a reception, and any enemy who ſends it ſcreened from a diſcovery. Any domeſtic or ſervant, who can ſnatch a letter from your pocket or cabinet, is encouraged to that vile practice. If the quantity falls ſhort of a volume, any thing elſe ſhall be joined with it (more eſpecially ſcandal) which the collector can think for his intereſt, all recommended under your name; you have not only theft to fear, but forgery. Any bookſeller, though conſcious in what manner they were obtained, not caring what may be the conſequence to your fame or quiet, will ſell and diſperſe them in town and country. The better your reputation is, the more your name will cauſe them to be demanded, and conſequently the more you will be injured. The injury is of ſuch a nature as the law (which does not puniſh for *intentions*) cannot prevent; and when done, may puniſh, but not redreſs.

You

You are therefore reduced either to enter into a perſonal treaty with ſuch a man, (which though the readieſt is the meaneſt of all methods), or to take ſuch other meaſures to ſuppreſs them, as are contrary to your inclination, or to publiſh them, as are contrary to your modeſty. Otherwiſe your fame and your property ſuffer alike; you are at once expoſed and plundered. As an *author*, you are deprived of that power, which above all others conſtitutes a good one, the power of rejecting, and the right of judging for yourſelf, what pieces it may be moſt uſeful, entertaining, or reputable to publiſh, at the time and in the manner you think beſt. As a *man*, you are deprived of the right even over your own ſentiments, of the privilege of every human creature to divulge or conceal them; of the advantage of your ſecond thoughts; and of all the benefit of your prudence, your candour, or your modeſty. As a *member of ſociety*, you are yet more injured; your private conduct, your domeſtic concerns, your family-ſecrets, your paſſions, your tenderneſſes, your weakneſſes, are expoſed to the miſconſtruction or reſentment of ſome, to the cenſure or impertinence of the whole world. The printing private letters in ſuch a manner, is the worſt ſort of *betraying converſation*, as it has evidently the moſt extenſive, and the moſt laſting ill conſequences. It is the higheſt offence againſt *ſociety*, as it renders the moſt dear and intimate intercourſe of friend with friend, and the moſt neceſſary commerce of man with man, unſafe, and to be dreaded. To open letters is eſteemed the greateſt breach of honour; even to look into them already opened or accidentally dropped, is held an ungenerous, if not an immoral act. What then can be thought of the procuring them merely by fraud, and the printing them merely for lucre? We cannot but conclude every honeſt man will wiſh, that, if the laws have as yet provided no adequate remedy, one at leaſt may be found, to prevent ſo great and growing an evil.



LETTERS

To and from Mr. WYCHERLEY.

From the year 1704 to 1710.

LETTER I.

Binfield in Windſor-foreſt, Dec. 26, 1704 *.

IT was certainly a great ſatisfaction to me to ſee and converſe with a man, whom in his writings I had ſo long known with pleaſure; but it was a high addition to it, to hear you, at our very firſt meeting, doing juſtice to your dead friend Mr. Dryden. I was not ſo happy as to know him: *Virgilium tantum vidi.* Had I been born early enough, I muſt have known and loved him: for I have been aſſured, not only by yourſelf, but by Mr. Congreve and Sir William Trumbull, that his perſonal qualities were as amiable as his poetical, notwithſtanding the many libellous miſrepreſentations of them, againſt which the former of theſe gentlemen has told me he will one day vindicate him. I ſuppoſe thoſe injuries were begun by the violence of party, but it is no doubt they were continued by envy at his ſucceſs and fame: and thoſe ſcribblers who attacked him in his latter times, were only like gnats in a ſummer's evening, which are never very troubleſome but in the fineſt and moſt glorious ſeaſon; for his fire, like the ſun's, ſhined cleareſt towards its ſetting.

You muſt not therefore imagine, that when you told me my own performances were above thoſe critics, I was ſo vain as to believe it; and yet I may not be ſo humble as to think myſelf quite below their notice. For critics, as they are birds of prey, have ever a natural

* The author's age then ſixteen.

inclination to carrion: and though ſuch poor writers as I are but beggars, no beggar is ſo poor but he can keep a cur, and no author is ſo beggarly, but he can keep a critic. I am far from thinking the attacks of ſuch people either any honour or diſhonour even to me, much leſs to Mr. Dryden. I agree with you, that whatever leſſer wits have riſen ſince his death, are but like ſtars appearing when the ſun is ſet, that twinkle only in his abſence, and with the rays they have borrowed from him. Our wit (as you call it) is but reflection or imitation, therefore ſcarce to be called ours. True wit, I believe, may be defined a juſtneſs of thought, and a facility of expreſſion; or (in the midwives phraſe) a perfect conception, with an eaſy delivery. However, this is far from a complete definition; pray help me to a better, as, I doubt not, you can.

I am, *&c.*

LETTER II.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

Jan. 25, 1704-5.

I HAVE been ſo buſy of late in correcting and tranſcribing ſome of my madrigals for a great man or two, who deſired to ſee them, that I have (with your pardon) omitted to return you an anſwer to your moſt ingenious letter: ſo ſcribblers to the public, like bankers to the public, are profuſe in their voluntary loans to it, whilſt they forget to pay their more private and particular, as more juſt debts, to their beſt and neareſt friends. However, I hope, you who have as much good-nature as good ſenſe (ſince they generally are companions) will have patience with a debtor who has an inclination to pay you his obligations, if he had wherewithal ready about him; and in the mean time ſhould conſider, when you have obliged me beyond my preſent power of returning the favour, that a debtor may be an honeſt man, if he but intends to be juſt when

when he is able, though late. But I ſhould be leſs juſt to you, the more I thought I could make a return to ſo much profuſeneſs of wit and humanity together; which though they ſeldom accompany each other in other men, are in you ſo equally met, I know not in which you moſt abound. But ſo much for my opinion of you, which is, that your wit and ingenuity is equalled by nothing but your judgment, or modeſty, which (though it be to pleaſe myſelf) I muſt no more offend, than I can do either right.

Therefore I will ſay no more now of them, than that your good wit never forfeited your good judgment, but in your partiality to me and mine; ſo that if it were poſſible for a hardened ſcribbler to be vainer than he is, what you write of me would make me more conceited than what I ſcribble myſelf: yet I muſt confeſs, I ought to be more humbled by your praiſe than exalted, which commends my little ſenſe with ſo much more of yours, that I am diſparaged and diſheartened by your commendations; who give me an example of your wit in the firſt part of your letter, and a definition of it in the laſt; to make writing well (that is, like you) more difficult to me than ever it was before. Thus the more great and juſt your example and definition of wit are, the leſs I am capable to follow them. Then the beſt way of ſhewing my judgment, after having ſeen how you write, is to leave off writing; and the beſt way to ſhew my friendſhip to you is, to put an end to your trouble, and to conclude

Yours, *&c.*

LETTER III.

March 25, 1705.

WHEN I write to you, I foreſee a long letter, and ought to beg your patience beforehand; for if it proves the longeſt, it will be of courſe the worſt I have troubled you with. Yet to expreſs my gratitude at large for your obliging letter, is not more my duty than my intereſt, as ſome people will abundantly thank you

you for one piece of kindneſs, to put you in mind of beſtowing another. The more favourable you are to me, the more diſtinctly I ſee my faults: ſpots and blemiſhes, you know, are never ſo plainly diſcovered as in the brighteſt ſunſhine. Thus I am mortified by thoſe commendations which were deſigned to encourage me: for praiſe to a young wit, is like rain to a tender flower; if it be moderately beſtowed, it chears and revives; but if too laviſhly, overcharges and depreſſes him. Moſt men in years, as they are generally diſcouragers of youth, are like old trees, that, being paſt bearing themſelves, will ſuffer no young plants to flouriſh beneath them: but, as if it were not enough to have outdone all your co-evals in wit, you will excel them in good-nature too. As for my green eſſays *, if you find any pleaſure in them, it muſt be ſuch as a man naturally takes in obſerving the firſt ſhoots and buddings of a tree which he has raiſed himſelf: and it is impoſſible they ſhould be eſteemed any otherwiſe, than as we value fruits for being early, which nevertheleſs are the moſt inſipid, and the worſt of the year. In a word, I muſt blame you for treating me with ſo much compliment, which is at beſt but the ſmoke of friendſhip. I neither write, nor converſe with you, to gain your praiſe, but your affection. Be ſo much my friend as to appear my enemy, and tell me my faults, if not as a young man, at leaſt as an unexperienced writer.

I am, *&c.*

LETTER IV.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

March 29, 1705.

YOUR letter of the twenty-fifth of March I have received, which was more welcome to me than

* His paſtorals, written at ſixteen years of age.

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any thing could be out of the country, though it were one's rent due that day; and I can find no fault with it, but that it charges me with want of ſincerity, or juſtice, for giving you your due; who ſhould not let your modeſty be ſo unjuſt to your merit, as to reject what is due to it, and call that compliment, which is ſo ſhort of your deſert, that it is rather degrading than exalting you. But if compliment be the ſmoke only of friendſhip, (as you ſay), however, you muſt allow there is no ſmoke but there is ſome fire; and as the ſacrifice of incenſe offered to the gods would not have been half ſo ſweet to others, if it had not been for its ſmoke, ſo friendſhip, like love, cannot be without ſome incenſe, to perfume the name it would praiſe and immortalize. But ſince you ſay you do not write to me to gain my praiſe, but my affection, pray how is it poſſible to have the one without the other? We muſt admire before we love. You affirm, you would have me ſo much your friend as to appear your enemy, and find out your faults rather than your perfections; but (my friend) that would be ſo hard to do, that I, who love no difficulties, cannot be perſuaded to it. Beſides, the vanity of a ſcribbler is ſuch, that he will never part with his own judgment to gratify another's; eſpecially when he muſt take pains to do it: and though I am proud to be of your opinion, when you talk of any thing or man but yourſelf, I cannot ſuffer you to murder your fame with your own hand, without oppoſing you; eſpecially when you ſay your letter is the worſt (ſince the longeſt) you have favoured me with; which I therefore think the beſt, as the longeſt life (if a good one) is the beſt; as it yields the more variety, and is the more exemplary; as a chearful ſummer's day, though longer than a dull one in the winter, is leſs tedious and more entertaining. Therefore, let but your friendſhip be like your letter, as laſting as it is agreeable, and it can never be tedious, but more acceptable and obliging to

Your, *&c.*

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LETTER V.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

April 7, 1705.

I HAVE received yours of the fifth, wherein your modeſty refuſes the juſt praiſes I give you, by which you lay claim to more, as a biſhop gains his biſhopric by ſaying he will not epiſcopate; but I muſt confeſs, whilſt I diſpleaſe you by commending you, I pleaſe myſelf: juſt as incenſe is ſweeter to the offerer than the Deity to whom it is offered, by his being ſo much above it: for indeed every man partakes of the praiſe he gives, when it is ſo juſtly given.

As to my inquiry after your intrigues with the Muſes, you may allow me to make it, ſince no old man can give ſo young, ſo great, and able a favourite of theirs, jealouſy. I am, in my inquiry, like old Sir Bernard Gaſcoign, who uſed to ſay, that when he was grown too old to have his viſits admitted alone by the ladies, he always took along with him a young man to enſure his welcome to them; for had he come alone, he had been rejected, only becauſe his viſits were not ſcandalous to them. So I am (like an old rook, who is ruined by gaming) forced to live on the good fortune of the puſhing young men, whoſe fancies are ſo vigorous that they enſure their ſucceſs in their adventures with the Muſes, by their ſtrength of imagination.

Your papers are ſafe in my cuſtody (you may be ſure) from any one's theft but my own; for it is as dangerous to truſt a ſcribbler with your wit, as a gameſter with the cuſtody of your money.—If you happen to come to town, you will make it more difficult for me to leave it, who am, Your, *&c.*

LETTER VI.

April 30, 1705.

I CANNOT contend with you: you muſt give me leave at once to wave all your compliments, and to collect

collect only this in general from them, that your deſign is to encourage me. But I ſeparate from all the reſt that paragraph or two, in which you make me ſo warm an offer of your friendſhip. Were I poſſeſſed of that, it would put an end to all thoſe ſpeeches with which you now make me bluſh; and change them to wholeſome advices, and free ſentiments, which might make me wiſer and happier. I know it is the general opinion, that friendſhip is beſt contracted betwixt perſons of equal age; but I have ſo much intereſt to be of another mind, that you muſt pardon me if I cannot forbear telling you a few notions of mine, in oppoſition to that opinion.

In the firſt place, it is obſervable, that the love we bear to our friends, is generally cauſed by our finding the ſame diſpoſitions in them, which we feel in ourſelves. This is but ſelf-love at the bottom: whereas, the affection betwixt people of different ages cannot well be ſo, the inclinations of ſuch being commonly various. The friendſhip of two young men is often occaſioned by love of pleaſure or voluptuouſneſs, each being deſirous for his own ſake of one to aſſiſt or encourage him in the courſes he purſues; as that of two old men is frequently on the ſcore of ſome profit, lucre, or deſign upon others. Now, as a young man, who is leſs acquainted with the ways of the world, has in all probability leſs of intereſt; and an old man, who may be weary of himſelf, has, or ſhould have, leſs of ſelf-love; ſo the friendſhip between them is the more likely to be true, and unmixed with too much ſelf-regard. One may add to this, that ſuch a friendſhip is of greater uſe and advantage to both; for the old man will grow gay and agreeable to pleaſe the young one; and the young man more diſcreet and prudent by the help of the old one: ſo it may prove a cure of thoſe epidemical diſeaſes of age and youth, fourneſs, and madneſs. I hope you will not need many arguments to convince you of the poſſibility of this; one alone abundantly ſatisfies me, and convinces to the heart, which

which is, that * young as I am, and old as you are, I am your entirely affectionate, *&c.*

LETTER VII.

June 23, 1705.

I SHOULD believe myſelf happy in your good opinion, but that you treat me ſo much in a ſtyle of compliment. It hath been obſerved of women, that they are more ſubject in their youth to be touched with vanity than men, on account of their being generally treated this way; but the weakeſt women are not more weak than that claſs of men, who are thought to pique themſelves upon their wit. The world is never wanting, when a coxcomb is accompliſhing himſelf, to help to give him the finiſhing ſtroke.

Every man is apt to think his neighbour overſtocked with vanity, yet I cannot but fancy there are certain times, when moſt people are in a diſpoſition of being informed; and it is incredible what a vaſt good a little truth might do, ſpoken in ſuch ſeaſons. A ſmall alms will do a great kindneſs to people in extreme neceſſity.

I could name an acquaintance of yours, who would at this time think himſelf more obliged to you for the information of his faults, than the confirmation of his follies. If you would make thoſe the ſubject of a letter, it might be as long as I could wiſh your letters always were.

I do not wonder you have hitherto found ſome difficulty (as you are pleaſed to ſay) in writing to me, ſince you have always choſen the taſk of commending me: take but the other way, and, I dare engage, you will find none at all.

As for my verſes, which you praiſe ſo much, I may truly ſay they have never been the cauſe of any

* Mr. Wycherley was at this time about ſeventy years old, and Mr. Pope under ſeventeen.

vanity

vanity in me, except what they gave me when they firſt occaſioned my acquaintance with you. But I have ſeveral times ſince been in danger of this vice: as often, I mean, as I received any letters from you. It is certain, the greateſt magnifying glaſſes in the world are a man's own eyes, when they look upon his own perſon; yet even in thoſe, I cannot fancy myſelf ſo extremely like Alexander the Great, as you would perſuade me. If I muſt be like him, it is you will make me ſo, by complimenting me into a better opinion of myſelf than I deſerve: they made him think he was the ſon of Jupiter, and you aſſure me I am a man of parts. But is this all you can ſay to my honour? you ſaid ten times as much before, when you called me your friend. After having made me believe I poſſeſſed a ſhare in your affection, to treat me with compliments and ſweet ſayings, is like the proceeding with poor Sancho Panca: they perſuaded him that he enjoyed a great dominion, and then gave him nothing to ſubſiſt upon but wafers and marmalade. In our days the greateſt obligation you can lay upon a wit, is to make a fool of him. For as when madmen are found incurable, wiſe men give them their way, and pleaſe them as well as they can; ſo when thoſe incorrigible things, poets, are once irrecoverably be-muſed, the beſt way both to quiet them, and ſecure yourſelf from the effects of their frenzy, is to feed their vanity; which indeed, for the moſt part, is all that is fed in a poet.

You may believe me, I could be heartily glad that all you ſay were as true, applied to me, as it would be to yourſelf, for ſeveral weighty reaſons; but for none ſo much, as that I might be to you what you deſerve; whereas I can now be no more than is conſiſtent with the ſmall though utmoſt capacity of, *&c.*

LETTER VIII.

Oct. 26, 1705.

I HAVE now changed the ſcene from the town to the country; from Will's coffee-houſe to Windſor-foreſt.

I find no other difference than this, betwixt the common town wits, and the downright country fools, that the firſt are partly in the wrong, with a little more flouriſh and gaiety; and the laſt neither in the right nor the wrong, but confirmed in a ſtupid ſettled medium betwixt both. However, methinks theſe are moſt in the right, who quietly and eaſily reſign themſelves over to the gentle reign of dulneſs, which the wits muſt do at laſt, though after a great deal of noiſe and reſiſtance. Ours are a ſort of modeſt inoffenſive people, who neither have ſenſe, nor pretend to any, but enjoy a jovial ſort of dulneſs: they are commonly known in the world by the name of honeſt, civil gentlemen: they live, much as they ride, at random; a kind of hunting life, purſuing with earneſtneſs and hazard ſomething not worth the catching; never in the way, nor out of it. I cannot but prefer ſolitude to the company of all theſe; for though a man's ſelf may poſſibly be the worſt fellow to converſe with in the world, yet one would think the company of a perſon whom we have the greateſt regard to, and affection for, could not be very unpleaſant. As a man in love with a miſtreſs, deſires no converſation but hers, ſo a man in love with himſelf (as moſt men are) may be beſt pleaſed with his own. Beſides, if the trueſt and moſt uſeful knowledge be the knowledge of ourſelves, ſolitude, conducing moſt to make us look into ourſelves, ſhould be the moſt inſtructive ſtate of life. We ſee nothing more commonly, than men, who, for the ſake of the circumſtantial part and mere outſide of life, have been half their days rambling out of their nature, and ought to be ſent into ſolitude to ſtudy themſelves over again. People are uſually ſpoiled, inſtead of being taught, at their coming into the world; whereas, by being more converſant with obſcurity, without any pains, they would naturally follow what they were meant for. In a word, if a man be a coxcomb, ſolitude is his beſt ſchool; and if he be a fool, it is his beſt ſanctuary.

Theſe are good reaſons for my own ſtay here, but I wiſh I could give you any for your coming hither, except

cept that I earneſtly invite you. And yet I cannot help ſaying I have ſuffered a great deal of diſcontent that you do not come, though I ſo little merit that you ſhould.

I muſt complain of the ſhortneſs of your laſt. Thoſe who have moſt wit, like thoſe who have moſt money, are generally moſt ſparing of either.

LETTER IX.

From MR. WYCHERLEY.

Nov. 5, 1705.

YOURS of the 26th of October I have received, as I have always done yours, with no little ſatisfaction, and I am proud to diſcover by it, that you find fault with the ſhortneſs of mine, which I think the beſt excuſe for it: and though they (as you ſay) who have moſt wit or money are moſt ſparing of either; there are ſome who appear poor to be thought rich, and are poor, which is my caſe. I cannot but rejoice, that you have undergone ſo much diſcontent for want of my company; but if you have a mind to puniſh me for my fault, (which I could not help), defer your coming to town, and you will do it effectually. But I know your charity always exceeds your revenge, ſo that I will not deſpair of ſeeing you, and, in return to your inviting me to your foreſt, invite you to my foreſt, the town; where the beaſts that inhabit, tame or wild, of long ears or horns, purſue one another either out of love or hatred. You may have the pleaſure to ſee one pack of blood hounds purſue another herd of brutes, to bring each other to their fall, which is their whole ſport: or if you affect a leſs bloody chace, you may ſee a pack of ſpaniels, called *lovers*, in a hot purſuit of a two-legged vixen, who only flies the whole loud pack to be ſingled out by one dog, who runs mute to catch her up the ſooner from the reſt, as they are making a noiſe to the loſs of their game. In fine, this is the time for all

ſorts of ſport in the town, when thoſe of the country ceaſe; therefore leave your foreſt of beaſts for ours of brutes, called *men*, who now in full cry (packed by the court or country) run down in the Houſe of Commons a deſerted horned beaſt of the Court, to the ſatisfaction of their ſpectators: beſides, (more for your diverſion), you may ſee not only the two great playhouſes of the nation, thoſe of the Lords and Commons, in diſpute with one another; but the other two playhouſes in high conteſt, becauſe the members of one houſe are removed up to the other, as it is often done by the court for reaſons of ſtate: inſomuch that the lower houſes, I mean the playhouſes, are going to act tragedies on one another without doors, and the ſovereign is put to it (as it often happens in the other two houſes) to ſilence one or both, to keep peace between them. Now I have told you all the news of the town. I am, *&c.*

LETTER X.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

Feb. 5, 1705-6.

I HAVE received your kind letter, with my paper* to Mr. Dryden corrected. I own you have made more of it by making it leſs, as the Dutch are ſaid to burn half the ſpices they bring home, to enhance the price of the remainder, ſo to be greater gainers by their loſs, (which is indeed my caſe now). You have pruned my fading laurels of ſome ſuperfluous, ſapleſs, and dead branches, to make the remainder live the longer; thus, like your maſter Apollo, you are at once a poet and a phyſician.

Now, Sir, as to my impudent invitation of you to the town, your good-nature was the firſt cauſe of my

* The ſame which was printed in the year 1717, in a miſcellany of Bern. Lintot's, and in the poſthumous works of Mr. Wycherley.

confident

confident requeſt; but excuſe me, I muſt (I ſee) ſay no more upon this ſubject, ſince I find you a little too nice to be dealt freely with; though you have given me ſome encouragement to hope our friendſhip might be without ſhyneſs, or criminal modeſty; for a friend, like a miſtreſs, though he is not to be mercenary, to be true, yet ought not to refuſe a friend's kindneſs, becauſe it is ſmall or trivial: I have told you (I think) what a Spaniſh lady ſaid to her poor poetical gallant, that a queen, if ſhe had to do with a groom, would expect a mark of his kindneſs from him, though it were but his curry-comb. But you and I will diſpute this matter when I am ſo happy as to ſee you here; and perhaps it is the only diſpute in which I might hope to have the better of you.

Now, Sir, to make you another excuſe for my boldneſs in inviting you to town, I deſigned to leave with you ſome more of my papers, (ſince theſe return ſo much better out of your hands than they went from mine); for I intended (as I told you formerly) to ſpend a month or ſix weeks, this ſummer, near you in the country. You may be aſſured there is nothing I deſire ſo much, as an improvement of your friendſhip.

LETTER XI.

April 10, 1706.

BY one of yours of the laſt month, you deſire me to ſelect, if poſſible, ſome things from the * firſt volume of your miſcellanies, which may be altered ſo as to appear again. I doubted your meaning in this; whether it was to pick out the beſt of thoſe verſes, (as thoſe on the idleneſs of buſineſs, on ignorance, on lazineſs, *&c.*), to make the method and numbers exact, and avoid repetitions? For though (upon reading them on this occaſion) I believe, they might receive ſuch an alteration with advantage; yet they would not be changed

* Printed in folio, in the year 1704.

ſo much, but any one would know them for the ſame at firſt ſight. Or if you mean to improve the worſt pieces? which are ſuch, as, to render them very good, would require great addition, and almoſt the entire new writing of them. Or, laſtly, if you mean the middle ſort, as the ſongs and love-verſes? for theſe will need only to be ſhortened, to omit repetition; the words remaining very little different from what they were before. Pray let me know your mind in this, for I am utterly at a loſs. Yet I have tried what I could do to ſome of the ſongs, and the poems on lazineſs and ignorance, but cannot (even in my own partial judgment) think my alterations much to the purpoſe. So that I muſt needs deſire you would apply your care wholly at preſent to thoſe which are yet unpubliſhed, of which there are more than enough to make a conſiderable volume, of full as good ones, nay, I believe of better than any in Vol. I. which I could wiſh you would defer, at leaſt till you have finiſhed thoſe that are yet unprinted.

I ſend you a ſample of ſome few of theſe: namely, the verſes to Mr. Waller in his old age; your new ones on the Duke of Marlborough, and two others. I have done all that I thought could be of advantage to them: ſome I have contracted, as we do ſun-beams, to improve their energy and force; ſome I have taken quite away, as we take branches from a tree to add to the fruit; others I have entirely new expreſſed, and turned more into poetry. Donne (like one of his ſucceſſors) had infinitely more wit than he wanted verſification; for the great dealers of wit, like thoſe in trade, take leaſt pains to ſet off their goods, while the haberdaſhers of ſmall wit ſpare for no decorations or ornaments. You have commiſſioned me to paint your ſhop, and I have done my beſt to bruſh you up like your neighbours. But I can no more pretend to the merit of the production, than a midwife to the virtues and good qualities of the child ſhe helps into the light.

The few things I have entirely added, you will excuſe; you may take them lawfully for your own, becauſe

cauſe they are no more than ſparks lighted up by your fire: and you may omit them at laſt, if you think them but ſquibs in your triumphs. I am, *&c.*

LETTER XII.

From MR. WYCHERLEY.

Nov. 11, 1707.

I RECEIVED yours of the 9th yeſterday, which has (like the reſt of your letters) at once pleaſed and inſtructed me; ſo that I aſſure you, you can no more write too much to your abſent friends, than ſpeak too much to the preſent. This is a truth that all men own who have either ſeen your writings, or heard your diſcourſe; enough to make others ſhew their judgment, in ceaſing to write or talk, eſpecially to you, or in your company. However, I ſpeak or write to you, not to pleaſe you, but myſelf; ſince I provoke your anſwers; which, whilſt they humble me, give me vanity; though I am leſſened by you even when you commend me: ſince you commend my little ſenſe with ſo much more of yours, that you put me out of countenance, whilſt you would keep me in it. So that you have found a way (againſt the cuſtom of great wits) to ſhew even a great deal of good-nature with a great deal of good ſenſe.

I thank you for the book you promiſed me, by which I find you would not only correct my lines, but my life.

As to the damn'd verſes I intruſted you with, I hope you will let them undergo your purgatory, to ſave them from the people's damning them: ſince the critics, who are generally the firſt damn'd in this life, like the damn'd below, never leave to bring thoſe above them under their own circumſtances. I beg you to peruſe my papers, and ſelect what you think beſt or moſt tolerable, and look over them again; for I reſolve ſuddenly to print ſome of them, as a hardened old gameſter

ſter will (in ſpite of all former ill-uſage by fortune) puſh on an ill hand in expectation of recovering himſelf; eſpecially ſince I have ſuch a *croupier* or ſecond to ſtand by me as Mr. Pope.

LETTER XIII.

Nov. 20, 1707.

MR. Englefyld being upon his journey to London, tells me I muſt write to you by him, which I do, not more to comply with his deſire, than to gratify my own: though I did it ſo lately by the meſſenger you ſent hither: I take it too as an opportunity of ſending you the fair copy of the poem on Dulneſs *, which was not then finiſhed, and which I ſhould not care to hazard by the common poſt. Mr. Englefyld is ignorant of the contents, and I hope your prudence will let him remain ſo, for my ſake no leſs than your own; ſince if you ſhould reveal any thing of this nature, it would be no wonder reports ſhould be raiſed, and there are thoſe (I fear) who would be ready to improve them to my diſadvantage. I am ſorry you told the great man, whom you met in the court of requeſts, that your papers were in my hands: no man alive ſhall ever know any ſuch thing from me; and I give you this warning beſides, that though yourſelf ſhould ſay I had any wiſe aſſiſted you, I am, notwithſtanding, reſolved to deny it.

The method of the copy I ſend you is very different from what it was, and much more regular; for the better help of your memory, I deſire you to compare it by the figures in the margin, anſwering to the ſame in this letter. The poem is now divided into four parts, marked with the literal figures, 1, 2, 3, 4. The firſt contains the praiſe of Dulneſs, and ſhews how upon ſeveral ſuppoſitions it paſſes for, 1. religion; 2. philoſophy; 3. example; 4. wit; and, 5. the cauſe of wit,

* The origin of it in blots, and with figures of the references from copy to copy, in Mr. Pope's hand, is yet extant, among other ſuch Broüillons of Mr. Wycherley's poems, corrected by him.

and

and the end of it. The ſecond part contains the advantages of Dulneſs: 1ſt, in buſineſs; and, 2dly, at court, where the ſimilitudes of the bias of a bowl, and the weights of a clock, are directly tending to the ſubject, though introduced before in a place where there was no mention made of thoſe advantages, (which was your only objection to my adding them). The third contains the happineſs of Dulneſs in all ſtations, and ſhews in a great many particulars, that it is ſo fortunate as to be eſteemed ſome good quality or other in all ſorts of people, that it is thought quiet, ſenſe, caution, policy, prudence, majeſty, valour, circumſpection, honeſty, *&c.* The fourth part I have wholly added as a climax, which ſums up all the praiſe, advantage, and happineſs of Dulneſs in a few words, and ſtrengthens them by the oppoſition of the diſgrace, diſadvantage, and unhappineſs of wit, with which it concludes*.

Though the whole be as ſhort again as at firſt, there is not one thought omitted, but what is a repetition of ſomething in your firſt volume, or in this very paper: ſome thoughts are contracted, where they ſeemed encompaſſed with too many words; and ſome new expreſſed, or added, where I thought there wanted heightening; (as you'll ſee particularly in the ſimile of

* This is totally omitted in the preſent edition: ſome of the lines are theſe:

"Thus Dulneſs, the ſafe opiate of the mind,
"The laſt kind refuge weary wit can find;
"Fit for all ſtations, and in each content,
"Is ſatisfy'd, ſecure, and innocent;
"No pains it takes, and no offence it gives,
"Unfear'd, unhated, undiſturb'd it lives."

It was originally thus expreſſed:

"As clocks run faſteſt when moſt lead is on,"

in a letter of Mr. Pope to Mr. Wycherley, dated April 3, 1705, and in a paper of verſes of his, to the author of a poem called *Succeſſio*, which got out in a miſcellany in 1712, three years before Mr. Wycherley died, and two after he had laid aſide the whole deſign of publiſhing any poems.

the

the clock-weights), and the verſification throughout is, I believe, ſuch as nobody can be ſhocked at. The repeated permiſſions you give me of dealing freely with you, will (I hope) excuſe what I have done: for if I have not ſpared you when I thought ſeverity would do you a kindneſs, I have not mangled you where I thought there was no abſolute need of amputation. As to particulars, I can ſatisfy you better when we meet; in the mean time, pray write to me when you can,—you cannot too often.

LETTER XIV.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

Nov. 22, 1707.

YOU may ſee by my ſtyle, I had the happineſs and ſatisfaction to receive yeſterday, by the hands of Mr. Englefyld, your extreme kind and obliging letter of the 20th of this month; which, like all the reſt of yours, did at once mortify me, and make me vain; ſince it tells me, with ſo much more wit, ſenſe, and kindneſs than mine can expreſs, that my letters are always welcome to you. So that even while your kindneſs invites me to write to you, your wit and judgment forbid me; ſince I may return you a letter, but never an anſwer.

Now, as for my owning your aſſiſtance to me, in overlooking my unmuſical numbers, and harſher ſenſe, and correcting them both with your genius, or judgment; I muſt tell you, I always own it, (in ſpite of your unpoetic modeſty), who would do with your friendſhip as your charity, conceal your bounty to magnify the obligation; and even whilſt you lay on your friend the favour, acquit him of the debt: but that ſhall not ſerve your turn; I will always own, it is my infallible Pope has, or would redeem me from a poetical damning, the ſecond time; and ſave my rhymes from being condemned to the critic's flames to all eternity; but (by the faith

faith you profeſs) you know your works of ſupererogation, transferred upon an humble, acknowledging ſinner, may ſave even him: having good works enough of your own beſides, to enſure yours, and their immortality.

And now for the pains you have taken to recommend my Dulneſs, by making it more methodical, I give you a thouſand thanks; ſince true and natural dulneſs is ſhewn more by its pretence to form and method, as the ſprightlineſs of wit by its deſpiſing both. I thank you a thouſand times for your repeated invitations to come to Binfield: you will find, it will be as hard for you to get quit of my mercenary kindneſs to you, as it would for me to deſerve, or return yours: however, it ſhall be the endeavour of my future life, as it will be to demonſtrate myſelf Your, *&c.*

LETTER XV.

Nov. 29, 1707.

THE compliments you make me, in regard of any inconſiderable ſervice I could do you, are very unkind, and do but tell me in other words, that my friend has ſo mean an opinion of me, as to think I expect acknowledgements for trifles: which, upon my faith, I ſhall equally take amiſs, whether made to myſelf or to any other. For God's ſake (my dear friend) think better of me, and believe I deſire no ſort of favour ſo much, as that of ſerving you more conſiderably than I have been yet able to do.

I ſhall proceed in this manner with ſome others of your pieces: but ſince you deſire I would not deface your copy for the future, and only mark the repetitions; I muſt, as ſoon as I have marked theſe, tranſcribe what is left on another paper; and in that blot, alter, and add all I can deviſe, for their improvement. For you are ſenſible, the omiſſion of repetitions is but one, and the eaſieſt part, of yours and my deſign; there remaining beſides, to rectify the method, to connect the

the matter, and to mend the expreſſion and verſification. I will go next upon the poems of ſolitude, on the public, and on the mixed life; the bill of fare; the praiſes of avarice, and ſome others.

I muſt take notice of what you ſay, of "my pains "to make your dulneſs methodical;" and of your hint, "that the ſprightlineſs of wit deſpiſes method." This is true enough, if by wit you mean no more than fancy or conceit; but in the better notion of wit, conſidered as propriety, ſurely method is not only neceſſary for perſpicuity and harmony of parts, but gives beauty even to the minute and particular thoughts, which receive an additional advantage from thoſe which precede or follow in their due place. You remember a ſimile Mr. Dryden uſed in converſation, of feathers in the crowns of the wild Indians, which they not only chuſe for the beauty of their colours, but place them in ſuch a manner as to reflect a luſtre on each other. I will not diſguiſe any of my ſentiments from you: to methodiſe in your caſe, is full as neceſſary as to ſtrike out; otherwiſe you had better deſtroy the whole frame, and reduce them into ſingle thoughts in proſe, like Rochefoucault, as I have more than once hinted to you.

LETTER XVI.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

Feb. 28, 1707-8.

I HAVE had yours of the 23d of this inſtant, for which I give you many thanks, ſince I find by it, that even abſence (the uſual bane of love or friendſhip) cannot leſſen yours, no more than mine. As to your hearing of my being ill, I am glad, and ſorry for the report: in the firſt place, glad that it was not true; and, in the next, ſorry that it ſhould give you any diſturbance, or concern more than ordinary

nary for me; for which, as well as your concern for my future well-being or life, I think myſelf moſt eternally obliged to you; aſſuring, your concern for either will make me more careful of both. Yet for your ſake I love this life ſo well, that I ſhall the leſs think of the other; but it is in your power to inſure my happineſs in one and the other, both by your ſociety, and good example, ſo not only contribute to my felicity here, but hereafter.

Now, as to your excuſe for the plainneſs of your ſtyle, I muſt needs tell you, that friendſhip is much more acceptable to a true friend than wit, which is generally falſe reaſoning; and a friend's reprimand often ſhews more friendſhip than his compliment: nay, love, which is more than friendſhip, is often ſeen by our friend's correction of our follies or crimes. Upon this teſt of your friendſhip I intend to put you when I return to London, and thence to you at Binfield, which, I hope, will be within a month.

Next to the news of your good health, I am pleaſed with the good news of your going to print ſome of your poems, and proud to be known by them to the public for your friend; who intend (perhaps the ſame way) to be revenged of you for your kindneſs, by taking your name in vain in ſome of my future madrigals; yet ſo as to let the world know, my love or eſteem for you are no more poetic than my talent in ſcribbling. But of all the arts of fiction, I deſire you to believe I want that of feigning friendſhip, and that I am ſincerely

Your, *&c.*

LETTER XVII.

From MR. WYCHERLEY.

May 13, 1708.

I HAVE received yours of the firſt of May. Your paſtoral Muſe outſhines, in her modeſt and natural

dreſs, all Apollo's court-ladies, in their more artful, laboured, and coſtly finery. Therefore I am glad to find by your letter you deſign your country-beauty of a Muſe ſhall appear at court, and in public, to outſhine all the farded, lewd, confident, affected, town-dowdies, who aim at being honoured only to their ſhame: but her artful innocence (on the contrary) will gain more honour as ſhe becomes public; and, in ſpite of cuſtom, will bring modeſty again into faſhion, or at leaſt make her ſiſter-rivals of this age bluſh for ſpite, if not for ſhame. As for my ſtale, antiquated, poetical puſs, whom you would keep in countenance by ſaying ſhe has once been tolerable, and would yet paſs muſter by a little licking over; it is true, that (like moſt vain antiquated jades which have once been paſſable) ſhe yet affects youthfulneſs in her age, and would ſtill gain a few admirers, (who, the more ſhe ſeeks or labours for their liking, are but more her contemners). Nevertheleſs ſhe is reſolved henceforth to be ſo cautious as to appear very little more in the world, except it be as an attendant on your Muſe, or as a foil, not a rival to her wit, or fame: ſo that let your country-gentlewoman appear when ſhe will in the world *, my old worn-out jade of a loſt reputation ſhall be her attendant into it, to procure her admirers; as an old whore, who can get no more friends of her own, bawds for others, to make ſport or pleaſure yet, one way or other, for mankind. I approve of your making Tonſon your Muſe's introductor into the world, or maſter of the ceremonies, who has been ſo long a pimp, or gentleman-uſher to the Muſes.

* This, and what follows, is a full confutation of John Dennis and others, who aſſerted, that Mr. Pope wrote theſe verſes on himſelf, (though publiſhed by Mr. Wycherley ſix years before his death). We find here, it was a voluntary act of his promiſed beforehand, and written while Mr. Pope was abſent. The firſt Brouillon of theſe verſes, and the ſecond copy with corrections, are both yet extant in Mr. Wycherley's own hand. In another of his letters of May 18, 1708, are theſe words: "I have made a "damned compliment in verſe upon the printing your paſtorals, "which you ſhall ſee when you ſee me."

I wiſh

I wiſh you good fortune; ſince a man with ſtore of wit, as ſtore of money, without the help of good fortune, will never be popular; but I wiſh you a great many admirers, which will be ſome credit to my judgment as well as your wit, who always thought you had a great deal; and am,

Your, *&c.*

LETTER XVIII.

From MR. WYCHERLEY.

May 17, 1709.

I MUST thank you for a book of your miſcellanies, which Tonſon ſent me, I ſuppoſe, by your order; and all I can tell you of it is, that nothing has lately been better received by the public than your part of it. You have only diſpleaſed the critics by pleaſing them too well, having not left them a word to ſay for themſelves againſt you and your performances; ſo that, now your hand is in, you muſt perſevere, till my prophecies of you be fulfilled. In earneſt, all the beſt judges of good ſenſe or poetry, are admirers of yours, and like your part of the book ſo well, that the reſt is liked the worſe. This is true, upon my word, without compliment; ſo that your firſt ſucceſs will make you for all your life a poet, in ſpite of your wit; for a poet's ſucceſs at firſt, like a gameſter's fortune at firſt, is like to make him a loſer at laſt, and to be undone by his good fortune and merit.

But hitherto your miſcellanies have ſafely run the gantlet through all the coffee-houſes, which are now entertained with a whimſical new news-paper, called the TATLER, which I ſuppoſe you have ſeen. This is the neweſt thing I can tell you of, except it be of the peace, which now (moſt people ſay) is drawing to ſuch a concluſion, as all Europe is, or muſt be ſatisfied with; ſo poverty, you ſee, which makes peace in Weſtminſter-

hall, makes it likewiſe in the camp or field, throughout the world. Peace then be to you, and to me, who am now grown peaceful, and will have no conteſt with any man, but him who ſays he is more your friend or humble ſervant, than

Your, *&c.*

LETTER XIX.

May 20, 1709.

I AM glad you received the miſcellany *, if it were only to ſhow you that there are as bad poets in this nation as your ſervant. This modern cuſtom of appearing in miſcellanies, is very uſeful to the poets, who, like other thieves, eſcape by getting into a crowd, and herd together like banditti, ſafe only in their multitude. Methinks Strada has given a good deſcription of theſe kind of collections; *Nullus hodie mortalium aut naſcitur, aut moritur, aut præliatur, aut ruſticatur, aut abit peregre, aut redit, aut nubit, aut eſt, aut non eſt, (nam etiam mortuis iſti canunt), cui non illi extemplo cadunt Epicedia, Genethliaca, Protreptica, Panegyrica, Epithalamia, Vaticinia, Propemptica, Soterica, Paræneticа, Nænias, Nugas.* As to the ſucceſs, which, you ſay, my part has met with, it is to be attributed to what you was pleaſed to ſay of me to the world, which you do well to call your prophecy, ſince whatever is ſaid in my favour, muſt be a prediction of things that are not yet; you, like a true god-father, engage on my part for much more than ever I can perform. My paſtoral Muſe, like other country girls, is but put out of countenance by what you courtiers ſay to her; yet I hope you would not deceive me too far, as knowing that a young ſcribbler's vanity needs no recruits from abroad; for nature, like an indulgent mother, kindly takes care to ſupply her ſons with as much of their own as is neceſſary for their ſatisfaction. If my verſes ſhould meet with a few flying commendations, Virgil

* Jacob Tonſon's ſixth volume of miſcellany poems.

has

has taught me, that a young author has not too much reaſon to be pleaſed with them, when he conſiders that the natural conſequence of praiſe is envy and calumny.

——*Si ultra placitum laudarit, baccare frontem*
Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro.

When once a man has appeared as a poet, he may give up his pretenſions to all the rich and thriving arts; thoſe who have once made their court to thoſe miſtreſſes without portions, the Muſes, are never like to ſet up for fortunes. But for my part, I ſhall be ſatisfied if I can loſe my time agreeably this way, without loſing my reputation: as for gaining any, I am as indifferent in the matter as Falſtaff was, and may ſay of fame as he did of honour, "If it comes, it comes unlook'd "for; and there's an end on't." I can be content with a bare ſaving game, without being thought an eminent hand, (with which title Jacob has graciouſly dignified his adventurers and volunteers in poetry). Jacob creates poets, as kings ſometimes do knights, not for their honour, but for their money. Certainly he ought to be eſteemed a worker of miracles, who is grown rich by poetry.

What authors loſe, their bookſellers have won,
So pimps grow rich, while gallants are undone.

I am your, *&c.*

LETTER XX.

From MR. WYCHERLEY.

May 26, 1709.

THE laſt I received from you was dated the 22d of May. I take your charitable hint to me very kindly, wherein you do like a true friend, and a true Chriſtian, and I ſhall endeavour to follow your advice, as well as your example.—As for your wiſhing to ſee your friend an hermit with you, I cannot be ſaid to

leave the world, ſince I ſhall enjoy in your converſation all that I can deſire in it; nay, can learn more from you alone, than from my long experience of the great or little vulgar in it.

As to the ſucceſs of your poems in the late miſcellany, which I told you of in my laſt, upon my word I made you no compliment; for you may be aſſured that all ſorts of readers like them, except they are writers too; but for them (I muſt needs ſay) the more they like them, they ought to be the leſs pleaſed with them: ſo that you do not come off with a bare ſaving game, (as you call it), but have gained ſo much credit at firſt, that you muſt needs ſupport it to the laſt: ſince you ſet up with ſo great a ſtock of good ſenſe, judgment, and wit, that your judgment enſures all that your wit ventures at. The ſalt of your wit has been enough to give a reliſh to the whole inſipid hotch-potch it is mingled with; and you will make Jacob's ladder raiſe you to immortality, by which others are turned off ſhamefully to their damnation, (for poetic thieves as they are), who think to be ſaved by others good works, how faulty ſoever their own are: but the coffee-houſe-wits, or rather anti wits, the critics, prove their judgments by approving your wit; and even the news-mongers and poets will own, you have more invention than they; nay, the detractors of the envious, who never ſpeak well of any body, (not even of thoſe they think well of in their abſence), yet will give you even in your abſence their good word; and the critics only hate you, for being forced to ſpeak well of you whether they will or no. All this is true upon the word of

Your, *&c.*

LETTER XXI.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

Auguſt 11, 1709.

MY letters, ſo much inferior to yours, can only make up their ſcarcity of ſenſe by their number of

of lines; which is like the Spaniards paying a debt of gold with a load of braſs money. But, to be a *plain-dealer*, I muſt tell you, I will revenge the raillery of your letters by printing them (as Dennis did mine) without your knowledge too, which would be a revenge upon your judgment for the raillery of your wit; for ſome dull rogues (that is, the moſt in the world) might be ſuch fools as to think what you ſaid of me was in earneſt: it is not the firſt time your great wits have gained reputation by their paradoxical or ironical praiſes; your forefathers have done it, Eraſmus and others. For all mankind who know me muſt confeſs, he muſt be no ordinary genius, or little friend, who can find out any thing to commend in me ſeriouſly; who have given no ſign of my judgment but by opinion of yours, nor mark of my wit, but my leaving off writing to the public now you are beginning to ſhew the world what you can do by yours: whoſe wit is as ſpiritual as your judgment infallible; in whoſe judgment I have an implicit faith, and ſhall always ſubſcribe to it to ſave my works in this world from the flames and damnation.—Pray, preſent my moſt humble ſervices to Sir William Trumbull, for whom and whoſe judgment I have ſo profound a reſpect, that his example had almoſt made me marry, more than my nephew's ill carriage to me; having once reſolved to have revenged myſelf upon him by my marriage, but now am reſolved to make my revenge greater upon him by his marriage.

LETTER XXII.

From MR. WYCHERLEY.

April 1, 1710.

I HAVE had yours of the 30th of the laſt month, which is kinder than I deſire it ſhould be, ſince it tells me you could be better pleaſed to be ſick again in town in my company, than to be well in the country without

without it; and that you are more impatient to be deprived of happineſs than of health. Yet, my dear friend, ſet raillery or compliment aſide, I can bear your abſence (which procures your health and eaſe) better than I can your company when you are in pain; for I cannot ſee you ſo without being ſo too. Your love to the country I do not doubt, nor do you (I hope) my love to it or you, ſince there I can enjoy your company without ſeeing you in pain to give me ſatisfaction and pleaſure; there I can have you without rivals or diſturbers; without the too civil and the too rude; without the noiſe of the loud, or the cenſure of the ſilent; and would rather have you abuſe me there with the truth, than at this diſtance with your compliment; ſince now, your buſineſs of a friend, and kindneſs to a friend, is by finding fault with his faults, and mending them by your obliging ſeverity. I hope (in point of your good-nature) you will have no cruel charity for thoſe papers of mine you are ſo willing to be troubled with; which I take moſt infinitely kind of you, and ſhall acknowledge with gratitude as long as I live. No friend can do more for his friend than preſerving his reputation, (nay, not by preſerving his life), ſince by preſerving his life he can only make him live about threeſcore or fourſcore years; but by preſerving his reputation, he can make him live as long as the world laſts; ſo ſave him from damning, when he is gone to the devil. Therefore, I pray, condemn me in private, as the thieves do their accomplices in Newgate, to ſave them from condemnation by the public. Be moſt kindly unmerciful to my poetical faults, and do with my papers, as you country-gentlemen do with your trees, ſlaſh, cut, and lop off the excreſcences, and dead parts of my withered bays, that the little remainder may live the longer, and increaſe the value of them by diminiſhing the number. I have troubled you with my papers rather to give you pain than pleaſure, notwithſtanding your compliment, which ſays you take the trouble kindly: ſuch is your generoſity to your friends, that you take it kindly to be deſired by them

to

to do them a kindneſs, and you think it done to you, when they give you an opportunity to do it them. Wherefore you may be ſure to be troubled with my letters out of intereſt, if not kindneſs; ſince mine to you will procure yours to me: ſo that I write to you more for my own ſake than yours; leſs to make you think I write well, than to learn from you to write better. Thus you ſee intereſt in my kindneſs, which is like the friendſhip of the world, rather to make a friend than be a friend; but I am yours, as a true plain-dealer.

LETTER XXIII.

From MR. WYCHERLEY.

April 11, 1710.

IF I can do part of my buſineſs at Shrewſbury in a fortnight's time, (which I propoſe to do), I will be ſoon after with you, and trouble you with my company for the remainder of the ſummer: in the mean time, I beg you to give yourſelf the pains of altering, or leaving out what you think ſuperfluous in my papers, that I may endeavour to print ſuch a number of them as you and I ſhall think fit, about Michaelmas next. In order to which, (my dear friend), I beg you to be ſo kind to me, as to be ſevere to them, that the critics may be leſs ſo; for I had rather be condemned by my friend in private, than expoſed to my foes in public, the critics, or common judges, who are made ſuch by having been old offenders themſelves. Pray, believe I have as much faith in your friendſhip and ſincerity, as I have deference to your judgment; and as the beſt mark of a friend is telling his friend his faults in private, ſo the next is concealing them from the public, till they are fit to appear. In the mean time, I am not a little ſenſible of the great kindneſs you do me, in the trouble you take for me, in putting my rhymes in tune, ſince good ſounds ſet off often

ill

ill ſenſe, as the Italian ſongs, whoſe good airs, with the worſt words or meaning, make the beſt muſic; ſo by your tuning my Welſh harp, my rough ſenſe may be the leſs offenſive to the nicer ears of thoſe critics who deal more in ſound than ſenſe. Pray then take pity at once both of my readers and me, in ſhortening my barren abundance, and increaſing their patience by it, as well as the obligations I have to you: and ſince no madrigaller can entertain the head, unleſs he pleaſes the ear; and ſince the crowded operas have left the beſt comedies with the leaſt audiences, it is a ſign ſound can prevail over ſenſe; therefore ſoften my words, and ſtrengthen my ſenſe, and

Eris mihi magnus Apollo.

LETTER XXIV.

April 15, 1710.

I RECEIVED your moſt extreme kind letter but juſt now. It found me over thoſe papers you mention, which have been my employment ever ſince Eaſter-Monday: I hope before Michaelmas to have diſcharged my taſk; which, upon the word of a friend, is the moſt pleaſing one I could be put upon. Since you are ſo near going into Shropſhire, (whither I ſhall not care to write of this matter for fear of the miſcarriage of any letters), I muſt deſire your leave to give you a plain and ſincere account of what I have found from a more ſerious application to them. Upon compariſon with the former volume, I find much more repeated than I till now imagined, as well as in the preſent volume, which if (as you told me laſt) you would have me daſh over with a line, will deface the whole copy extremely, and to a degree that (I fear) may diſpleaſe you. I have every where marked in the margins the page and line, both in this and the other part. But if you order me not to croſs the lines, or would any way elſe limit my commiſſion, you will oblige me by doing

doing it in your next letter; for I am at once equally fearful of ſparing you, and of offending you by too impudent a correction. Hitherto however I have croſſed them ſo as to be legible, becauſe you bade me. When I think all the repetitions are ſtruck out in a copy, I ſometimes find more upon dipping in the firſt volume, and the number increaſes ſo much, that, I believe, more ſhortening will be requiſite than you may be willing to bear with, unleſs you are in good earneſt reſolved to have no thought repeated. Pray, forgive this freedom, which, as I muſt be ſincere in this caſe, ſo I could not but take; and let me know if I am to go on at this rate, or if you would preſcribe any other method.

I am very glad you continue your reſolution of ſeeing me in my hermitage this ſummer; the ſooner you return, the ſooner I ſhall be happy, which indeed my want of any company that is entertaining or eſteemable, together with frequent infirmities and pains, hinder me from being in your abſence. It is (I am ſure) a real truth, that my ſickneſs cannot make me quite weary of myſelf when I have you with me; and I ſhall want no company but yours, when you are here.

You ſee how freely and with how little care I talk, rather than write to you: this is one of the many advantages of friendſhip, that one can ſay to one's friend the things that ſtand in need of pardon, and at the ſame time be ſure of it. Indeed I do not know whether or no the letters of friends are the worſe for being fit for none elſe to read. It is an argument of the truſt repoſed in a friend's good-nature, when one writes ſuch things to him as require a good portion of it. I have experienced yours ſo often and ſo long, that I can now no more doubt of the greatneſs of it, than I hope you do of the greatneſs of my affection, or of the ſincerity with which I am, &c.

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LETTER XXV.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

April 27, 1710.

YOU give me an account in your letter of the trouble you have undergone for me, in comparing my papers you took down with you, with the old printed volume, and with one another, of that bundle you have in your hands; amongſt which (you ſay) you find numerous repetitions of the ſame thoughts and ſubjects; all which, I muſt confeſs, my want of memory has prevented me from imagining, as well as made me capable of committing: ſince, of all figures, that of tautology is the laſt I would uſe, or leaſt forgive myſelf for. But ſeeing is believing; wherefore I will take ſome pains to examine and compare thoſe papers in your hands with one another, as well as with the former printed copies, or books of my damned miſcellanies; all which (as bad a memory as I have), with a little more pains and care, I think I can remedy. Therefore, I would not have you give yourſelf more trouble about them, which may prevent the pleaſure you have, and may give the world, in writing upon new ſubjects of your own, whereby you will much better entertain yourſelf and others. Now, as to your remarks upon the whole volume of my papers, all that I deſire of you is, to mark in the margin (without defacing the copy at all) either any repetition of words, matter, or ſenſe, or any thoughts, or words too much to be repeated, which if you will be ſo kind as to do for me, you will ſupply my want of memory with your good one, and my deficiencies of ſenſe with the infallibility of yours; which, if you do, you will moſt infinitely oblige me, who almoſt repent the trouble I have given you, ſince ſo much. Now, as to what you call freedom with me, (which you deſire me to forgive), you may be aſſured I would

not

not forgive you unleſs you did uſe it; for I am ſo far from thinking your plainneſs an offence to me, that I think it a charity and an obligation; which I ſhall always acknowledge, with all ſort of gratitude to you for it; who am, &c.

All the news I have to ſend you, is, that poor Mr. Betterton is going to make his exit from the ſtage of this world, the gout being gotten up into his head, and (as the phyſicians ſay) will certainly carry him off ſuddenly.

LETTER XXVI.

May 10, 1710.

I AM ſorry you perſiſt to take ill my not accepting your invitation, and to find, (if I miſtake not) your exception not unmixed with ſome ſuſpicion. Be certain I ſhall moſt carefully obſerve your requeſt, not to croſs over, or deface the copy of your papers for the future, and only to mark in the margin the repetitions. But as this can ſerve no further than to get rid of thoſe repetitions, and no way rectify the method, nor connect the matter, nor improve the poetry in expreſſion or numbers, without further blotting, adding, and altering; ſo it really is my opinion and deſire, that you ſhould take your papers out of my hands into your own, and that no alterations may be made but when both of us are preſent, when you may be ſatisfied with every blot, as well as every addition, and nothing be put upon the papers but what you ſhall give your own ſanction and aſſent to, at the ſame time.

Do not be ſo unjuſt, as to imagine from hence, that I would decline any part of this taſk; on the contrary, you know, I have been at the pains of tranſcribing ſome pieces, at once to comply with your deſire of not defacing the copy, and yet to loſe no time in proceeding upon the correction. I will go on the ſame way, if you pleaſe; though truly it is (as I have often told

you) my ſincere opinion, that the greater part would make a much better figure as Single Maxims and Reflections, in proſe, after the manner of your favourite Rochefoucault, than in verſe *: and this, when nothing more is done but marking the repetitions in the margin, will be an eaſy taſk to proceed upon, notwithſtanding the bad memory you complain of. I am unfeignedly, dear Sir, your, &c.

A. POPE.

* Mr. Wycherley lived five years after, to December 1715, but little progreſs was made in this deſign, through his old age, and the increaſe of his infirmities. However, ſome of the verſes which had been touched by Mr. P. with CCCVIII of theſe Maxims in proſe, were found among his papers, which having the misfortune to fall into the hands of a mercenary, were publiſhed in 1728, in octavo, under the title of *The Poſthumous Works of William Wycherley, Eſq;*

LETTERS

LETTERS

To and FROM W. WALSH, Eſq;*

From the year 1705 to 1707.

LETTER I.

MR. WALSH to MR. WYCHERLEY.

April 20, 1705.

I RETURN you the papers† you ſavoured me with, and had ſent them to you yeſterday morning, but that I thought to have brought them to you laſt night myſelf. I have read them over ſeveral times with great ſatisfaction. The preface is very judicious, and very learned, and the verſes very tender and eaſy. The author ſeems to have a particular genius for that kind of poetry, and a judgment that much exceeds the years you told me he was of. He has taken very freely from the ancients, but what he has mixed of his own with theirs, is not inferior to what he has taken from them. It is no flattery at all to ſay, that Virgil had written nothing ſo good at his age‡. I ſhall take it as a favour if you will bring me acquainted with him: and if he will give himſelf the trouble any morning to call at my houſe, I ſhall be very glad to read the verſes over with him, and give him my opinion of the particulars more largely than I can well do in this letter.

I am, Sir, *&c.*

* Of Abberley in Worceſterſhire, a Gentleman of the Horſe, in Queen Anne's reign, author of ſeveral beautiful pieces in proſe and verſe, and, in the opinion of Mr. Dryden, (in his poſtſcript to Virgil), the beſt critic of our nation in his time.

† Mr. Pope's Paſtorals. ‡ Sixteen.

LETTER II.

Mr. WALSH to Mr. POPE.

June 24, 1706.

I RECEIVED the favour of your letter, and ſhall be very glad of the continuance of a correſpondence by which I am like to be ſo great a gainer. I hope, when I have the happineſs of ſeeing you again in London, not only to read over the verſes I have now of yours, but more that you have written ſince; for I make no doubt but any one who writes ſo well, muſt write more. Not that I think the moſt voluminous poets always the beſt; I believe the contrary is rather true. I mentioned ſomewhat to you in London of a Paſtoral comedy, which I ſhould be glad to hear you had thought upon ſince. I find Menage, in his obſervations upon Taſſo's Aminta, reckons up fourſcore paſtoral plays in Italian: and in looking over my old Italian books, I find a great many paſtoral and piſcatory plays, which, I ſuppoſe, Menage reckons together. I find alſo by Menage, that Taſſo is not the firſt that writ in that kind, he mentioning another before him which he himſelf had never ſeen, nor indeed have I. But as the Aminta, Paſtor Fido, and Filli di Sciro of Bonarelli are the three beſt, ſo, I think, there is no diſpute but Aminta is the beſt of the three; not but that the diſcourſes in Paſtor Fido are more entertaining and copious in ſeveral people's opinion, though not ſo proper for paſtoral; and the fable of Bonarelli more ſurpriſing. I do not remember many in other languages, that have written in this kind with ſucceſs. Racan's *Bergeries* are much inferior to his lyric poems; and the Spaniards are all too full of conceits. Rapin will have the deſign of paſtoral plays to be taken from the Cyclops of Euripedes. I am ſure there is nothing of this kind in Engliſh worth mentioning, and therefore you have that field open to yourſelf. You ſee I write to you without any ſort of conſtraint or method, as things come

come into my head, and therefore uſe the ſame freedom with me, who am, *&c.*

LETTER III.

To Mr. WALSH.

Windſor-Foreſt, July 2, 1706.

I CANNOT omit the firſt opportunity of making you my acknowledgements, for reviewing thoſe papers of mine. You have no leſs right to correct me, than the ſame hand that raiſed a tree has to prune it. I am convinced as well as you, that one may correct too much; for in poetry, as in painting, a man may lay colours one upon another, till they ſtiffen and deaden the piece. Beſides, to beſtow heightening on every part is monſtrous: ſome parts ought to be lower than the reſt; and nothing looks more ridiculous than a work, where the thoughts, however different in their own nature, ſeem all on a level: it is like a meadow newly mown, where weeds, graſs, and flowers, are all laid even, and appear undiſtinguiſhed. I believe too, that ſometimes our firſt thoughts are the beſt, as the firſt ſqueezing of the grapes makes the fineſt and richeſt wine.

I have not attempted any thing of a paſtoral comedy, becauſe, I think, the taſte of our age will not reliſh a poem of that ſort. People ſeek for what they call Wit, on all ſubjects, and in all places; not conſidering that nature loves truth ſo well, that it hardly ever admits of flouriſhing: conceit is to nature what paint is to beauty; it is not only needleſs, but impairs what it would improve. There is a certain majeſty in ſimplicity which is far above all the quaintneſs of wit; inſomuch that the critics have excluded wit from the loftieſt poetry, as well as the loweſt, and forbid it to the Epic no leſs than the Paſtoral. I ſhould certainly diſpleaſe all thoſe who are charmed with Guarini and Bonarelli, and imitate Taſſo not only in the ſimplicity of his thoughts, but in that of the fable too. If ſurpriſing

diſcoveries ſhould have place in the ſtory of a paſtoral comedy, I believe it would be more agreeable to probability to make them the effects of chance than of deſign; intrigue not being very conſiſtent with that innocence, which ought to conſtitute a ſhepherd's character. There is nothing in all the Aminta (as I remember) but happens by mere accident; unleſs it be the meeting of Aminta with Sylvia at the fountain, which is the contrivance of Daphne; and even that is the moſt ſimple in the world: the contrary is obſervable in *Paſtor Fido*, where Coriſca is ſo perfect a miſtreſs of intrigue, that the plot could not have been brought to paſs without her. I am inclined to think the paſtoral comedy has another diſadvantage, as to the manners: its general deſign is to make us in love with the innocence of a rural life, ſo that to introduce ſhepherds of a vicious character muſt in ſome meaſure debaſe it; and hence it may come to paſs, that even the virtuous characters will not ſhine ſo much, for want of being oppoſed to their contraries. Theſe thoughts are purely my own, and therefore I have reaſon to doubt them: but I hope your judgment will ſet me right.

I would beg your opinion too as to another point: It is, how far the liberty of borrowing may extend? I have defended it ſometimes by ſaying, that it ſeems not ſo much the perfection of ſenſe*, to ſay things that had never been ſaid before, as to expreſs thoſe beſt that have been ſaid oftenеſt; and that writers, in the caſe of borrowing from others, are like trees, which of themſelves would produce only one ſort of fruit, but by being grafted upon others may yield variety. A mutual commerce makes poetry flouriſh; but then poets, like merchants, ſhould repay with ſomething of their own what they take from others; not, like pirates, make prize of all they meet. I deſire you to tell me ſincerely, if I have not ſtretched this licence too far in theſe paſtorals? I hope to become a critic by your precepts, and a poet by your example. Since I have ſeen

* He ſhould rather have ſaid, *the perfection of conception.*

your

your Eclogues, I cannot be much pleaſed with my own; however, you have not taken away all my vanity, ſo long as you give me leave to profeſs myſelf

Yours, &c.

LETTER IV.

From Mr. WALSH.

July 20, 1706.

I HAD ſooner returned you thanks for the favour of your letter, but that I was in hopes of giving you an account at the ſame time of my journey to Windſor; but I am now forced to put that quite off, being engaged to go to my corporation of Richmond in Yorkſhire. I think you are perfectly in the right in your notions of Paſtoral; but I am of opinion, that the redundancy of wit you mention, though it is what pleaſes the common people, is not what ever pleaſes the beſt judges. Paſtor Fido, indeed, has had more admirers then Aminta, but I will venture to ſay, there is a great deal of difference between the admirers of one and the other. Coriſca, which is a character generally admired by the ordinary judges, is intolerable in a paſtoral; and Bonarelli's fancy of making his ſhepherdeſs in love with two men equally, is not to be defended, whatever pains he has taken to do it. As for what you aſk of the liberty of borrowing, it is very evident the beſt Latin poets have extended this very far; and none ſo far as Virgil, who is the beſt of them. As for the Greek poets, if we cannot trace them ſo plainly, it is perhaps becauſe we have none before them; it is evident that moſt of them borrowed from Homer, and Homer has been accuſed of burning thoſe that wrote before him, that his thefts might not be diſcovered. The beſt of the modern poets in all languages, are thoſe that have the neareſt copied the ancients. Indeed, in all the common ſubjects of poetry, the thoughts are ſo obvious, (at leaſt if they are natural), that whoever writes laſt, muſt write things like what

what have been ſaid before: but they may as well applaud the ancients for the arts of eating and drinking, and accuſe the moderns of having ſtolen thoſe inventions from them; it being evident in all ſuch caſes, that whoever lived firſt, muſt firſt find them out. It is true indeed, when

Unus at alter
Aſſuitur pannus,

when there are one or two bright thoughts ſtolen, and all the reſt is quite different from it, a poem makes a very fooliſh figure; but when it is all melted down together, and the gold of the ancients ſo mixed with that of the moderns, that none can diſtinguiſh the one from the other, I can never find fault with it. I cannot however but own to you, that there are others of a different opinion, and that I have ſhewn your verſes to ſome who have made that objection to them. I have ſo much company round me while I write this, and ſuch a noiſe in my ears, that it is impoſſible I ſhould write any thing but nonſenſe, ſo muſt break off abruptly.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt affectionate,

and moſt humble ſervant.

LETTER V.

From Mr. WALSH.

Sept. 9, 1706.

AT my return from the north I received the favour of your letter, which had lain there till then. Having been abſent about ſix weeks, I read over your Paſtorals again, with a great deal of pleaſure, and to judge the better, read Virgil's Eclogues, and Spenſer's Calender, at the ſame time; and, I aſſure you, I continue the ſame opinion I had always of them. By the little hints you take upon all occaſions to improve them,

it

it is probable you will make them yet better againſt winter; though there is a mean to be kept even in that too, and a man may correct his verſes till he takes away the true ſpirit of them; eſpecially if he ſubmits to the correction of ſome who paſs for great critics, by mechanical rules, and never enter into the true deſign and genius of an author. I have ſeen ſome of theſe that would hardly allow any one good ode in Horace, who cry Virgil wants fancy, and that Homer is very incorrect. While they talk at this rate, one would think them above the common race of mortals: but generally they are great admirers of Ovid and Lucan; and when they write themſelves, we find out all the myſtery. They ſcan their verſes upon their fingers; run after conceits and glaring thoughts: their poems are all made up of couplets, of which the firſt may be laſt, or the laſt firſt, without any ſort of prejudice to their works: in which there is no deſign, or method, or any thing natural or juſt. For you are certainly in the right, that in all writings whatſoever (not poetry only) nature is to be followed; and we ſhould be jealous of ourſelves for being fond of ſimiles, conceits, and what they call ſaying fine things. When we were in the north, my Lord Wharton ſhewed me a letter he had received from a certain great general in Spain*; I told him I would by all means have that general recalled, and ſet to writing here at home; for it was impoſſible that a man with ſo much wit as he ſhewed, could be fit to command an army, or do any other buſineſs†. As for what you ſay of expreſſion, it is indeed the ſame thing to Wit, as dreſs is to Beauty: I have ſeen many women over-dreſſed, and ſeveral look better in a careleſs nightgown, with their hair about their ears, than Mademoiſelle Spanheim dreſſed for a ball. I do not deſign to be in London till towards the Parliament: then I ſhall cer-

* The Earl of Peterborow.

† Mr. Walſh's remark will be thought very innocent, when the reader is informed that it was made on the Earl of Peterborow, juſt before the glorious campaigns of Barcelona and Valentia.

tainly

tainly be there; and hope by that time you will have finiſhed your Paſtorals as you would have them appear in the world, and particularly the third, of Autumn, which I have not yet ſeen. Your laſt Eclogue, being upon the ſame ſubject as that of mine on Mrs. Tempeſt's death, I ſhould take it very kindly in you to give it a little turn, as if it were to the memory of the ſame lady, if they were not written for ſome particular woman whom you would make immortal. You may take occaſion to ſhew the differences between Poets miſtreſſes, and other mens. I only hint this, which you may either do, or let alone, juſt as you think fit. I ſhall be very much pleaſed to ſee you again in town, and to hear from you in the mean time. I am, with very much eſteem, Your, *&c.*

LETTER VI.

Oct. 22, 1706.

AFTER the thoughts I have already ſent you on the ſubject of Engliſh verſification, you deſire my opinion as to ſome farther particulars. There are indeed certain niceties, which, though not much obſerved even by correct verſifiers, I cannot but think deſerve to be better regarded.

1. It is not enough that nothing offends the ear, but a good poet will adapt the very ſounds, as well as words, to the things he treats of. So that there is (if one may expreſs it ſo), a Style of Sound. As in deſcribing a gliding ſtream, the numbers ſhould run eaſy and flowing; in deſcribing a rough torrent or deluge, ſonorous and ſwelling; and ſo of the reſt. This is evident every where in Homer and Virgil, and no where elſe, that I know of, to any obſervable degree. The following examples will make this plain, which I have taken from *Vida*.

Molle

Molle viam tacito lapſu per levia radit.
Incedit tardo molimine ſubſidendo.
Luctantes ventos, tempeſtateſque ſonoras.
Immenſo cum præcipitans ruit Oceano Nox.
Telum imbelle ſine ictu, conjecit.
Tolle moras, cape ſaxe manu, cape robora, paſtor.
Ferte citi flammas, date tela, repellite peſtem.

This, I think, is what very few obſerve in practice, and is undoubtedly of wonderful force in imprinting the image on the reader: we have one excellent example of it in our language, Mr. Dryden's Ode on St. Cecilia's Day, intitled *Alexander's Feaſt.*

2. Every nice ear muſt (I believe) have obſerved that, in any ſmooth Engliſh verſe of ten ſyllables, there is naturally a *pauſe* at the fourth, fifth or ſixth ſyllable. It is upon theſe the ear reſts, and upon the judicious change and management of which depends the variety of verſification. For example,

At the fifth,
Where'er thy navy | ſpreads her canvas wings,

At the fourth,
Homage to thee | and peace to all ſhe brings.

At the ſixth,
Like tracts of leverets | in morning-ſnow.

Now I fancy, that, to preſerve an exact harmony and variety, the pauſe at the 4th and 6th ſhould not be continued above three lines together, without the interpoſition of another; elſe it will be apt to weary the ear with one continued tone, at leaſt it does mine: that at the 5th runs quicker, and carries not quite ſo dead a weight, ſo tires not ſo much, though it be continued longer.

3. Another nicety is in relation to expletives, whether words or ſyllables, which are made uſe of purely to ſupply a vacancy: *do* before verbs plural is abſolutely ſuch; and it is not improbable that future refiners may explode *did* and *does* in the ſame manner, which are almoſt always uſed for the ſake of rhyme. The ſame cauſe

cauſe has occaſioned the promiſcuous uſe of *you* and *thou* to the ſame perſon, which can never ſound ſo graceful as either one or the other.

4. I would alſo object to the irruption of Alexandrine verſes, of twelve ſyllables, which, I think, ſhould never be allowed but when ſome remarkable beauty or propriety in them atones for the liberty: Mr. Dryden has been too free of theſe, eſpecially in his latter works. I am of the ſame opinion as to triple rhymes.

5. I could equally object to the repetition of the ſame rhymes within four or ſix lines of each other, as tireſome to the ear through their monotony.

6. Monoſyllable lines, unleſs very artfully managed, are ſtiff, or languiſhing; but may be beautiful to expreſs melancholy, ſlowneſs, or labour.

7. To come to the hiatus, or gap between two words, which is cauſed by two vowels opening on each other, (upon which you deſire me to be particular), I think the rule in this caſe is, either to uſe the cæſura, or admit the hiatus, juſt as the ear is leaſt ſhocked by either; for the cæſura ſometimes offends the ear more than the hiatus itſelf, and our language is naturally overcharged with conſonants: as for example; if in this verſe,

The old have int'reſt ever in their eye,

we ſhould ſay, to avoid the hiatus,

But th' old have int'reſt.

The hiatus, which has the worſt effect, is when one word ends with the ſame vowel that begins the following; and next to this, thoſe vowels whoſe ſounds come neareſt to each other, are moſt to be avoided. O, A, or U, will bear a more full and graceful ſound than E, I, or Y. I know, ſome people will think theſe obſervations trivial, and therefore I am glad to corroborate them by ſome great authorities, which I have met with in Tully and Quintilian. In the fourth book of Rhetoric to Herennius, are theſe words:

words: *Fugiemus crebras vocalium concurſiones, que vaſtam atque hiantem reddunt orationem; ut hoc eſt, Baccæ æneæ amœniſſimæ impendebant.* And Quintilian, l. ix. cap. 4. *Vocalium concurſus cum accidit, hiat et interſiſtit, et quaſi laborat oratio. Peſſime longæ quæ eaſdem inter ſe literas committunt, ſonabunt: præcipuus tamen erit hiatus earum quæ cavo aut patulo ore efferuntur.* E *plenior litera eſt*, I *anguſtior.* But he goes on to reprove the exceſs on the other hand of being too ſolicitous in this matter, and ſays admirably, *Neſcio an negligentia in hoc, aut ſolicitudo ſit pejor.* So likewiſe Tully, *(Orat. ad Brut.) Theopompum reprehendunt, quod eas literas tanto opere fugerit, etſi idem magiſter ejus Socrates:* which laſt author, as Turnebus on Quintilian obſerves, has hardly one hiatus in all his works. Quintilian tells us, that Tully and Demoſthenes did not much obſerve this nicety, though Tully himſelf ſays in his Orator, *Crebra iſta vocum concurſio, quam magna ex parte vitioſam, fugit Demoſthenes.* If I am not miſtaken, Malherbe, of all the moderns, has been the moſt ſcrupulous in this point; and I think Menage, in his obſervations upon him ſays, he has not one in his poems. To conclude, I believe the hiatus ſhould be avoided with more care in poetry than in oratory; and I would conſtantly try to prevent it, unleſs where the cutting it off is more prejudicial to the ſound than the hiatus itſelf. I am, *&c.*

A. POPE.

Mr. Walſh died at forty-nine years old, in the year 1708, the year before the Eſſay on Criticiſm was printed, which concludes with his elogy.

END *of the* FOURTH VOLUME.